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ON HIS  
MOTHER'S PICTURE.



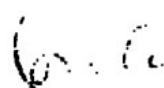
O that those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I saw thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood select'd me, ...

Boston Published by T. Bedlington, 17<sup>th</sup> St Washington St.

POEMS,  
BY  
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

—  
IN THREE VOLUMES.  
—

VOL. III. 

CONTAINING

HIS POSTHUMOUS POETRY,

AND

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

—  
BY HIS KINSMAN,  
**JOHN JOHNSON, LL. D.**  
RECTOR OF TAXHAM WITH WELBORNE, IN NORFOLK.  
—

His virtues form'd the magick of his song.  
COWPER'S EPITAPH.

STEREOTYPED BY T. H. CARTER & CO. BOSTON.

Boston:  
PUBLISHED BY TIMOTHY BEDLINGTON.  
No. 31, WASHINGTON-STREET.  
1826.



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
EARL SPENCER.

—ooo—  
MY LORD,

A GENERAL request having encouraged me to become the Editor of a more complete collection of the posthumous compositions of my revered relation, the poet COWPER, than has hitherto appeared, I consider it as my duty to the deceased, to inscribe the volume that contains them to his exalted friend, by whom the genius of the poet was as justly appreciated, as the virtues of the moralist were effectually patronized. It would be impertinent in me to attempt any new encomium on a writer so highly endeared to every cultivated mind in that country which it was the favourite exercise of his patriotick spirit to describe and to celebrate : but I may be allowed to observe, that one of the few additions inserted in this collection will be particularly welcome to every reader of sensibility, as an eulogy on that attractive quality so gracefully visible in all the writings of Cowper.

Permit me to close this imperfect tribute of my respect, by saying, it is my deep sense of those important services, for which the afflicted poet was indebted to the kindness of LORD SPENCER, that impels me to the liberty I am now taking, of thus publickly declaring myself

Your Lordship's  
Highly obliged, and  
Very faithful servant,  
JOHN JOHNSON.

## PREFACE.



It is incumbent on me to apprise the reader th by far the greater part of the poems to which I ha now the honour to introduce him, have been alrea published by Mr. Hayley. That endeared friend the deceased poet having enriched his copious a faithful life of him with a large collection of his mix pieces soon after his death, and having since given the world a distinct edition of his Translations from t Latin and Italian verses of Milton, every thing see ed to be accomplished that the merits and memory a poet, so justly popular as Cowper, appeared to quire. But of late years a fresh and detached coll tion of all his poems being wished for by his friend was flattered by their request, that I would pre them to the publick as the editor of his third pov volume.

Having accepted this honourable invitation first care was to assemble as many of the editio the two former volumes as I could possibly meet that nothing might be admitted into their pro companion which the publick already posse them. With one slight exception I believe I s that desirable point. My next employment make such a copious but careful selection fr unpublished poetry of Cowper, which I happ sessed, and which I had only imparted to a few as, while it gratified his admirers, might in no detract from his poetical reputation. I shoul for the hazard to which my partiality to th sitions of my beloved relation exposed me in ing this part of my office, if I did not hope

the reader a fondness of the same kind ; and if I were not assured that a careless or slovenly habit, in the production of his verses, has never been imputed to the author of the Task.

The materials of the volume being thus provided, ascertaining their dates was my remaining concern. In a few instances I found them affixed to the poems by their author ; a few more I collected from intimations in his letters ; but in several, the difficulty of discovering them pressed upon myself. This was specially the case with the very interesting additional poem addressed by Cowper to an unknown lady on reading "*the Prayer for Indifference.*" Of the existence of these verses I had not even heard till I was called on to superintend the volume, in which they make their first publick appearance. I am inclined to believe, that during the ten years of my domestick intercourse with the poest, they had never occurred to his recollection. He appears to have imparted them only to his highly valued and affectionate relative, the reverend Martin Madan, brother of the late Bishop of Peterborough, from whose Common-place Book they were transcribed by his daughter, and kindly communicated to me. There being nothing in Mr. Madan's copy of these verses from which their date could be inferred, it was only by a minute comparison of the poem itself with the various local and mental circumstances, which his life exhibits, that I was enabled to discover the year of their production. The labour attending this and other instances of research, at which I have been obliged to engage for the purpose of ascertaining the dates of several minor poems, will be best understood by those who are practically acquainted with similar investigations. After all, here are some of which no diligence of mine could envelop the exact time ; but with the greater number trust their proper order of succession has been carefully secured to them.

## PREFACE.

From this brief account of the volume before the reader, I pass on to the memoir of its author. Had I already embarked in a preparation of the poems, when I was requested to prefix a sketch of the poet's life, unaffected distrust of my ability to achieve it would have precluded me from making such an attempt; but a peculiar interest in these relicks of Cowper having been wrought into my feelings, while I was arranging them for the press, I was unwilling to shrink from proposed task, by which I might hope to contribute some degree, to the expanding renown of my revelation. I therefore venture to advance on the o path in the wild field of biography, in which my humble steps could accompany Cowper, namely, *that which I could simply*

"retrace  
(As in a map, the voyager his course,)  
The windings of his way through many years."

Into this path it might seem presumptuous in me to invite those whom my kind and constant friend, Mr. Hayley, has made intimately acquainted with Cowper by his extensive and just biography; but to all readers as happen not to have perused his more copious work, I may venture to recommend the following "Map of Cowper's Life," as possessing one of prime characteristicks, namely, fidelity of delineation.

*Bedford, April, 1815*

## CONTENTS.



SKETCH of the Author's life	13
VerSES written on finding the Heel of a Shoe	62
Stanzas on the First Publication of Sir Charles Grandison	63
Epistle to Robert Lloyd, Esq.	64
Fifth Satire of the First Book of Horace	67
Ninth Satire of the First Book of Horace	74
Address to Miss ——, on reading the prayer for Indifference	79
Translation from Virgil	82
Ovid. Trist. Lib. V. Eleg. XII.	94
A Tale founded on a Fact	96
Translation of a Simile in Paradise Lost	98
Translation of Dryden's Epigram on Milton	ib.
To the Rev. Mr. Newton, on his Return from Ramsgate	99
Love Abused	ib.
Poetical Epistle to Lady Austen	100
From a letter to the Rev. Mr. Newton	104
The Colubriad	105
On Friendship	106
On the Loss of the Royal George	112
In Submersionem Navigii, cui Georgius Regalis Nomen, inditum	114
Song on Peace	115
Song, written at the request of Lady Austen	116
VerSES from a Poem entitled Valediction	117
In Brevitatem Vitæ Spatii Hominibus concessi	119
On the Shortness of Human life	ib.

## CONTENTS.

- Mitaph on Johnson - - -  
Miss C——, on her Birth-day - - -  
Latitude - - -  
The Flatting Mill - - -  
Lines for a Memorial of Ashley Cowper, Esq. - - -  
On the Queen's Visit to London - - -  
The Cock-fighter's Garland - - -  
On the Benefit received by his Majesty from  
Sea-Bathing - - -  
Hor. Lib. I. Ode IX. - - -  
Hor. Lib. I. Ode XXXVII. - - -  
Hor. B. I. Ode XXXVIII. - - -  
Hor. Lib. II. Ode XVI. - - -  
Latin Verses to the Memory of Dr. Lloyd - - -  
The same in English - - -  
To Mrs. Throckmorton - - -  
Inscription for a Stone erected at the sowing of  
a Grove of Oaks - - -  
Another, for a Stone erected on a similar occasi  
Hymn for the Sunday School at Olney - - -  
On the late indecent Liberties taken with th  
Remains of Milton - - -  
To Mrs. King - - -  
Anecdote of Homer - - -  
In Memory of the late J. Thornton, Esq. - - -  
The Four Ages - - -  
The Judgment of the Poets - - -  
To Charles Diodati - - -  
On the Death of the University Beadle at C  
bridge - - -  
On the Death of the Bishop of Winchest  
To his Tutor, Thomas Young - - -  
On the Approach of Spring - - -  
To Charles Diodati - - -  
Composed in the Author's Nineteenth Y  
Epigram.—On the Inventor of Guns - - -  
Epigram.—To Leonora, singing at Ror  
Epigram.—To the same - - -

CONTENTS. 9

Cottager and his Landlord	- - -	173
ristiana, Queen of Sweden	- - -	ib.
e Death of a Physician	- - -	174
e Death of the Bishop of Ely	- - -	176
e unimpaired by Time	- - -	178
e Platomick Idea	- - -	181
s father	- - -	182
lsilius, a Roman Poet	- - -	187
iovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa	- - -	189
e Death of Damon	- - -	193
de addressed to Mr. John Rouse	- - -	203
st	- - -	207
to	- - -	ib.
st	- - -	208
to	- - -	ib.
one	- - -	209
one	- - -	ib
st.—To Charles Diodati	- - -	210
to	- - -	ib.
st	- - -	211
to	- - -	ib.
st	- - -	212
to	- - -	ib.
ph on Mrs. M. Higgins, of Weston	- - -	213
Retired Cat	- - -	ib.
ey Oak	- - -	217
te Nightingale	- - -	222
written for Insertion in a collection of hand-writings and Signatures made by Miss Patty, Sister of Hannah More	- - -	223
ph on a Redbreast	- - -	ib.
et to W. Wilberforce, Esq.	- - -	224
ram	- - -	225
r. Austin	- - -	226
et, addressed to William Hayley, Esq.	- - -	227
irina	- - -	228
pitaph	- - -	229
ph on Fop	- - -	230

## CONTENTS.

Sonnet to George Romney, Esq.	230
On receiving Hayley's Picture	231
Epitaph on Mr. Chester, of Chicheley	232
On a Plant of Virgin's bower	ib.
To my cousin, Anna Bodham	233
Inscription for an Hermitage in the Author's Garden	234
To Mrs. Unwin	ib.
To John Johnson	235
To a young Friend	236
A Tale	ib.
To William Hayley, Esq.	240
On a Spaniel, called Beau, killing a Bird	241
Beau's Reply	242
Answer to Stanzas addressed to Lady Hesketh	243
To the Spanish Admiral, Count Gravina	ib.
On Flaxman's Penelope	244
On receiving Heyne's Virgil	ib.
To Mary	245
Montes Glaciales	247
On the Ice Islands	249
The Castaway	251
Thrax	253
The Thracian	254
Mutua Benevolentia	ib.
Reciprocal Kindness	256
Manuale	257
A Manual	258
Ænigma	260
An Enigma	261
Passeres Indigenæ	262
Sparrows self-domesticated	-
Nulli te facias nimis'sodalem	-
Familiarity Dangerous	-
Ad Rubeculam Invitatio	-
Invitation to the Redbreast	-
Stradæ Philomela	-
Strada's Nightingale	-

CONTENTS.	11
Sæcularis	268
on the Death of a Lady	270
oria Forensis	271
Cause Won	272
byx	ib.
Silk Worm	273
cens Prædatrix	274
Innocent Thief	ib.
ieri Anus	276
ier's Old Woman	277
ymæ Pictoris	278
Tears of a Painter	ib.
Finis	280
Maze	ib.
o Miser nisi comparatus	ib.
orrow peculiar to the Sufferer	281
ix	ib.
Snail	282
s Academicus	283
Cantab	ib.
Salad, by Virgil	284
the Greek of Julianus	289
he same, by Palaadas	ib.
ipitaph	290
her	ib.
her	ib.
her	291
allimachus	ib.
Miltiades	ib.
n Infant	292
Iéraclides	ib.
he Reed	ib.
leath	293
he Astrologers	294
n Old Woman	ib.
nvalids	ib.
'latterers	295
he Swallow	ib.

## CONTENTS.

On late acquired Wealth	-
On a True Friend	-
On a Bath, by Plato	-
On a Fewler, by Isiodorus	-
On Niobe	-
On a Good Man	-
On a Miser	-
Another	-
Another	-
On Female Inconstancy	-
On the Grasshopper	-
On Hermocratio	-
From Menander	-
On Pallas, bathing	-
To Demosthenes	-
On a Similar Character	-
On an Ugly Fellow	-
On a Battered Beauty	-
On a Thief	-
On Pedigree	-
On Envy	-
By Philemon	-
By Moschus	-
In Ignorantem arrogantem Limum	-
On one Ignorant and Arrogant	-
Prudens Simplicitas	-
Prudent Simplicity	-
Ad Amicum Pauperum	-
To a Friend in Distress	-
Lex Talionis	-
Betialtion	-
De Orta et Oceasu	-
Sunset and Sunrise	-
Lepus multis Amicus	-
Avarus et Plutus	-
Papilio et Limax	-

## SKETCH

OF

# THE LIFE OF COWPER.

---

WILLIAM COWPER, the subject of the following brief Memoir, was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, on the fifteenth of November, 1731. His father, the Rev. John Cowper, D. D. Rector of that place, and one of the chaplains of King George the Second, married Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, Esq. of Lodham-hall, in the county of Norfolk. She died in childbed on the thirteenth of November, 1737; and he of a paralytick seizure on the tenth of July, 1756. Of five sons and two daughters, the issue of this marriage, William and John only survived their parents: the rest died in their infancy.

Such was his origin;—but it must be added, that the highest blood of the realm flowed in the veins of the modest and unassuming Cowper. It is perhaps already known that his grandfather, Spencer Cowper, was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and next brother to William, first Earl Cowper, and Lord High Chancellor of England: but his mother was descended through the families of Hippesley of Throughley, in Sussex, and Pellet of Bolney, in the same county from the several noble houses of West, Knollys, Carey, Bullen, Howard, and Mowbray; and so by four different lines from Henry the Third king of England. Distinctions of this nature can shed no additional lustre

on the memory of Cowper ; but genius, however exalted, disdains not, while it boasts not, the splendor of ancestry ; and royalty itself may be flattered, perhaps benefited, by discovering its kindred to piety, such purity, such talents as his.

The simplicity of the times that witnessed the childhood of Cowper, assigned him his first instruction day-school in his native village. The reader may collect an allusion to this circumstance in his beautiful Monody on the receipt of his mother's Picture,

“the gard'ner Robin, day by day  
Drew me to school along the publick way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap.”

On the death of the beloved parent, who is so tenaciously commemorated in that exquisite poem, and who lived to see him complete his sixth year, he was placed under the care of Dr. Pitman, of Market-street, two miles distant from the paternal roof. At this respectable academy he remained till he was eight years of age, when the alarming appearance of specks on his eyes induced his father to send him to the house of a female oculist in London. Her attempts, however, to relieve him, were unsuccessful, and at the expiration of two years he exchanged her residence for that of Westminister-school, where, sometime afterwards, a remedy was unexpectedly provided for him in small-pox, which, as he says in a letter to Mr. Hargrave, “proved the better oculist of the two.” Whence he derived his proficiency, as to the rudiments of education, he carried with him to this venerable establishment, the head of which was Dr. Nichols, does not appear; but that he left it in the year 1749, with school-attainments of the first order, is beyond a doubt.

After spending three months with his father at Hampstead, he was placed in the family of a Mr. man, a solicitor, in London, with a view to his

tion in the practice of the law. To this gentleman he was engaged by articles, for three years. The opportunities, however, which a residence in the house of his legal tutor afforded him, for attaining the skill that he was supposed to be in search of, were so far from attaching him to legal studies, that he spent the greater part of his time in the house of a near relation. This he playfully confesses in the following passage of a letter to a daughter of that relative, more than thirty years after the time he describes : " I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, that is to say, I slept three years in his house ; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton-row, as you very well remember. There was I, and the future Lord Chancellor, constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law. Oh fie, cousin ! how could you do so ?" The subject of this sprightly remonstrance was the lady Hesketh, who so materially contributed to the comfort of the dejected poet in his declining years ; and the chancellor alluded to was lord Thurlow. This trifling anecdote is no otherwise worthy of record, than as it may serve to show, that the profession which his friends had selected for him, had nothing in it congenial with the mind of Cowper.

The three years for which he had been consigned to the office of the solicitor being expired, at the age of twenty-one he took possession of a set of chambers in the Inner Temple. By this step he became, or rather ought to have become, a regular student of law ; but it soon appeared that the higher pursuits of jurisprudence were as little capable of fixing his attention, as the elementary parts of that science had proved. It is not to be supposed, indeed, that at this maturer age, he continued those habits of idleness and dissipation which have already been noticed ; but it is certain, from a colloquial account of his early years, with which he favoured his friend Mr. Hayley, that literature, and

particularly of a poetical kind, was his principal suit in the Temple. In the cultivation of studies agreeable to his taste, he could not fail to associate occasionally with such of his Westminster scholars as were resident in London, and whom he considered to be eminent literary characters. The elder Mr. Bonnel Thornton, and Lloyd, were especially prominent in this description. With these, therefore, he seems to have contracted the greatest intimacy, assisting the former in their periodical publication, *The Connexion*, and the latter, as Mr. Hayley conjectures, in the *Journal of the Law*, in which his slender finances obliged him to engage. The Duncombes also, father and son, two scholars of Stocks, in Hertfordshire, and intimate friends of his surviving parent, were among the most popular writers of the time, to whose poetical productions Cowper contributed. In short, the twelve years which he spent in the Temple, were, if not entirely devoted to legal pursuits, yet so much engrossed by them as to leave little or nothing to the slender stock of legal knowledge which he had previously acquired in the house of a solicitor.

The prospect of a professional income of £100 per annum, in acquiring, under circumstances like these, being a question, and his patrimonial resources being nearly exhausted, it occurred to him, towards the end of the above-mentioned period, that not only was his longcherished wish of settling in matrimonial life painfully precluded, but he was even in danger of personal want. It is not unlikely that his friend Mr. Hayley was aware of the probability of such an event, from the uniform inattention he had shown to his legal studies; for in the thirty-first year of his age they procured a nomination to the offices of reading-clerk and usher of the private Committees in the House of Commons. But he was by no means qualified for discharging the duties annexed to either of these employments, having assigned him such an extreme tenderness of

spirit, as, to use his own powerful expression, made a publick exhibition of himself, under any circumstances, "mortal poison" to him. No sooner, therefore, had he adverted to the consequence of his accepting so conspicuous an appointment, the splendour of which he confesses to have dazzled him into a momentary consent, than, it forcibly striking him at the same time, that such a favourable opportunity for his marrying might never occur again, his mind became the seat of the most conflicting sensations. These continued and increased, for the space of a week, to such a painful degree, that seeing no possible way of recovering any measure of his former tranquillity, except by resigning the situation which the kindness of his friends had procured him, he most earnestly entreated that they would allow him to do so. To this, though with great reluctance, they at length consented, he having offered to exchange it for a much less lucrative indeed, but as he flattered himself, a less irksome office, which was also vacant at that time, namely, the clerkship of the journals in the House of Lords.

The return of something like composure to the mind of Cowper was the consequence of this arrangement between him and his friends. It was a calm however, but of short duration; for he had scarcely been possessed of it three days, when an unhappy and unforeseen incident not only robbed him of this semblance of comfort, but involved him in more than his former distress. A dispute in parliament, in reference to the last mentioned appointment, laid him under the formidable necessity of a personal appearance at the bar of the house of Lords, that his fitness for the undertaking might be publickly acknowledged. The trembling apprehension with which the timid and exquisitely sensible mind of this amiable man could not fail to look forward to an event of this sort, rendered every intermediate attempt to prepare himself for the examination completely abortive and the conscious-

ness that it did so, accumulated his terrors. The had risen, in short, to a confusion of mind so incompatible with the integrity of reason, when the e of the dreaded ceremony actually arrived, that his i tlectual powers sunk under it. He was no long himself.

In this distressing situation it was found necessar in the month of December, 1763, to remove him to Albans; from whence, through the skilful and huma treatment of Dr. Cotton, under whose care he was pla ed, his friends hoped that he would soon return in t full enjoyment of his former faculties. In the m material part of their wish it pleased God to indul them, his recovery being happily effected in sor what less than eight months. Instead, however, of visiting the scenes in which his painful calamity h first occurred, he remained with his amiable physici nearly a twelve month after he had pronounced l cure: and that from motives altogether of a devotio kind.

On this part of the poet's history it may be proper observe that although, if viewed as an originati cause, the subject of religion had not the remotest co nexion with his mental calamity; yet no sooner h the disorder assumed the shape of *hypochondrias* which it did in a very early stage of its progress, th those sacred truths which prove an unfailing source the most salutary contemplation to the undisturb mind, were, through the influence of that distorti medium, converted into a vehicle of intellectual p son.

A most erroneous and unhappy idea has occupied t minds of some persons, that those views of christian which Cowper adopted, and of which, when enjoyi the intervals of reason, he was so bright an orname had actually contributed to excite the malady w which he was afflicted. It is capable of the clear demonstration, that nothing was further from the tru

On the contrary, all those alleviations of sorrow, those delightful anticipations of heavenly rest, those healing consolations to a wounded spirit, of which he was permitted to taste, at the periods when uninterrupted reason resumed its sway, were unequivocally to be ascribed to the operation of those very principles and views of religion, which, in the instance before us, have been charged with producing so opposite an effect. The primary aberrations of his mental faculties were wholly to be attributed to other causes. But the time was at hand, when, by the happy interposition of a gracious Providence, he was to be the favoured subject of a double emancipation. The captivity of his reason was about to terminate; and a bondage, though hitherto unmentioned, yet of a much longer standing, was on the point of being exchanged for the delightful of all freedom.

---

“A liberty unsung  
By poets, and by senators unprais’d;

\* \* \* \* \*  
E’en “liberty of heart,\* deriv’d from heav’n :  
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,  
And seal’d with the same token!”†

To the invaluable blessing of such a change he was as yet a stranger. He had been for some time convinced, and that on scriptural grounds, how much he stood in need of it, from a perception of the fetters with which, so long as he was capable of enjoying them, the pleasures of the world and of sense had bound his heart; but till the moment of his affliction, he had remained spiritually a prisoner. The hour was now come when his prison-doors were to be unfolded; when “he that openeth and no man shutteth,” was to give him a blessed experience of what

“ Is liberty: a flight into his arms  
Ere yet mortality’s fine threads give way,

\* Rom. viii. 21.

† The Task, Book V.

A clear escape from tyrannising" sin,  
" And full immunity from penal wo!"\*

On the 25th of July, 1764, his brother, th John Cowper, Fellow of Bennet College, Cam having been informed by Dr. Cotton, that his was greatly amended, came to visit him. T sight of so dear a relative in the enjoyment of and happiness, accompanied as it was with an taneous reference to his own very different lot sioned in the breast of Cowper many painful sens For a few moments, the cloud of despondency had been gradually removing, involved his mind former darkness. Light, however, was appro His brother invited him to walk in the garden ; so effectually did he protest to him, that the hensions he felt were all a delusion, that he bu tears, and cried out, " If it be a delusion, the the happiest of beings." During the remainde day, which he spent with this affectionate brot truth of the above assertion became so incre evident to him, that when he arose the next m he was perfectly well.

This, however, was but a part of the ha which the memorable day we are now arrived in store for the interesting and amiable Cowpe fore he left the room in which he had breakfa observed a Bible lying in the window-seat. He up. Except in a single instance, and that two before, he had not ventured to open one since th days of his abode at St. Alban's. But the ti now come when he might do it to purpose. T fitable perusal of that divine book had been p for in the most effectual manner, by the restor once of the powers of his understanding, and peradded gift of a spiritual discernment. Unde favourable circumstances, he opened the sac

\* The Task, Book V.

lume at that passage of the epistle to the Romans, where the apostle says, that Jesus Christ is "set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." To use the expression employed by Cowper himself, in a written document from which this portion of his history is extracted, he "received strength to believe it;" to see the suitableness of the atonement of his own necessity, and to embrace the gospel with gratitude and joy.

That the happiest portion of Cowper's life was that on which he had now entered, appears partly from his own account of the first eighteen months of the succeeding period, and partly from the testimony of an endeared friend, in a letter to the writer of this brief memoir; a friend, who, during the six or seven years that immediately followed, was seldom removed from him four hours in the day. But not to anticipate what remains to be offered, the devotional spirit of his late skilful physician, and now valuable host, Dr. Cotton, was so completely in unison with the feelings of Cowper, that he did not take his departure from St. Alban's till the 17th of June, 1765. During the latter part of his residence there, and subsequent to the happy change just described, he exhibited a proof of the interesting and scriptural character of those views of religion which he had embraced in the composition of two hymns. These hymns he himself styled "specimens" of his "first christian thoughts;" a circumstance which will greatly enhance their value in the minds of those to whom they have been long endeared by their own intrinsick excellence. The subject of the first of these hymns is taken from Revelation, xxi. 5. "Behold, I make all things new," and begins, "How blest thy creature is, O God." The second under the title of "Retirement," begins "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee."

Early in the morning of the day above-mentioned, he set out for Cambridge, on his way to Huntingdon, the nearest place to his own residence, at which his brother had been able to secure him an asylum. He adverted with peculiar emphasis to the sweet communion with his divine Benefactor, which though not alone, he enjoyed in silence during the whole of this journey; on the Saturday succeeding which, he repaired with his brother to his destination at Huntingdon.

No sooner had Mr. John Cowper left him, and returned to Cambridge, than, to use his own words, "finding himself surrounded by strangers, in a place with which he was utterly unacquainted, his spirits began to sink, and he felt like a traveller in the midst of an inhospitable desert, without a friend to comfort or a guide to direct him. He walked forth towards the close of the day, in this melancholy frame of mind, and having wandered a mile from the town, he was enabled to trust in Him who careth for the stranger, and to rest assured that wherever He might cast his lot, the God of all consolation would still be near him.

To the question which the foregoing pathetick passage will naturally give rise in every feeling mind, namely, why was not Mr. Cowper advised, instead of hazarding his tender and convalescent spirit among the strangers of Huntingdon, to recline it on the bosom of his friends in London? it is incumbent on the writer to venture a reply. It is presumed, therefore, that no inducement to his return to them, which, with a view to their mutual satisfaction, his affectionate relatives, and most intimate friends could devise, was either omitted on their part, or declined without reluctance on his. But in the cultivation of the religious principles which, with the recovery of his reason, he had lately imbibed, and which in so distinguished a manner it had pleased God to bless, to the re-stab-

bishment of his peace, he had an interest to provide for of a much higher order. This it was that inclined him to a life of seclusion : a measure in the adoption of which, though in ordinary cases, he is certainly not to be quoted as an example : yet considering the extreme peculiarity of his own, it seems equally certain that he is not to be censured. There can be no doubt indeed, from the following passage of his poem on Retirement, that had his mind been the repository of less exquisitely tender sensibilities, he would have returned to his duties in the Inner Temple :

"Truth is not local, God alike pervades  
And fills the world of traffick and the shades,  
And may be fear'd amidst the busiest scenes,  
Or scorn'd where business never intervenes."

Of the first two months of his abode in Huntingdon, nothing is recorded, except that he gradually mixed with a few of its inhabitants, and corresponded with some of his early friends. But at the end of that time, as he was one day coming out of church, after morning prayers, at which he appears to have been a constant attendant, he was accosted by a young gentleman of engaging manners, who exceedingly desired to cultivate his acquaintance. This pleasing youth, known afterwards to the publick as the Rev. William Cawthorne Unwin, Rector of Stock, in Essex, to whom the author of the Task inscribed his poem of Tirocinium, was so intent upon accomplishing the object of his wishes, that when he took leave of the interesting stranger, after sharing his walk under a row of trees, he had obtained his permission to drink tea with him that day.

This was the origin of the introduction of Cowper to the family of the Rev. Morley Unwin, consisting of himself, his wife, the son already named, and a daugh-

ter : an event, which, when viewed in connexion with his remaining years, will scarcely yield, in importance to any feature of his life. Concerning these engaging persons, whose general habits of life, and especially whose piety rendered them the very associates that Cowper wanted, he thus expresses himself in a letter written two months after, to one of his earliest and warmest friends ;\* “ Now I know them, I wonder that I liked Huntingdon so well before I knew them, and am apt to think I should find every place disagreeable that had not an Unwin belonging to it.”

The house which Mr. Unwin inhabited was a large and convenient dwelling in the High-street in which he had been in the habit of receiving a few domestick pupils to prepare them for the University. At the division of the October Term, one of these students being called to Cambridge, it was proposed that the solitary lodging which Cowper occupied should be exchanged for the possession of the vacant place. On the 11th of November, therefore, in the same year, he commenced his residence in this agreeable family. But the calamitous death of Mr. Unwin, by a fall from his horse, as he was going to his church on a Sunday morning, the July twelvemonth following, proved the signal of a further removal to Cowper, who, by a series of providential incidents, was conducted with the family of his deceased friend to the town of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, on the 14th of October 1767. The instrument whom it pleased God principally to employ in bringing about this important event, was the Rev. John Newton, then curate of that parish, and afterwards rector of St. Mary Woolnoth in London : a most exemplary divine, indefatigable in the discharge of his ministerial duties ; in which, so far as was consistent with the province of a layman, it became the happiness of Cowper to strengthen his hands.

\* Joseph Hill, Esq.

Great was the value which Cowper set on the friendship and intercourse which for some years he had the privilege of enjoying with the estimable author of *Caraphonia*. This appears by the following passage in one of his letters to that venerable pastor ; “ The honour of your preface, prefixed to my poems, will be on my side ; for surely to be known as the friend of a much favoured minister of God’s word, is a more illustrious distinction in reality than to have the friendship of any poet in the world to boast of.” A correspondent testimony of the estimation in which our poet was held by his friend Mr. Newton is clearly deducible from the introductory words of the preceding sentence ; and is abundantly furnished in the preface itself.

A very interesting part of the connexion thus happily established between Mr. Cowper and Mr. Newton, was afterwards brought to light in the publication of the *Olney Hymns*, which was intended as a monument of the endeared and joint labours of these exemplary christians. To this collection Mr. Cowper contributed sixty-eight compositions.

From the commencement of his residence at Olney till January, 1773, a period of five years and a quarter, it does not appear that there was any material interruption either of the health or religious comfort of this excellent man. His feelings, however, must have received a severe shock in February, 1770, when he was twice summoned to Cambridge by the illness of his beloved brother, which terminated fatally on the 20th of the following month. How far this afflictive event might conduce to such a melancholy catastrophe, it is impossible to judge ; but certain it is, that at this period a renewed attack of his former hypochondriacal complaint took place. It is remarkable that the prevailing distortion of his afflicted imagination became then not only inconsistent with the dictates of right reason, but was entirely at variance with every distinguishing characteristick of that religion which had so long prov-

ed the incitement to his useful labours, and th  
of his mental consolations. Indeed, so power  
so singular was the effect produced on his min  
influence of the malady, that while for man  
quent years it admitted of his exhibiting the mu  
terly and delightful display of poetical, epistol  
conversational ability, on the greatest variety  
jects, it constrained him from that period, bot  
conversation and letters, studiously to abstain  
every allusion of a religious nature. Yet no one  
doubt that the hand and heart from which, even  
so mysterious a dispensation, such exquisite  
tions of sacred truth and feeling afterwards pro  
must have been long and faithfully devoted to  
and Father. The testimonies of his real piety  
manifested to others, when least apparent to  
But where it pleased God to throw a veil over the  
tal and spiritual consistency of this excell  
afflicted man, it would ill become us rudely to  
the divine prerogative by attempting to with  
the

Under the grievous visitation above-mentioned  
Unwin, whom he had professed to love as a  
was as a guardian angel to this interesting object.  
Day and night she watched over him. In fact  
likewise was the friendship of Mr. Newton: “  
the duties of my ministry,” said that venerable  
in a letter to the author of this memoir, more  
twenty years afterwards, “it was the business  
life to attend him.”

For more than a twelvemonth subsequent to  
tack, Cowper seems to have been totally overw  
by the vehemence of his disorder. But in March  
he was so far enabled to struggle with it, as  
amusement in the taming his three hares, and  
construction of boxes for them to dwell in. Fr  
chanical amusements he proceeded to epistol  
ployment, a specimen of which, addressed to hi  
Mr. Unwin, who had been some years settled a

in Essex, in the summer of 1778, shows that he had, in a great measure, recovered his admirable faculties.

In 1779 he accompanied Mrs. Unwin in a post-chaise to view the gardens of Gayhurst; an excursion of which he informs her son in a playful letter.

In the autumn of this year we find him reading the Biography of Johnson, and, with the exception of what he terms his "unmerciful treatment of Milton," expressing himself "well entertained" with it.

One of his earliest amusements, in 1780, was the composition of the beautiful fable of "The Nightingale and the Glow-worm;" after which he betook himself to the drawing of landscapes: an employment of which he grew passionately fond, though he had never been instructed in the art. This attachment to the pencil was particularly seasonable, as in the midst of it he lost his friend Mr. Newton, who was called to the charge of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London. With a provident care, however, for his future welfare, this excellent man obtained his permission to introduce to him the Rev. William Bull, of Newport Pagnell, who from that time regularly visited him once a fortnight: and whom Cowper afterwards described to his friend Unwin, as "a man of letters and of genius, master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it;" who could be "lively without levity, and pensive without dejection." As the year advanced, Hume's History, and the Biographia Britannica engaged his attention, though the amusements of the garden were his chief resource, and had banished drawing altogether. These, with the frequent exercise of his epistolary talent, and the occasional production of a minor piece of poetry, in the composition of which the entertainment of himself and his friends was his only aim, led him to the important month of December, in this year, when he was to sit down with the secret intention of writing for the publick; an intention, however, which his extreme humility took care to couple in his mind with

this proviso, that a bookseller could be found who would run the risk of publishing his productions.

Between that time and March, 1781, the four first of his larger poems were completed; namely, Table Talk, The Progress of Error, Truth, and Expostulation. These, together with the small pieces contained in the earliest edition of that volume, were sent to the press in the following May: Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's Church-yard, who had been recommended to the poet by Mr. Newton, having, as he informed his friend at Stock, "heroically set all peradventures at defiance," as to the expense of printing, "and taken the whole charge upon himself."

The operation of the press, however, had scarcely commenced, when it was suggested to the author, that the season of publication being so far elapsed, it would be adviseable to postpone the appearance of his book till the ensuing winter. This delay was productive of two advantages; it enabled him to correct the press himself, and nearly to double the quantity of the projected volume; to which, by the 24th of June, he had added the poem of Hope; by the 12th of July, that of Charity, and by the 19th of October, those of Conversation and Retirement.

Whilst the poet was occupied in the extension of his work, there arrived at the neighbouring village of Clifton, a lady who was, in due time, to make a most agreeable addition to his society, and to whom the publick were afterwards indebted for the first suggestion of the Sofa, as they were also to Mrs. Unwin for that of the Progress of Error, as a subject for Cowper's muse. The writer alludes to Lady Austen, the widow of Sir Robert Austen, Baronet, whose first introduction to the poet and his friends occurred in the summer of 1781; a memorable era in the life of Cowper. The limits, however, of a contracted narrative, such as this professes to be, will only allow me here to introduce the brief character of this accomplished lady, which Cow-

per despatched to his friend Unwin, in the month of August of this year ; namely, "that she had seen much of the world, understood it well, had high spirits, a lively fancy, and great readiness of conversation." The frequent visits of this pleasing associate to her new acquaintance at Olney, gave rise to that familiar epistle in rhyme, which the poet addressed to her on her return to London ; it is dated December 17, 1781. The last month of that year, and the two first of the year following, appear to have been employed by Cowper in correcting the press, in epistolary correspondence, and in desultory reading.

The year 1782 was also an eventful period in the life of the poet. In March his first volume issued from the press. In the summer Mr. Bull engaged him in the translation of Madam Guion ; and by means of a small portable printing-press, given him by Lady Austen, who had returned from London to Clifton, he became a printer as well as a writer of poetry. In October of the same year, the pleasant poem of John Gilpin sprang up, like a mushroom, in a night. The story on which it is founded, having been related to him by Lady Austen, in one of their evening parties, it was versified in bed, and presented to her the next morning in the shape of a ballad. Before the close of the year Lady Austen was settled in the parsonage at Olney.

The consequence of this latter arrangement was a more frequent intercourse between the lady and her friends. Mr. Unwin, indeed, is informed, in a letter which he received from Mr. Cowper in January, 1783, that "they passed their days alternately at each other's chateau." This eventually led to the publication of the Task. Lady Austen, as an admirer of Milton, was fond of blank verse. She wished to engage Cowper in that species of composition. For a long time he declined it. The lady, however, persevered, till, in June or July of the same year, he promised to write if she

would furnish the subject. "O!" she replied, "you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon any:—write upon this sofa!" "The poet," says Mr. Hayley, "obeyed her command, and from the lively repartee of familiar conversation arose a poem of many thousand verses, unexampled perhaps both in its origin and excellence! A poem of such infinite variety, that it seems to include every subject, and every style, without any dissonance or disorder; and to have flowed without effort, from inspired philanthropy, eager to impress upon the hearts of all readers whatever may lead them most happily to the full enjoyment of human life, and to the final attainment of heaven."

The progress of this enchanting performance appears to have been this. The first four books, and part of the fifth, were written by the 22d of February, 1784; the final verses of the poem in September following; and in the beginning of October the work was sent to the press. The arrangements with the bookseller were entrusted to Mr. Unwin. During the period of its production, the evenings of the poet appear to have been constantly devoted to a course of diversified reading to the ladies. Such as Hawkesworth's *Voyages*, L'Estrange's *Josephus*, Johnson's *Prefaces*, *The Theological Miscellany*, Beattie's and Blair's *Lectures*, the "Folio of four Pages," and the *Circumnavigations* of Cook. This may in some measure account for the comparatively slow execution of the latter part of the work, and indeed of the whole, with reference to the former volume. But the following passage of a letter to Mr. Newton, dated October 30, 1784, will explain it more fully. "I mentioned it not sooner," namely that he was engaged in the work, "because, almost to the last, I was doubtful whether I should ever bring it to a conclusion, working often in such distress of mind, as while it spurred me to the work, at the same time threatened to disqualify me for it." After it w<sup>t</sup>

to the press, he added the poem of *Tirocinium*, hundred lines of which were written in 1782, and remainder in October and November, 1784.

The 21st of this month he began his translation *Amor*, which, together with the completion of *The Task*, proves the year 1784 to have been an active one in the life of Cowper. A no less striking occurrence of that year was the termination of his intercourse with Lady Austen. For a just statement of this sudden event, which, while it by no means lowlights the character of either of the ladies, exceedingly delighted that of Cowper, the reader is referred to the biography of Hayley.

The year 1785 was marked by the publication of the second volume of his poems in June or July, containing *The Task*, *Tirocinium*, *The Epistle to Joseph Hill*, and the diverting *History of John Gilpin*; also, the production of many excellent letters, among those to his cousin, lady Hesketh, who had lately returned from a residence in Italy, and renewed her correspondence with him on the appearance of his second volume, are peculiarly interesting. With the exception of a few of his smaller pieces, his poetical exertion this year was confined to the translation of *Amor*.

The same may be said of the succeeding year, which, however, was distinguished by three remarkable occurrences: the arrival of lady Hesketh, at Olney, in October; Cowper's removal to the Lodge in the adjoining village of Weston Underwood, in November; and the arrival of Mr. Unwin, in the same month. To the first two events he thus alludes in a letter to Mr. Hill: "dear cousin's arrival here, as it could not fail to make us happier than we ever were at Olney. Her kindness in giving us her company is a cordial salutary; I shall feel the effect of, not only while she is here, while I live;" to the second, thus, in a letter to one friend, "I find myself here situated exactly."

to my mind. Weston is one of the pretties in England, and the walks about it, at all seasons, year, delightful. I know that you will rejoice in the change that we have made, and for which I am altogether indebted to lady Hesketh ;" and to thus, in concluding a letter to that lady, " See my friend Unwin ! The first man for whom I had a friendship after my removal from St. Al for whom I cannot but still feel a friendship, shall see thee with these eyes no more."

Early in January, 1787, he was attacked with a fever, which obliged him to discontinue medical efforts till the October following. A few days before the commencement of this indisposition, he received a visit from a stranger, which he thus notices in his letter to lady Hesketh : "A young gentleman called on me yesterday, who came six miles out of his way. He was on a journey to London from having just left the University there. He came, partly to satisfy his own curiosity, but as it seemed, to bring me the thanks of some Scotch Professors for my two volumes. His name is Rose, an Englishman. Your spirits being now so much improved, you will derive more pleasure from this incident than at present, therefore I send it." This interesting character was afterwards introduced by him to Cowper, during a friendship which originated above a year ago, and which was terminated on the death of the poet. As an early instance of the taste and that with reference to the paramount works in his mind, he introduced his new acquaintance to those of Burns, with which he was so much pleased as to repeat it twice. It was succeeded in the office of relief for depressed spirits by the Latin Argenis of Barce, Travels of Savary into Egypt ; Memoirs du Tott ; Fenn's Original Letters ; The Letters of Dorick of Bohemia ; Memoirs of d'Henri de Duc de Guise ; and The Letters of his young

Spencer Madan, to Priestley. In allusion to this interval of cessation from the labours of the pen, he says in a letter to Mr. Rose, "When I cannot walk, I read, and read perhaps more than is good for me. But I cannot be idle. The only mercy that I show myself in this respect is, that I read nothing that requires much attention or application." Conversing, however, with men and things, through the medium of books, was not his only resource in this season of illness. He had an infinitely better medicine of this kind, in the society of his valuable friends at the Hall, and the many pleasing acquaintances to which their hospitality introduced him. Indeed the kindness of Sir John and lady Throckmorton, always a cordial to the spirits of Cowper from the time he knew them, was especially such under his present circumstances. As a proof of its happy influence on the mind of the poet, he was enabled in the autumn to resume his translation of Homer, which, with the renewal of his admirable letters to several friends, and the production of his first mortuary verses for the clerk of Northampton, comprised all his literary performances to the conclusion of the year.

In 1788 his venerable uncle, Ashley Cowper, Esq. the father of lady Heaketh, died at the age of eighty-seven; an event which he pathetically alludes to in several of the letters of this period, and the ill effect of which on his spirits was happily prevented by the successive visits at the lodge of the Rev. Matthew Powley and his amiable partner, the daughter of Mrs. Unwin; his old friends the Newtons, Mr. Rose, and lady Heaketh.

The reappearance at the Lodge of the two last mentioned visitors is recorded in his letters of 1789, which was also devoted to Homer and the muse.

In January, 1790, the writer of this sketch, who had hitherto enjoyed no personal intercourse with his relative, but for whom, ten years after, was reserved the melancholy office of closing his eyes, introduced him-

self to the poet as the grandson of his mother, the Rev. Roger Donne, late rector of C in Norfolk. His total ignorance of what had b that branch of his family, during the twenty years of his retirement from the world, would o have secured his attention to a visiter so circum ed, even if his heart had been a stranger to the h ble virtues. But as no human bosom was ever under the influence of those blessed qualties Cowper's, the reception which his kinsman me was peculiarly pleasing. The consequence wa petition of his visit in the same year, and inde passing of the chief of his academical recesses Lodge, and his clerical leisure afterwards, till, appointment of Providence, he transplanted this esting man with his enfeebled companion int folk, as will appear in the sequel of these pages

Perceiving that his new and valuable acquai dwelt with great pleasure on the memory of his n the kinsman of Cowper, on his return home, wa cially careful to despatch to him her picture, as sent from his cousin, Mrs. Bodham. To the arrival portrait, an original in oils, by Heins, he thus a in a letter to that lady, dated February 27, 1790 ; world could not have furnished you with a pre acceptable to me as the picture which you h kindly sent me. I received it the night before la viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits what akin to what I should have felt had the dear nal presented herself to my embraces. I kissed hung it where it is the last object that I see at and of course the first on which I open my eyes morning." The receipt of this picture gave i the Monody so justly a favourite with the public, it appeared in the later editions of his poems.

On the 25th of August, in this year, he comple translation of the Iliad and Odyssey of Home blank verse, which he had begun on the 21st of N

ber, 1784. During eight months of this time he was hindered by indisposition, so that he was occupied in the work, on the whole, five years and one month. On the 8th of September the writer of this narrative had the gratification to convey it to St. Paul's Church-yard, with a view to its consignment to the press ; during its continuance in which, the translator gave the work a second revision. The Iliad was dedicated to his young noble relative, earl Cowper ; and the Odyssay to the illustrious lady of whom he thus writes to his kinsman of Norfolk, on the 28th of November, 1790 : " We had a visit on Monday from one of the first women in the world ; in point of character, I mean, and accomplishments, the dowager lady Spencer. I may receive, perhaps, some honours hereafter, should my translation speed according to my wishes and the pains I have taken with it ; but shall never receive any that I shall esteem so highly. She is indeed worthy to whom I should dedicate ; and may but my Odyssay prove as worthy of her, I shall have nothing to fear from the critics." Lady Hesketh also paid him this year her usual visit, which extended into the next.

The year 1791 was marked by the completion of the second revision of his Homer, on the 4th of March ; and by the return of the last proof-sheet of that work to the publisher on the 12th of June. Also by the commencement of his correspondence with the poet Hurd ; the suggestion of the Four Ages, Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age, as a subject for his muse, by his very pleasing and well informed clerical neighbour, Mr. Buchanan of Ravenstone ; and the sensible visit of three of his Norfolk relations, Mrs. Ball, Miss Johnson, and her brother, in the vacant period between the conclusion of his employment as translator of Homer, and the beginning of a new literary engagement, which he thus announces to Mr. Rose, on the 14th of September of this year : " A Milton, that is to rival, and, if possible, to exceed in splendour

Boydell's Shakspeare, is in contemplation, and in the editor's office, Fuseli is the painter. My business will be to select notes from others, and to write final notes; to translate the Latin and Italian parts, and to give a correct text." He addressed himself to the work with diligence, and by the end of the year had advanced to the Epitaphium Damonis.

In the early part of 1792 he had to encounter the loss of his agreeable associates at Weston-hall, the death of Sir Robert Throckmorton having occasioned the removal to a seat in Oxfordshire; an event which tenderly alludes to in concluding a letter to the Hurdia. His engagement with Milton, the society of lady Hesketh, and of his friend Rose, but more especially the consideration of who was to succeed him among his neighbours in the hospitable mansion, namely, the brother of the Baronet,\* who was on the eve of marriage with Catharina, the favourite of the poet. ported his spirits at this trying period.

The next remarkable feature in the history of Cowper, is the commencement of his correspondence with Mr. Hayley. The limits of this narrative will not admit of a detail of the singular circumstances which gave rise to it, but it was scarcely entered upon, before Cowper was writing to lady Hesketh, Cowper says of his epistolary acquaintance, "I account him the chief acquisition that my own verse has ever procured me." In the following May, a personal interview took place between the two poets, thus noticed by Cowper in referring to his kinsman of Norfolk: "Mr. Hayley is on a visit. We have formed a friendship that I will last for life." A few days after, Mrs. Unwin struck with the palsy, which deprived her of the power of articulation, and the use of her right hand and arm. Under the pressure of this domestick affliction he thus writes to Lady Hesketh; "It has happened

\* George Courtenay Throckmorton, Esq. now Mr. G. May.

that of all men living, the man most qualified to comfort me, is here, though till within these days I never saw him, and a few weeks since had expectation that I ever should. You have already seen that I mean Hayley!"

sly in June; Mr. Hayley left the Lodge, having made a promise from its inhabitants, that if it should be God to continue the convalescent symptoms of Unwin, which had begun to be exhibited, they'd visit Earham in the course of the summer. new guest of Cowper was succeeded by the writer of this sketch, who, without consulting the poet, agreed to introduce to him Abbott the Painter, one of the most successful artists of that period, in securing a portrait the likeness of its original. In allusion to the fidelity of the copy he was then producing, he playfully says, in a letter to Mr. Hayley,

Abbott is painting me so true,  
That (trust me) you would stare,  
And hardly know at the first view,  
If I were here, or there.

At the beginning of August, the party set out on their journey to Earham, where they arrived on the evening of the third day, and where the most cordial and affectionate reception that it was possible for guests to receive, awaited them from the owner of that elegant villa. This had a happy effect upon the spirits of Cowper, which had been in some measure depressed by the romantick moonlight scenery of the Sussex country over which he had just passed, and whose bold and striking outline so far surpassing any images of beauty with which the last thirty years had presented him, hurried back his recollection to those times when he had scarcely known what trouble was. At this delightful retreat he remained till about the middle of the following month, his kind host doing

every thing that even the purest fraternal friendship could dictate for the comfort of the poet and his infirm companion; who were both benefited by his benevolent exertions, the one considerably in spirits, and the other somewhat in health. During the visit of Cowper to Eartham, a fine head of him in crayon was executed by Romney, who joined the party, as did also that ingenious novelist and pleasing poetess Charlotte Smith, the "friendly Carwardine," of Earl's Colne Priory, and the author of "The Village Curate," soon after the arrival of the guests from Weston. Their society was also enlivened by the endearing attentions of the amiable and accomplished youth, for whose future enjoyment, after a life of professional labour, the scenery of Eartham had been so fondly embellished by an affectionate parent, but to whom Providence allotted an early grave in the very same year and month in which the illustrious visitor of his beloved father was consigned to the tomb.

The literary engagements of Cowper while he resided at Eartham, are thus noticed by his faithful biographer: "The morning hours, that we could bestow upon books, were chiefly devoted to a complete revision and correction of all the translations which my friend had finished, from the Latin and Italian poetry of Milton: and we generally amused ourselves after dinner in forming together a rapid metrical version of Andreini's Adamo. But the constant care which the delicate health of Mrs. Unwin required, rendered it impossible for us to be very assiduous in study."

The termination of their visit to Mr. Hayley being arrived, a journey of four days restored the party to the lodge at Weston; but not the poet to a resumption of his Miltonick employment. In addition to the above-mentioned obstacle, the habit of study had so totally left him, that instead of beginning his dissertations on the *Paradise Lost*, as he had intended, he thus writes to this kinsman, who had returned

into Norfolk: "I proceed exactly as when you were here—a letter now and then before breakfast, and the rest of my time all holy-day: if holy-day it may be called that is spent chiefly in moping and musing, and *forecasting the fashion of uncertain evils.*"

On the 4th of March, 1793, he says in a letter to his friend, the Reverend Walter Bagot: "While the winter lasted I was miserable with a fever on my spirits; when the spring began to approach, I was seized with inflammation in my eyes; and ever since I have been able to use them, have been employed in giving more last touches to Homer, who is on the point of going to the press again." At the request of his worthy bookseller, he added explanatory notes to his revision; in illusion to which he writes in May to his friend Rose. "I breakfast every morning on seven or eight pages of the Greek commentators. For so much am I obliged to read in order to select perhaps three or four short notes for the readers of my translation." He says to Mr. Hayley, in the same month, "I rise at six every morning, and fag till near eleven, when I breakfast.—I cannot spare a moment for eating in the early part of the morning, having no other time to study." The truth is that his grateful affectionate spirit devoted all the rest of the day, from breakfast, to the helpless state of his afflicted companion; of whose similar attentions to his own necessities he had had such abundant experience. There can be no doubt that an arrangement of this sort was highly prejudicial to the health of Cowper, and that it hastened the approach of the last calamitous attack with which this interesting sufferer was yet to be visited. For the present, however, he was supported under it; writing pleasantly to Mr. Hayley in October; "On Tuesday, we expect company—Mr. Rose, and Lawrence the painter. Let once more my patience is to be exercised, and the more I am made to wish that my face had been

moveable, to put on and take off at pleasure, so as to be portable in a band-box, and sent to the artist."

In the following month Mr. Hayley paid his second visit to Weston, where he found the writer of this narrative and Mr. Rose. "The latter," says the biographer of Cowper, "came recently from the seat of lord Spencer, in Northamptonshire, and commissions by that accomplished nobleman to invite Cowper and his guests to Althorpe, where my friend Gibbon was to make a visit of considerable continuance. All the guests of Cowper now recommended it to him very strongly to venture on this little excursion, to a house whose master he most cordially respected, and whose library alone might be regarded as a magnet of very powerful attraction to every elegant scholar. I wished," continues Mr. Hayley, "to see Cowper and Gibbon personally acquainted, because I perfectly knew the real benevolence of both; for widely as they might differ on one important article, they were both able and worthy to appreciate and enjoy the extraordinary powers of each other. But the constitutional shyness of the poet conspires with the present infirm state of Mrs. Unwin to prevent their meeting. He sent Mr. Rose and me to make his apology for declining so honourable an invitation."

In a few days from this time the guests of Cowper left him, and before the end of the year he thus writes to his friend of Earham: "It is a great relief to me that my Miltonick labours are suspended. I am now busied in transcribing the alterations of Homer, having finished the whole revisal. I must then write a new preface, which done, I shall endeavour immediately to descend on 'The Four Ages.' "

Instead, however, of recording the prosecution of this poem, as the work of the beginning of the following year, it becomes the painful duty of the author of this memoir to exhibit the truly excellent and pitiful

of it as very differently employed, and as coming his descent into those depths of affliction from his spirit was only to emerge by departing from h. Writing to Mr. Rose, in January, 1794, he [have just ability enough to transcribe, which at I can do at present: God knows that I write moment under the pressure of sadness not to be sd." It was a happy circumstance that lady had arrived at Weston a few weeks previous calamitous attack, the increasing infirmities of 's aged companion, Mrs. Unwin, having reduced to a state of second childhood. Towards the February, the care of attending to his afflicted was for a short time engaged in by the writer pages, who had scarcely returned to his pro-l duties, when, in consequence of an affectionmons from Cowper's valuable neighbour, and expected friend, the Rev. Mr. Greatheed of t Pagnel, Mr. Hayley repaired to the Lodge. the continuance of his visit, which was extend-veral weeks, all expedients were resorted to, he most tender ingenuity could devise, to pro-e object which had given rise to it. But though its of this cordial and tried friend to restore the any measure of cheerfulness, were altogether ial, yet, as a reward for his humanity, it please- to refresh his benevolent spirit, at this time, ncess of a plan for the benefit of Cowper, the which had originated with himself. The cir-ice alluded to is thus related by the biographer poet: "It was on the 23d of April, 1794, in those melancholy mornings, when his compas-friend lady Hesketh and myself were watching over this dejected sufferer, that a letter from encer arrived at Weston, to announce the ingrant of such a pension from his majesty to , as would ensure an honourable competence residue of his life. This intelligence produced

in the friends of the poet very lively emotions light, yet blended with pain almost as powerful; it was painful, in no trifling degree, to reflect these desirable smiles of good fortune could not even a faint glimmering of joy to the old invalid.

"His friends, however, had the animating hope a day would arrive when they might see him restored with a cheerful and joyous gratitude, this royal dispense for merit universally acknowledged. They knew that when he recovered his suspended faculties must be particularly pleased, to find himself so indebted for his good fortune to the active benevolence of that nobleman, who, though not personally acquainted with Cowper, stood, of all his noble friends, the highest in his esteem." "He was unhappily bed," continues his biographer, "from feeling the favour he received, but an annuity of three hundred pounds was graciously secured to him, and rendered payable to his friend Mr. Rose, as the trustee of Cowper."

Another extract from Mr. Hayley will advance the memoir to the close of the poet's residence in Northamptonshire. "From the time when I left my unhappy friend at Weston, in the spring of the year 1795, I remained there, under the tender vigilance of his affectionate relation, lady Hesketh, till the latter end of July, 1795;—a long season of the darkest depression, in which the best medical advice, and the influence of time, appeared equally unable to lighten that affliction which pressed incessantly on his spirits."

A few weeks prior to the last mentioned period of superintending this interesting sufferer, I again shared with Lady Hesketh by her former abode from Norfolk; to whom it forcibly occurred to me, as he reflected on the inefficacy of the scenery of Weston in promoting the return of health to his revered relation, that perhaps a summer residence by the sea-side might restore him to health.

joyment of that invaluable blessing. Lady Hesketh, to whom he communicated this idea, being of the same opinion, arrangements were speedily made for his conducting the two venerable invalids from Buckinghamshire into Norfolk, whom, after a residence there of a few months, he hoped to reconduct to the Lodge in amended health and spirits.

It was a singularly happy circumstance that in this projected departure from his beloved Weston, neither Cowper, nor Mrs. Unwin, nor either of their friends, thought of any thing further than a temporary absence. Nor had the measure been suggested under the idea of a final separation from that endeared residence, which was eventually found to have been the intention of Providence, the anguish of Cowper in passing for the last time over the threshold of his favourite retirement, and in taking leave of Lady Hesketh for ever, might not only have proved fatal to the delicate health of his affectionate relative, but have so extended itself to the breast of his conductor, as to have deprived him of the necessary fortitude for sustaining so long a journey with so helpless a charge. Nothing of the kind, however, having entered into the calculation of either party, both the setting out for Norfolk, on Tuesday the 26th of July, 1795, and the subsequent travelling thither of three days, were unattended with any peculiar distressing circumstances.

As it was highly important to guard against the effect of noise and tumult on the shattered nerves of the responding traveller, care was taken that a relay of horses should be ready on the skirts of the towns of Bedford and Cambridge, by which means he passed through those places without stopping. On the evening of the first day, the quiet village of St. Neots, near Eaton, afforded as convenient a resting-place for the party as could have been desired; and the peaceful moonlight scenery of the spot, as Cowper walked with his kinsman up and down the church-yard, had so

## SKETCH OF THE

favourable an effect on his spirits, that he conversed with him, with much composure, on the subject of Thomson's Seasons, and the circumstances under which they were probably written.

This gleam of cheerfulness with which it pleased God to visit the afflicted poet, at the commencement of his journey, though nothing that may at all compared with it was ever again exhibited in his conversation, is yet a subject of grateful remembrance to the writer of this sketch ; for though it vanished, from the breast of Cowper, like the dew of the morning, it preserved the sunshine of hope in his own mind, as to the final recovery of his revered relative ; and that cheering hope never forsook him till the object of his incessant care was sinking into the valley of the shadow of death.

At the close of the second day's journey, the poet and his aged companion found in the solitary situation of Barton Mills a convenient place to rest at ; and the third day brought them to North Tuddenham, in Norfolk. Here, by the kindness of the reverend Leonard Shelford, they were comfortably accommodated with an untenanted Parsonage House in which they were received by Miss Johnson and Miss Perowne ; the residence of their conductor, in the market-place of East Dereham, being thought unfavourable to the tender spirits of Cowper. Of the latter of these ladies, Mr. Hayley says, with equal truth and felicity of expression, "Miss Perowne is one of those excellent beings whom nature seems to have formed expressly for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted ; tenderly vigilant in providing for the wants of sickness and resolutely firm in administering such relief as the most intelligent compassion can supply. Cowper speedily observed and felt the invaluable virtues of his new attendant ; and during the last years of his life he honoured her so far as to prefer her personal assistance to that of every individual around him."

As the season of the year was particularly favour

walking, the poet was prevailed on, by his , to make frequent excursions of this sort in ed vicinity of Tuddenham Parsonage ; one of ie extended to the house of his cousin, Mrs. , at Mattis-hall. The sight of his own portraited by Abbott, in one of the apartments of idence, awakening in his mind a recollection of comparatively happy moments in which he sat picture, extorted from him a passionately ex-wish, that similar sensations might yet return. ng fondly hoped by his kinsman, that not only h, but many more of the same kind, and those ignine, conceived by himself, might be realized moved to the sea-side, he conducted the two in- a the 19th of August, 1795, to the village of ey, on the Norfolk coast. They had been there short time, when his companion perceived that us something inexpressibly soothing to the spirit ter in the monotonous sound of the breakers. forced him to confine the walks of the poet, lejection precluded from the exercise of all whatever, or at least the expression of it, almost o the sands, which at Mundsey are remarkably l level ; till an incident occurred which intro-hem to the inland, but still pleasing walks of ity. The circumstance alluded to is stated in wing letter, which, after a long suspension of y employment, the poet addressed to Mr. an. " It shows," as Mr. Hayley observes, " the of his depression, but shows also that faint of pleasure could occasionally break through led darkness of melancholy."

introduced with a quotation from the *Lycidas* on.

" To interpose a little ease,  
my frail thoughts daily with false surmise."

ill forget, for a moment, that to whomsoever I dress myself, a letter from me can no otherwise

be welcome, than as a curiosity. To you, Sir dress this ; urged to it by extreme penury of element, and the desire I feel to learn something of is doing, and has been done at Weston (my b Weston !) since I left it.

“ The coldness of these blasts, even in the days, has been such, that, added to the irritation salt spray, with which they are always charged have occasioned me an inflammation in the eye which threatened a few days since to confine me ly ; but by absenting myself as much as possible the beach, and guarding my face with an umbrella inconvenience is in some degree abated. My ber commands a very near view of the ocean, ar ships at high water approach the coast so closel a man furnished with better eyes than mine m doubt not, discern the sailors from the window situation, at least when the weather is clear and can be pleasanter ; which you will easily credit I add that it imparts something a little resemblin sure even to me.—Gratify me with news from W If Mr. Gregson, and your neighbours the Court are there, mention me to them in such terms : see good. Tell me if my poor birds are liv never see the herbs I used to give them without collection of them, and sometimes am ready to them, forgetting that I am not at home. Pardon intrusion.

“ Mrs. Unwin continues much as usual.  
“ *Mundesley, Sept. 5, 1795.*”

The hopes of the kinsman of Cowper were elevated by the unexpected despatch of the above letter, which he hailed as the forerunner of many each contributing something to the alleviation of melancholy. With the exception, however, of two after mentioned, it was the only letter which the whelming influence of his disorder would suffer write in his latter years.

the effect of air and exercise on the dejected poet ; by no means such as his friends had hoped, the change of scene was resorted to as the next expedient. Six miles to the south of Mundsley, and also on the coast, is a village called Happisburgh, or Hasboro', where, in the days of his youth, Cowper had visited

Catfield, the residence of his mother's brother. An excursion therefore to this place was projected, and successfully accomplished by sea ; a mode of conveyance which had at least novelty to recommend it ; but a gale suddenly having sprung up, soon after his arrival there, a return by water was unexpectedly precluded, and as under the necessity of effecting it on foot through the neighbouring villages. To the agreeable use of his conductor, this very considerable walk was performed with scarcely any fatigue to the invalid. This incident led to a welcome discovery : namely, that though shattered as the person of Cowper was, and reduced even to a consumptive thinness, it yet retained a considerable portion of muscular strength. This induced him to make an extension of those daily walks in which the vicinity of Mundsley was gradually explored. It led him to a journey of fifty miles in a post-chaise, by way of Cromer, Holt, and Fakenham, the object of which was to take a view of Dunham Lodge, a vacant mansion situated on a high ground, in the neighbourhood of Swaffham. Cowper observed of this mansion, which was recently built by Edward Parry, Esq. that it was rather spacious for his requirements ; but as he did not feel unwilling to inhabit it, his companion, who considered it to be a far more eligible situation for his invalid charge than his own house in the town of Swaffham, was induced to become the tenant of it at a subsequent period. They proceeded to the last mentioned place, which is about eight miles east of Dunham Lodge, the same evening ; and the next day, a journey of thirty miles through Reepham, Aylsham, North Walsham, returned them safe to Mundsley.

Here they remained till the 7th of October, the health if not the spirits of Cowper, being benefited by it though the infirmities of Mrs. Unwin continued the same. On that day, the party removed to Dereham and again, in the course of the month, to Dunham Lodge, which was now become their settled residence.

As the season advanced, the amusement of walking being rendered impracticable, and his spirits being by no means sufficiently recovered to admit of his resuming either his pen or his books, the only resource which was left to the poet, was to listen incessantly to the reading of his companion. The kind of books that appeared most, and indeed solely to attract him, were works of fiction; and so happy was the influence of these in riveting his attention, and abstracting him, of course, from the contemplation of his miseries, that he discovered a peculiar satisfaction when a production of fancy of more than ordinary length was introduced by his kinsman. This was no sooner perceived, than he was furnished with the voluminous pages of Richardson, to which he listened with the greater interest, as he had been personally acquainted with that ingenious writer.

At this time the tender spirit of Cowper clung exceedingly to those about him, and seemed to be haunted with a continual dread that they would leave him alone in his solitary mansion. Sunday, therefore, was a day of more than ordinary apprehension to him; the furthest of his kinsman's churches being fifteen miles from the Lodge, he was necessarily absent during the whole of the sabbath. On these occasions, it was the constant practice of the dejected poet to listen frequently on the steps of the hall-door for the barking of dogs at a farm-house, which, in the stillness of the night, though at nearly the distance of two miles, invariably announced the approach of his companion.

To remove the inconvenience of these lengthened absences, an inquiry was set on foot by the attendants,

Cowper for a house equally retired with Dunham Age, but nearer the scene of his ministerial duties a search, however, proving fruitless, he ventured to visit his beloved charge, as to how far he could tolerate the Dereham residence. To his agreeable surprise, he found that he not only preferred it to his present situation, but, if the question had been put to him in the first instance, would never have wished any other. It was agreed, therefore, that as the ensuing summer was to be spent at Mundley, they should remain at Dunham Lodge till that period, and return in the sea to Dereham.

In the mean time, the employment of reading, and, often as the weather permitted, excursions on foot, in an open carriage, amused the sufferer till the commencement of 1796; in the month of April of that year Mrs. Unwin received a visit from her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Powley. The tender, and even filial attention which the compassionate invalid had never ceased to exercise towards his old and infirm companion, was now shared by her affectionate relatives: to whom it could not but be a satisfying spectacle to see their venerable parent so judiciously watched over by Cowper, even in his dark periods of depression. The visit of these exemplary persons was productive also of advantage to the friends, as the salutary custom of reading a chapter in the Bible to her mother, every morning before breakfast, was continued by the writer of this memoir, &c., as the poet always visited the chamber of his poor friend, the moment he had finished his breakfast, to read the chapter at that time.

It was a pleasing discovery, which the companion of Cowper had now made, that immersed as he was in the depth of despondency, all the billows of which had no power over his soul, he could yet listen with composure the voice of inspiration, of which he had been constrained to be unwilling to hear even the name. Being

encouraged by the result of the above experiment, conductor of the devotions of this retired family, in the course of a few days, to let the members of it meet for prayers in the room where Cowper instead of assembling in another apartment, as hitherto had done, under the influence, as it proved a misconception, with regard to his ability to the service. On the first occurrence of this arrangement, of which no intimation had been given him, he was preparing to leave the room, when he was prevailed on to resume his seat, by a word of warning and whispered entreaty.

The arrival of Wakefield's edition of Pope's *Illiad* at Dunham Lodge, in June, 1796, was productive of happy consequences to the invalid, by supplying occupation to his harassed mind, which absorbed still more than that of listening to the works mentioned. These fabrications of fancy, however, were not laid aside, but varied with conception of much higher order; even the sublime flights of illustrious Greek, to which the attention of his author was again awakened, in the following rather singular manner.

It was the custom of the poet, on leaving Mr. Win's apartment in the morning, to take a few moments by himself in a large unfrequent room, which had to pass in his way back to the parlour. His companion, therefore, having observed that the notes of the ingenious Mr. Wakefield were not without reference to the labours of Cowper, took care to bring the eleven volumes of that editor's recent publication in a conspicuous part of this room; having previously hinted, in the hearing of his friend, that there might be found in them an occasional comparison of Pope with Cowper. To his agreeable surprise, he discovered, the next day, that the latter had not only found these notes, but had corrected his translation at the suggestion of some of them. From the moment that this reviving interest

tion of the Iliad and Odyssey was perceived to a the breast of Cowper, it was vigilantly che- by the utmost efforts of his attendant, till, in the g August, he had decidedly engaged in a revision whole work, and was daily producing almost new lines.

Sh hope had been entertained by the friends of Mr., that this voluntary resumption of poetical ement would have led to his speedy and perfect ry: but the removal of the family in Septem- m Dunham Lodge, which they now finally quit- their temporary residence at Mundaley, so stely dissipated his habits of attention, that a month elapsed before he could be again prevail- to return to his revision. In the mean time the d walks of that favourite village, both marine land, were fully tried, till towards the end of Mr., when no apparent benefit having been deriv- he dejected poet, by his visit to the coast, the ls and their attendants retired to Dereham.

per was scarcely settled in this new habitation, int of seclusion, the reverse of Dunham Lodge,) his friends had the satisfaction to see that the y of a town was by no means distressing to his spirit. Now, to employ the language of his friend, "the long and exemplary life of Mrs. I was drawing towards a close. The powers of were gradually exhausted, and on the 17th of per she ended a troubled existence, distinguish- a sublime spirit of piety and friendship, which through long periods of calamity, and continued amer through the distressful twilight of her de- faculties. The precise moment of her de- e was so tranquil, that it was only marked by cessation of her breath, as the clock was striking the afternoon."

tle, however, as were the approaches of the last ager, in the case of this eminent servant of God,

and little as, under the ceaseless pressure  
sufferings he had hitherto appeared to :  
they had yet been perceived by Cowper,  
faithful servant of his dying friend and I  
opening the window of his chamber on the  
the day of her decease, he said to her,  
voice at once plaintive, and full of anxiety,  
might be the situation of his aged companion?  
is there life above-stairs?"

From a dread of the effect of such a scene  
mind, the first object of the kinsman of Mrs.  
had attended him to the bedside of his dearest  
about half an hour before her death, was to  
his pitiable charge to the apartment be-  
stantly to commence reading. This expec-  
ten resorted to, with a view to composing  
Cowper, and generally speaking, with much  
was happily efficacious in the present in-  
thought the reader had scarcely advanced  
before he was beckoned out of the room to  
of the death of Mrs. Unwin, he returned  
moments after, without being questioned, to  
had left it. Apprehending from this cir-  
and from a rapid observation of his count  
every turn of which he had long been fa-  
the mind of his beloved relative was perha-  
state for the reception of the melancholy  
under the pressure of his calamity, it con-  
writer of this memoir resolved to reveal the  
was sitting down therefore to the book,  
over the leaves to resume his reading, he  
the poet, with as much cheerfulness and  
certain as he was able to associate in the same  
voice, that his poor old friend had breathed

This intelligence was received by Cowper  
not entirely without emotion, yet with a com-  
patible with his being read to by his kind  
had soon the satisfaction of seeing his inten-

s composed as in the time of Mrs. Unwin's life. the favourable issue of two distressing periods ill to be provided for ; his viewing the corpse, a subsequent removal for interment. To meet st of these difficulties, it was judged expedient, ie kinsman of Cowper should attend him to the er of his departed friend, in the dusk of the g, when only an indistinct view of the body be obtained ; and to preclude his suspicion of her, the funeral was appointed to take place by light. It appeared, however, that there was no ity for the latter precaution, as, after looking at rmse for a few moments, under the circumstances mentioned, and starting suddenly away, with a ent but unfinished sentence of passionate sorrow, only named it no more, but never even spoke s. Unwin.

funeral was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Powley, ad been summoned from Yorkshire within the st days of their parent's life, but had not arrived : had ceased to breathe : also by the writer of tetch, and some members of his family. She aried on the twenty-third of December, in the aisle of the church of East Dereham.

commencement of the year 1797 in no respect d from that of the preceding years of his illness, reme dejection still continuing, and the only al-on it was capable of receiving being still the ag to works of fiction. As the spring advanced, er, he was persuaded to resume his usual walks, sure to which the situation of the house at East am happily presented no obstacles, as though it i the market-place, which was also the turnpike it was contiguous to the fields on its opposite This was equally convenient for his airings in a carriage, which, from the happy effect of a of ass's milk upon his bodily health, begun on enty-first of June in this year, he was enabled to

bear, for a few weeks, before breakfast. This undoubtedly, the period of his last deplorable ~~ex~~  
dition, when the person of Cowper made the nearest proaches to the appearance it had exhibited before his illness. His countenance, from having been extremely thin, and of a yellowish hue, had recovered much of its former fulness and ruddy complexion; his limbs were also less emaciated, and his posture more erect; but the oppression on his spirits remained the same. Under these circumstances, it was thought advisable to omit the visit to Mundsley this year, and to take the utmost advantage of the rides about Dereham.

With such recreations, and the never-failing one of reading, the summer of 1797 was brought to a close when, dreading the effect of the cessation of bodily exercise upon the mind of Cowper during a long winter, his kinsman resolved, if it were possible, to retain him in the revisal of his Homer. One morning therefore, after breakfast, in the month of September, he placed the commentators on the table, one by one, namely, Villoisson, Barnes, and Clarke, opening them all, together with the poet's translation, at the place where he had left off a twelvemonth before, but talking with him, as he paced the room, upon a very different subject, namely, the impossibility of the things befalling him which his imagination had represented; when, as his companion had wished, he said to him, "And are you sure that I shall be here till the book you are reading is finished?" "Quite sure," replied his kinsman, "and that you will be here to complete the revisal of your Homer," pointing to the books, "if you will resume it to-day." As he repeated these words he left the room, rejoicing in the well-known token of their having sunk into the poet's mind, namely, his seating himself on the sofa, taking up one of the books, and saying in a low and plaintive voice, "I may as well do this, for I can do nothing else."

It was a subject of much gratitude to the friends o

this amiable and most interesting sufferer, that a merciful Providence should again appoint him the employment alluded to, as, more than any thing else, it diverted his mind from a contemplation of its miseries; and seemed to extend his breathing, which was at other times short, to a depth of respiration more compatible with ease. They had the happiness to see him perfectly settled to the work, and persevering in it, feeble and dejected as he was, till he brought it to a prosperous close.

In the meantime, the visit to the coast was repeated; not indeed, as in former cases, for a continuance there of some months, but with an intention of renewing it several times in the same season. The series of excursions to the marine village of Mundaleigh commenced in the summer of 1798, and was varied by a return to Dereham eight or ten times, after a residence of a week by the sea-side. On one of these occasions he visited the larger of the two Lighthouses at Hippisburgh; the extensive prospect from which embracing a country formerly not unknown to him, his companion conceived might be a subject of interesting contemplation. Such in some measure it proved, but the attention of Cowper seemed more attracted by the apparatus of the building, lamps and reflectors having been recently substituted for a fire of coals, in describing the passage of that intricate coast. It was hoped that this change of place, accompanied also by a diversity of objects, might operate happily on the mind of Cowper; and to a certain extent, it did, by producing at times, a mitigation of his melancholy. In this, however, there is no doubt that Homer had a considerable share, as he was the constant companion of the poet on the coast. The Miscellaneous Works of Gibbon also, and the Pursuits of Literature, which he permitted his kinsman to read to him, contributed to the amusement of this period.

Two occurrences worthy of record, as testifying the

regard borne to Cowper by his former acquaintances took place this year: namely, the visit in July, of the dowager lady Spencer, for whom he had always entertained the most affectionate respect, and that of highly esteemed friend, Sir John Throckmorton, December. But though the former had come many miles out of her way to see him, and the latter had taken a journey from Lord Petre's expressly for the purpose, the pressure of his malady would scarce allow him to speak to either of these friends, or to impress a sense of their kind solicitude.

On a Friday evening, the eighth of March, 1799, completed the revisal of his Homer, and the next morning entered upon the new preface, which, however, he concluded on the following day, so that kinsman beheld him once more without employment.

But the powers of his astonishing mind were yet to be exercised, and that on a subject altogether of his own devising. For though on the eleventh of March his attendant laid before him the introductory fragment of his formerly projected poem of *The Four Ages*, he merely corrected a few lines, adding two or three more, and declining to proceed, with this remark "that it was too great a work for him to attempt his present situation."

In the same manner, several literary projects, though of easier accomplishment, which his companions suggested to him at supper, were objected to the poet, who at length replied that he had just thought of six Latin verses, and if he could compose any this must be in pursuing that composition.

His desk being opened the next morning, and things duly arranged for the purpose, his kinsman to the satisfaction, on his return to the room, to see a poem, entitled *Montes Glaciales*, commenced, and some verses were added to the six before mentioned. On his attentively considering the title, it occurred to his companion that, during the residence of the

at Dunham Lodge, the circumstance which he had begun to versify, had been read to him in one of the Norwich papers, though without its appearing to engage his notice. At the request of Miss Perowne, he translated this poem into English verse on the 19th of the same month.

If the friends of Cowper were not a little surprised, that his memory should have furnished him with a subject for his poetical talent, under circumstances so unlikely to favour its exertion, his producing *The Cast-away* the next day, which was founded on an incident recorded in Anson's Voyage, a book which he had not looked into for almost twenty years, astonished them still more. It was, however, the last original poem produced by the pen of Cowper. In August he translated it into Latin verse.

On the same day that he began and finished *The Cast-away*, the Latin poems of his favourite Vincent Bourne, which he had appeared not unwilling to enter upon next, were laid before him, and he translated "*The Thracian*." But as his subsequent productions, with their respective dates, are duly specified in the following pages, after observing that the poet went in October with himself and Miss Perowne to survey a much more commodious house in East Dereham, than the family had hitherto occupied there, and to which they removed in December, the writer of this memoir will draw it to a close.

Cowper had not passed many weeks in this new habitation, when the symptoms of weakness, which he had for some time exhibited, assumed a dropsical appearance in the ankles and feet. To arrest the progress of this new malady, a physician was called in, on the 31st of January, 1800, by the aid of whose prescriptions, which he was with difficulty persuaded to follow, and the daily exercise of a post-chaise, the disorder was so far checked as not to occasion any further alarm.

Towards the end of January his attention had been recalled to Homer, by a request from his friend of Sussex, who wished him to new-model a passage in Translation of the Iliad, where mention is made of the very ancient sculpture in which Dædalus had presented the Cretan dance for Ariadne. "On 31st of January," says Mr. Hayley, "I received from him his improved version of the lines in question, written in a firm and delicate hand. The sight of such writing from my long-silent friend inspired me with a lively but too sanguine hope, that I might see him once more restored. Alas! the verses which I surveyed as a lightful omen of future letters from a correspondent inexpressibly dear to me, proved the last effort of pen."

By the 22d of February his weakness had increased to such a degree as to be incompatible with the motion of a carriage, which was therefore discontinued from that day.

He had now ceased to come down stairs, though he was still able, after breakfasting in bed, to adjourn to a second room above, and to remain there till the evening.

Before the end of March he was obliged to forego even the trifling exercise connected with this change of apartments, and to confine himself altogether to bed-room; in which, however, he sat up to every night except breakfast.

About this time he was visited by his friend Rose, whose arrival at the Lodge at Weston he had often welcomed with the sincerest delight, but whose approach he now witnessed with scarcely any perceptible pleasure. His departure, however, on the 6<sup>th</sup> April, excited evident feelings of regret in Cowper.

The humane example exhibited by Mr. Rose in this affectionate visit to the house of a departing friend would have been speedily followed by Mr. Hesketh, had not the former been prev-

the impending death of a darling child, and the latter by a state of health too infirm to warrant so long a journey, and into which she had fallen soon after the departure of Cowper from Weston, in consequence of her protracted and painful confinement with her revered relative during the early stage of his calamitous depression.

On the 19th of April the weakness of this truly pitiable sufferer had so much increased, that his kinsman apprehended his death to be near. Adverting, therefore, to the affliction, as well of body as of mind, which his beloved inmate was then enduring, he ventured to speak of his approaching dissolution as the signal of his deliverance from both these miseries. After a pause of a few moments, which was less interrupted by the objections of his desponding relative than he had dared to hope, he proceeded to an observation more consolatory still; namely, that in the world to which he was hastening, a merciful Redeemer had prepared unspeakable happiness for all his children—and therefore for him. To the first part of this sentence he had listened with composure, but the concluding words were no sooner uttered than his passionately expressed entreaties, that his companion would desist from any further observations of a similar kind, clearly prov'd, that though it was on the eve of being invested with angelick light, the darkness of delusion still veiled his spirit.

The clerical duties of his attendant occasioned his absence during the greater part of Sunday the 20th; but he learned on his return that he had in some measure revived. He was, however, in bed, and asleep; which induced his kinsman to remain in the room, and watch by him. Whilst engaged in this melancholy office, and endeavouring to reconcile his mind to the loss of so dear a friend, by considering the gain which that friend would experience, his reflections were suddenly interrupted by the unusual and singularly varied

tone of his breathing, which had a striking resemblance to the confused notes of an organ. Inexperienced as he then was in the diversified approaches of the last messenger, he conceived it to be the sound of his immediate summons, and after listening to it several minutes, he arose from the foot of the bed, on which he was sitting, to take a nearer, and a last view of his departing relative, commanding his soul, in silence, to that gracious Saviour, whom, in the fulness of mental health, he had delighted to honour. As he put aside the curtain he opened his eyes; but closed them without speaking, and breathed as usual.

In the early part of Monday the 21st, and indeed till towards the hour of dinner, he appeared to be dying, but he so far recovered as to be able to partake slightly of that meal.

The near approach of his dissolution became more and more observable in every succeeding hour of Tuesday and Wednesday.

On Thursday the weakness was not at all diminished; but he sat up as usual for a short time in the evening.

In the course of the night, when he appeared to be exceedingly exhausted, some refreshment was presented to him by Miss Perowne. From a persuasion, however, that nothing could ameliorate his feelings, though without any apparent impression that the hand of death was already upon him, he rejected the cordial with these words, the very last that he was heard to utter, "What can it signify?"

At five in the morning of Friday the 25th, a deadly change in his features was observed to take place. He remained in an insensible state from that time till about five minutes before five in the afternoon, when he ceased to breathe. And in so mild and gentle a manner did his spirit take its flight, that though the writer of this memoir, his medical attendant, Mr. Woods, and three other persons, were standing at the foot and side

id, with their eyes fixed upon his dying countenance, the precise moment of his departure was unobscured by any.

in this mournful period, till the features of his friend were closed from his view, the expression of the kinsman of Cowper observed in them, which he was affectionately delighted to suppose an emblem of the last thoughts and enjoyments of his soul. A gradual escape from the depths of despondence, it of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise.

as buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, in the church of Dereham, on Saturday the 2d of May. Over

the monument is erected, bearing the following inscription, from the pen of Mr. Hayley.

In Memory  
Of WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.  
Born in Herefordshire, 1731.  
Buried in this church,  
1800.

'e who with warmth the publick triumph see!  
If talents, dignified by sacred zeal,  
Love, to devotion's bard devoutly just,  
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!  
England, exulting in his spotless fame,  
anks with her dearest sons his fav'rite name;  
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise  
so clear a tide to affection's praise:  
His highest honours to the heart belong;  
His virtues form'd the magick of his song.

## POEMS.

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VERSES WRITTEN AT BATH,

### ON FINDING THE HEEL OF A SHOE

IN 1748.

FORTUNE ! I thank thee ; gentle Goddess ! thank  
Not that my Muse, though bashful, shall deny,  
She would have thank'd thee rather, hadst thou cas'd  
A treasure in her way ; for neither meed  
Of early breakfast, to dispel the fumes,  
And bowel-racking pains of emptiness,  
Nor noontide feast, nor ev'ning's cool repast,  
Hopes she from this—presumptuous, tho', perhaps,  
The cobbler, leather-carving artist ! might.  
Nathless she thanks thee, and accepts thy boon,  
Whatever ; not as erst the fabled cock,  
Vain-glorious fool ! unknowing what he found,  
Spurn'd the rich gem thou gav'st him. Wherefore,  
Why not on me that favour, (worthier sure !)  
Conferr'd'st thou, Goddess ! Thou art blind, t' say'st ;  
Enough ! thy blindness shall excuse the deed.

Nor does my Muse no benefit exhale  
From this thy scant indulgence !—even here,  
Hints worthy sage philosophy are found ;  
Illustrious hints, to moralize my song !  
This pond'rous heel of perforated hide  
Compact, with pegs indented, many a row,  
Haply (for such its massy form bespeaks)  
The weighty tread of some rude peasant clown

Upore : on this supported oft, he stretch'd,  
 With uncouth strides, along the furrow'd glebe,  
 Flattening the stubborn clod, till cruel time,  
 (What will not cruel time,) on a wry step,  
 Sever'd the strict cohesion ; when, alas !  
 He, who could erset, with even, equal pace  
 Pursue his destin'd way with symmetry,  
 And some proportion form'd now, on one side,  
 Curtail'd and maim'd, the sport of vagrant boys,  
 Cursing his frail supporter, treacherous prop !  
 With toilsome steps, and difficult, moves on ;  
 Thus fares it oft, with other than the feet  
 Of humble villager—the statesman thus,  
 Up the steep road, where proud ambition leads,  
 Aspiring, first uninterrupted winds  
 His prosp'rops way ; nor fears miscarriage foul,  
 While policy prevails, and friends prove true ;  
 But that support soon failing, by him left,  
 On whom he most depended, basely left,  
 Betray'd, deserted ; from his airy height,  
 Head-long he falls ; and through the rest of life,  
 Drags the dull load of disappointment on.



## STANZAS

SELECTED FROM AN OCCASIONAL ODE ON THE FIRST  
 PUBLICATION OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON,  
 IN 1753.

To rescue from the tyrant's sword  
 Th' oppress'd ;—unseen and unimplor'd,  
 To cheer the face of wo ;  
 From lawless insult to defend  
 An orphan's right—a fallen friend,  
 And a forgiven foe ;

**64 EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD, ESQ**

These, these distinguish from the crowd,  
And these along, the great and good,  
    The guardians of mankind ;  
Whose bosoms with these virtues heave,  
O, with what matchless speed, they leave  
    The multitude behind !

Then ask ye, from what cause on earth  
Virtues like these derive their birth,  
    Deriv'd from Heav'n alone,  
Full on that favour'd breast they shine,  
Where faith and resignation join  
    To call the blessing down.

Such is that heart :—but while the Muse  
Thy theme, O RICHARDSON, pursues,  
    Her feeble spirits faint :  
She cannot reach, and would not wrong,  
That subject of an angel's song,  
    The hero, and the saint !



AN EPISTLE

**TO ROBERT LLOYD, ESQ.**

1754.

'Tis not that I design to roo  
Thee of thy birth-right, gentle Bob,  
For thou art born sole heir, and single,  
Of dear Mat Prior's easy jingle ;  
Nor that I mean, while thus I knit  
My thread-bare sentiments together,  
To show my genius, or my wit,  
When God and you know I have neither ;



EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD, ESQ. 65

Or such, as might be better shown  
By letting poetry alone.

'Tis not with either of these views,  
That I presum'd t' address the Muse :  
But to divert a fierce banditti,

(Sworn foes to ev'ry thing that's witty !)  
That, with a black, infernal train,  
Make cruel inroads in my brain,

And daily threaten to drive thence

My little garrison of sense :

The fierce banditti, which I mean,  
Are gloomy thoughts, led on by Spleen.

Then there's another reason yet,

Which is, that I may fairly quit

The debt, which justly became due

The moment when I heard from you ;

And you might grumble, crony mine,

If paid in any other coin ;

Since twenty sheets of lead, God knows,  
(I would say twenty sheets of prose,)

Can ne'er be deem'd worth half so much  
As one of gold, and your's was such.

Thus, the preliminaries settled,

I fairly find myself *pitch-kettled* ;\*

And cannot see, though few see better,  
How I shall hammer out a letter.

First, for a thought—since all agree—  
A thought—I have it—let me see—

'Tis gone again—plague on't ! I thought  
I had it—but I have it not.

Dame Gurton thus and Hodge her son,  
That useful thing, her needle, gone !

Rake well the cinders sweep the floor,  
And sift the dust behind the door ;

\* Pitch-kettled, a favourite phrase at the time when this Epistle was written, expressive of being puzzled, or what, in the Spectator's time, would have been called *bamboozled*.

MISLE TO ROBERT LLOYD, Esq.

While eager Hodge beholds the prize  
Old grimalkin's glaring eyes;  
And gammer finds it on her knees  
In every shining straw she sees.  
This simile were apt enough:  
But I've another, critick-proof!  
The virtuoso thus at noon,  
Broiling beneath a July sun,  
The gilded butterfly pursues,  
O'er hedge and ditch, through geps and mows.  
And after many a vain essay,  
To captivate the tempting prey,  
Gives him at length the lucky pat,  
And has him safe beneath his hat:  
Then lifts it gently from the ground;  
But ah! 'tis lost as soon as found;  
Culprit his liberty regains,  
Flits out of sight, and meeks his pains.  
The sense was dark; 'twas therefore fit  
With simile t' illustrate it;  
But as too much obscures the sight,  
As often as too little light,  
We have our similes cut short,  
For matters of more grave import.  
That Matthew's numbers run with ease  
Each man of common sense agrees;  
All men of common sense allow,  
That Robert's lines are easy too;  
Where then the preference shall we place,  
Or how do justice in this case?  
Matthew (says Fame) with endless pains,  
Smooth'd and refin'd the meanest strains,  
Nor suffer'd one ill-chosen rhyme  
T' escape him at the idlest time:  
And thus o'er all a lustre cast,  
That, while the language lives, shall be  
An't please your ladyship, (quoth I,)  
For 'tis my business to reply;

## JOURNEY TO BRUNDUSIUM.

6

Sure so much labour, so much toil,  
Bespeak at least a stubborn soil :  
There's be the laurel wreath decreed  
Who both write well, and write full speed ;  
Who threw their Helicon about  
As freely as a conduit spout ;  
Friend Robert, thus like *chien scavant*,  
Lets fall a poem *en passant*,  
Nor needs his genuine ore refine !  
'Tis ready polish'd from the mine.

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## THE FIFTH SATIRE

OF THE

## FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

[Printed in Duncombe's Horace.]

1759.

*A humorous Description of the Author's Journey from Rome to Brundusium.*

'TWAS a long journey lay before us,  
When I, and honest Heliodorus,  
Who far in point of rhetorick  
Surpasses every living Greek,  
Each leaving our respective home,  
Together sallied forth from Rome

First at Aricia we alight,  
 And there refresh, and pass the night,  
 Our entertainment rather coarse  
 Than sumptuous, but I've met with worse.  
 Thence o'er the causeway soft and fair  
 To Appiiforum we repair.  
 But as this road is well supplied  
 (Temptation strong !) on either side  
 With inns commodious, snug, and warm,  
 We split the journey, and perform  
 In two days time what's often done  
 By brisker travellers in one.  
 Here, rather choosing not to sup  
 Than with bad water mix my cup,  
 After a warm debate, in spite  
 Of a provoking appetite,  
 I sturdily resolv'd at last  
 To balk it, and pronounce a fast,  
 And in a moody humour wait,  
 While my less dainty comrades bait.

Now o'er the spangled hemisphere  
 Diffused the starry train appear,  
 When there arose a desp'rate brawl ; .  
 The slaves and bargemen, one and all,  
 Rending their throats (have mercy on us)  
 As if they were resolved to stun us,)  
 " Steer the barge this way to the shore ;  
 I tell you we'll admit no more ;  
 Plague ! will you never be content ?"  
 Thus a whole hour at least is spent,  
 While they receive the sev'ral fares,  
 And kick the mule into his gears.  
 Happy, these difficulties past,  
 Could we have fall'n asleep at last !  
 But, what with humming, croaking, biting,  
 Gnats, frogs, and all their plagues uniting,  
 These tuneful natives of the lake

## JOURNEY TO BRUNDUSIUM.

65

Cohspir'd to keep us broad awake.  
Besides to make the concert full,  
Two maudlin wights, exceeding dull,  
The Bargeman and a passenger,  
Each in his turn, essay'd an air  
In honour of his absent fair.

At length the passenger, opprest  
With wine, left off, and snor'd the rest.  
The weary bargeman too gave o'er,  
And hearing his companion snore,  
Seiz'd the occasion, fix'd the barge,  
Turn'd out his mule to graze at large,  
And slept forgetful of his charge.  
And now the sun o'er eastern hill,  
Discover'd that our barge stood still;  
When one, whose anger vex'd him sore,  
With malice fraught, leaps quick on shore;  
Plucks up a stake, with many a thwack  
Assails the mule and driver's back.

Then slowly moving on with pain,  
At ten Feronia's stream we gain,  
And in her pure and glassy wave  
Our hands and faces gladly lave.  
Climbing three miles, fair Anxur's height  
We reach, with stony quarries white.  
While here, as was agreed we wait,  
Till, charg'd with business of the state,  
Mæcenas and Cocceius, come,  
The messengers of peace from Rome.  
My eyes, by wat'ry humours blear  
And sore, I with black balsam smear.  
At length they join us, and with them  
Our worthy friend Fonteius came;  
A man of such complete desert,  
Antony lov'd him at his heart.  
At Fundi, we refus'd to bait,  
And laugh'd at vain Aufidius' state,

## JOURNEY TO BRUNDUSIUM.

A prætor now, a scribe before,  
 The purple-border'd robe he wore,  
 His slave the smoking censer bore.  
 Tir'd, at Muræna's we repose,  
 At Formia sup at Capito's.

With smiles the rising morn we greet,  
 At Sinqessa pleas'd to meet  
 With Plotius, Varius, and the bard  
 Whom Mantua, first with wonder heard.  
 The world no purer spirits knows ;  
 For none my heart more warmly glows.  
 O ! what embraces we bestow'd,  
 And with what joy our breasts o'erflow'd !  
 Sure, while my sense is sound and clear,  
 Long as I live, I shall prefer  
 A gay, good natur'd, easy friend,  
 To every blessing Heav'n can send.  
 At a small village the next night  
 Near the Vultureus we alight ;  
 Where, as employ'd on state affairs,  
 We were supply'd by the purveyors  
 Frankly at once, and without hire,  
 With food for man and horse, and fire.  
 Capua next day betimes we reach,  
 Where Virgil and myself, who each  
 Labour'd with different maladies,  
 His such a stomach, mine such eyes,  
 As would not bear strong exercise.  
 In drowsy mood to sleep resort ;  
 Mæcenas to the tennis-court.  
 Next at Cocceius's farm we're treated,  
 Above the caudian tavern seated ;  
 His kind and hospitable board  
 With choice of wholesome food was stor'd.

Now, O ye nine, inspire my lays !  
 To nobler themes my fancy rise !

Two combatants, who scorn to yield  
 The noisy, tongue-disputed field,  
 Sarmentus and Cicirrus, claim  
 A poet's tribute to their fame ;  
 Cicirrus of true Oscian breed,  
 Sarmentus, who was never freed,  
 But ran away. We don't defame him ;  
 His lady lives, and still may claim him.

- Thus dignified, in harder fray  
 These champions their keen wit display,  
 And first Sarmentus led the way.  
 " Thy locks, (quoth he so rough and coarse,  
 Look like the mane of some wild horse,"  
 We laugh : Cicirrus, undismayed—  
 " Have at you!"—cries, and shakes his head.  
 " 'Tis well (Sarmentus says) you've lost  
 That horn your forehead once could boast ;  
 Since, maim'd and mangled as you are,  
 You seem to butt." A hideous scar  
 Improv'd ('tis true) with double grace  
 The native horrors of his face.  
 Well. After much jocosely said  
 Of his grim front, so fi'ry red,  
 (For Carbuncles had blotch'd it o'er,  
 As usual on Campania's shore)  
 " Give us, (he cried) since you're so big,  
 A sample of the Cyclop's jig !  
 Your shanks methinks no buskins ask,  
 Nor does your phiz require a mask."  
 To this Cicirrus. " In return  
 Of you, Sir, now I fain would learn,  
 When 'twas, no longer deem'd a slave,  
 Your chains you to the Lares gave.  
 For tho' a scriv'ner's right you claim,  
 Your lady's title is the same.  
 But what could make you run away,  
 Since, pigmy as you are, each day

## JOURNEY TO BRUNDUSIUM:

A single pound of bread would quite  
O'erpow'r your puny appetite!"  
Thus jok'd the champions, while we laugh'd  
And many a cheerful bumper quaff'd.

To Beneventum next we steer;  
Where our good host, by over care  
In roasting thrushes lean as mice,  
Had almost fall'n a sacrifice.  
The kitchen soon was all on fire,  
And to the roof the flames aspire.  
There might you see each man and master  
Striving, amidst this sad disaster,  
To save the supper. Then they came  
With speed enough to quench the flame.  
From hence we first at distance see  
Th' Apulian hills, well known to me,  
Parch'd by the sultry western blast,  
And which we never should have past,  
Had not Trivicius by the way  
Receiv'd us at the close of day.  
But each was forc'd at ent'ring here  
To pay the tribute of a tear,  
For more of smoke than fire was seen—  
The hearth was pil'd with logs so green.  
From hence in chaises we were carried  
Miles twenty-four, and gladly tarried  
At a small town, whose name my verse  
(So barb'rous is it) can't rehearse.  
Know it you may by many a sign,  
Water is dearer far than wine.  
Their bread is deem'd such dainty fare,  
That ev'ry prudent traveller  
His wallet loads with many a crust  
For at Canusium you might just  
As well attempt to gnaw a stone  
As think to get a morsel down;

That too with scanty streams is fed ;  
Its founder was brave Diomed.  
Good Varium (ah, that friends must part !)  
Here left us all with aching heart,  
At Rubi we arriv'd that day,  
Well jaded by the length of way,  
And were poor mortals ne'er were wetter :  
Next day no weather could be better ;  
No roads so bad ; we scarce could crawl  
Along to fishy Barium's wall.  
Th' Ignatians next, who by the rules  
Of common sense are knaves or fools,  
Made all our sides with laughter heave,  
Since we with them must needs believe,  
That incense in their temples burns,  
And without fire to ashes turns.  
To circumcision's bigots tell  
Such tales ! for me, I know full well,  
That in High Heav'n, unmov'd by care,  
The Gods eternal quiet share :  
Nor can I deem their spleen the cause,  
Why fickle nature breaks her laws.  
Brundusium last we reach : and there  
Stop short the muse and traveller.

THE NINTH SATIRE  
 OF THE  
 FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINE!

ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT TIMES,

1759.

SAUNT'RING along the street one day,  
 On trifles musing by the way—  
 Up steps a free familiar wight,  
 (I scarcely knew the man by sight.)  
 “ Carlos, (he cried) your hand, my dear ;  
 Gad, I rejoice to meet you here !  
 Pray Heav'n I see you well ?” “ So, so ;  
 Ev'n well enough as times now go.  
 The same good wishes, sir, to you.”  
 Finding he still pursu'd me close—  
 “ Sir, you have business, I suppose.”  
 “ My business, sir, is quickly done,  
 'Tis but to make my merit known.  
 Sir, I have read”—“ O learned Sir,  
 You and your learning I revere.”  
 Then, sweating with anxiety,  
 And sadly longing to get free,  
 Gods, how I scamper'd, scuffled for't,  
 Ran, halted, ran again, stopp'd short,  
 Beckon'd my boy, and pull'd him near,  
 And whisper'd nothing in his ear.

Teas'd with his loose unjointed chat—  
 “ What street is this ? What house is that

DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT. 75

O Harlow, how I envied thee  
Thy unabash'd effrontery,  
Who dar'st a foe with freedom blame,  
And call a coxcomb by his name !  
When I return'd him answer none,  
Obligingly the fool ran on,  
“ I see you're dismally distress'd,  
Would give the world to be releas'd.  
But, by your leave, sir, I shall still  
Stick to your skirts, do what you will.  
Pray, which way does your journey tend ?”  
“ O 'tis a tedious way, my friend,  
Across the Thames, the Lord knows where,  
I would not trouble you so far.”  
“ Well, I'm at leisure to attend you.”  
“ Are you ? (thought I) the De'il befriend you.”  
No ass with double panniers rack'd,  
Oppress'd, o'erladon, broken-back'd,  
E'er look'd a thousandth part so dull  
As I, nor half so like a fool.  
“ Sir, I know little of myself,  
(Proceeds the pert conceited elf)  
“ If Gray or Mason you will deem  
Than me more worthy your esteem.  
Poems I write by folios  
As fast as other men write prose ;  
Then I can sing so loud, so clear,  
That Beard cannot with me compare.  
In dancing too I all surpass,  
Not Cooke can move with such a grace.”  
Here I made shift with much ado  
To interpose a word or two.—  
“ Have you no parents, sir, no friends,  
Whose welfare on your own depends ?”  
“ Parents, relation, say you ? No.  
They're all dispos'd of long ago.”—  
“ Happy to be no more perplex'd !  
My fate too threatens, I go next.

## 76 DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT.

Despatch me, sir, 'tis now too late,  
Alas ! to struggle with my fate !  
Well, I'm convinc'd my time is come—  
When young, a gipsy told my doom.  
The beldame shook her palsied head,  
As she perus'd my palm, and said :  
Of poison, pestilence, or war,  
Gout, stone, defluxion, or catarrh,  
You have no reason to beware.  
Beware the coxcomb's idle prate ;  
Chiefly, my son, beware of that.  
Be sure, when you behold him, fly  
Out of all earshot, or you die."

To Rufus' Hall we now draw near ;  
Where he was summon'd to appear,  
Refute the charge the plaintiff brought,  
Or suffer judgment by default.  
" For Heaven's sake, if you love me, wait  
One moment ! I'll be with you straight."  
Glad of a plausible pretence—  
" Sir, I must beg you to dispense  
With my attendance in the court,  
My legs will surely suffer for't."  
" Nay, prithee, Carlos, stop awhile !"  
" Faith, sir, in law I have no skill.  
Besides, I have no time to spare,  
I must be going you know where."  
" Well, I protest, I'm doubtful now,  
Whether to leave my suit or you !"  
" Me without scruple ! (I reply)  
Me by all means, sir!"—" No, not I.  
*Allons Monsieur !*" " Tw're vain (you know)  
To strive with a victorious foe.  
So I reluctantly obey  
And follow, where he leads the way.

You and Newcastle are so close,  
Still hand and glove, sir—I suppose.—

## DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT. 77

Newcastle (let me tell you, sir)  
Has not his equal every where.  
Well. There indeed your fortune's made ;  
Faith, sir, you understand your' trade.  
Would you but give me your good word !  
Just introduce me to my lord.  
I should serve charmingly by way  
Of second fiddle, as they say :  
What think you, sir ? 'twere a good jest,  
'Slife, we should quickly scout the rest.'—  
"Sir, you mistake the matter far,  
We have no second fiddles there.—  
Richer than I some folks may be ;  
More learned, but it hurts not me.  
Friends, tho' he has of diff'rent kind,  
Each has his proper place assign'd."  
"Strange matters these alleg'd by you!"—  
"Strange they may be, but they are true."—  
"Well, then, I vow, 'tis mighty clever,  
Now I long ten times more than ever  
To be advanc'd extremely near  
One of his shining character.  
Have but the will—there wants no more,  
'Tis plain enough you have the pow'r.  
His easy temper (that's the worst)  
He knows, and is so shy at first.—  
But such a cavalier as you—  
Lord, sir, you'll quickly bring him to!"—  
"Well ; if I fail in my design,  
Sir, it shall be no fault of mine.  
If by the saucy servile tribe  
Denied, what think you of a bribe ?  
Shut out to-day, not die with sorrow,  
But try my luck again to-morrow.  
Never attempt to visit him  
But at the most convenient time,  
Attend him on each levee day,  
And there my humble duty pay,

78 DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPERTINENT.

Labour, like this, our want supplies ;  
And they must stoop who mean to rise."

While thus he wittingly harangu'd,  
For which you'll guess I wish'd him hang'd,  
Campley, a friend of mine, came by,  
Who knew his humour more than I.  
We stop, salute, and—" why so fast,  
Friend Carlos ! Whither all this haste ?"—  
Fir'd at the thoughts of a reprieve,  
I pinch him, pull him, twitch his sleeve,  
Nod, beckon, bite my lips, wink, pout,  
Do ev'ry thing, but speak plain out :  
While he, sad dog, from the beginning,  
Determin'd to mistake my meaning ;  
Instead of pitying my curse,  
By jeering made it ten times worse.  
" Campley, what secret, (pray !) was that  
You wanted to communicate ?"  
" I recollect. But 'tis no matter.  
Carlos, we'll talk of that hereafter..  
E'en let the secret rest. 'Twill tell  
Another time, sir, just as well."

Was ever such a dismal day ?  
Unlucky cur, he steals away,  
And leaves me, half bereft of life,  
At mercy of the butcher's knife ;  
When sudden, shouting from afar,  
See his antagonist appear !  
The bailiff seiz'd him quick as thought,  
" Ho, Mr. Scoundrel ! are you caught ?  
Sir, you are witness to th' arrest."  
" Aye marry, sir, I'll do my best."  
The mob huzzas. Away they trudge,  
Culprit and all, before the judge.  
Meanwhile I luckily enough  
(Thanks to Apollo) got clear off.

## ADDRESSED TO MISS —

ON READING

## THE PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

[1762.\*]

**A**ND dwells there in a female heart,  
 By-bounteous heav'n design'd  
 The choicest raptures to impart,  
 To feel the most refin'd—

Dwells there a wish in such a breast  
 Its nature to forego  
 To smother in ignoble rest  
 At once both bliss and wo !

Far be the thought, and far the strain,  
 Which breathes the low desire,  
 How sweet soe'er the verse complain,  
 Though Phœbus string the lyre.

Come then, fair maid, (in nature wise)  
 Who, knowing them, can tell  
 From gen'rous sympathy what joys  
 The glowing bosom swell.

In justice to the various pow'rs  
 Of pleasing, which you share,  
 Join me, amid your silent hours,  
 To form the better pray'r.

\* For Mrs. Greville's Ode, see Annual Register, vol. v. p.  
 202.

## ADDRESS TO MISS —

With lenient balm, may *Ob'ron* hence  
 To fairy land be driv'n ;  
 With ev'ry herb that blunts the sense  
 Mankind receiv'd from heav'n.

“ Oh ! if my sov'reign Author please,  
 Far be it from my fate,  
 To live, unblest, in torpid ease,  
 And slumber on in state.

Each tender tie of life defied  
 Whence social pleasures spring,  
 Unmov'd with all the world beside,  
 A solitary thing—”

Some Alpine mountain, wrapt in snow,  
 Thus braves the whirling blast,  
 Eternal winter doom'd to know,  
 No genial spring to taste.

In vain warm suns their influence shed,  
 The zephyrs sport in vain,  
 He rears, unchang'd, his barren head,  
 Whilst beauty decks the plain.

What tho' in scaly armour drest,  
 Indifference may repel  
 The shafts of wo—in such a breast  
 No joy can ever dwell.

‘Tis woven in the world's great plan,  
 And fix'd by heav'n's decree,  
 That all the true delights of man  
 Should spring from *Sympathy*.

‘Tis nature bids, and whilst the laws  
 Of nature we retain,  
 Our self-approving bosom draws  
 A pleasure from its pain.

## ADDRESS TO MISS ——

81

Thus grief itself has comforts dear,  
The sordid never know ;  
An ecstasy attends the tear,  
When virtue bids it flow.

For, when it streams from that pure source  
No bribes the heart can win,  
To check, or alter from its course  
The luxury within.

Peace to the phlegm of sullen elves,  
Who, if from labour eas'd,  
Extend no care beyond themselves,  
Unpleasing and unpleas'd.

Let no low thought suggest the pray'r,  
Oh ! grant, kind heav'n, to me,  
Long as I draw ethereal air,  
Sweet Sensibility.

Where'er the heavenly nymph is seen,  
With lustre-beaming eye,  
A train, attendant on their queen,  
(Her rosy chorus) fly.

The jocund Loves in Hymen's band,  
With torches ever bright,  
And gen'rous Friendship hand in hand  
With Pity's wat'ry sight.

The gentler virtues too are join'd,  
In youth immortal warm,  
The soft relations, which, combin'd,  
Give life her ev'ry charm.

The arts come smiling in the close,  
And lend celestial fire,  
The marble breathes, the canvass glows,  
The muses sweep the lyre.

" Still may my melting bosom cleave  
To suff'rings not my own,  
And still the sigh responsive heave,  
Where'er is heard a groan.

So Pity shall take Virtue's part,  
Her natural ally,  
And fashioning my soften'd heart,  
Prepare it for the sky."

This artless vow may heav'n receive,  
And you, fond maid, approve :  
So may your guiding angel give  
Whate'er you wish or love.

So may the rosy-finger'd hours  
Lead on the various year,  
And ev'ry joy, which now is yours,  
Extend a larger sphere.

And suns to come, as round they wheel,  
Your golden moments bless,  
With all a tender heart can feel,  
Or lively fancy guess.



## TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL

ÆNEID, BOOK VIII. LINE 18.

THUS Italy was moved—nor did the chief,  
Æneas, in his mind less tumult feel.  
On every side his anxious thought he turn  
Restless, unfit, not knowing what to choos

And as a cistern that in brim of brass  
Confines the crystal flood, if chance the sun  
Smile on it, or the moon's resplendent orb,  
The quiv'ring light now flashes on the walls,  
Now leaps uncertain to the vaulted roof:  
Such were the wav'ring motions of his mind.  
"Twas night—and weary nature sunk to rest,  
The birds, the bleating flocks were heard no more.  
At length, on the cold ground, beneath the damp  
And dewy vaults, fast by the river's brink,  
The Father of his country sought repose.  
When lo ! among the spreading poplar boughs,  
Forth from his pleasant stream, propitious rose  
The god of Tiber : clear transparent gauze  
Infolds his loins, his brows with reeds are crown'd :  
And these his gracious words to sooth his care :  
" Heaven-born, who bring'st our kindred home again  
Rescued, and giv'st eternity to Troy,  
Long have Laurentum and the Latian plains  
Expected thee ; behold thy fix'd abode.  
Fear not the threats of war, the storm is pass'd,  
The gods appeas'd. For proof that what thou hear'st  
Is no vain forgery or delusive dream,  
Beneath the grove that borders my green bank,  
A milk-white swine, with thirty milk-white young,  
Shall greet thy wond'ring eyes. Mark well the place,  
For 'tis thy place of rest : there end thy toils :  
There, thrice ten years elaps'd, fair Alba's walls  
Shall rise, fair Alba, by Ascanius' hand.  
Thus shall it be—now listen, while I teach  
The means t' accomplish these events at hand.  
Th' Arcadians here, a race from Pallas sprung,  
Following Evander's standard and his fate,  
High on these mountains, a well chosen spot,  
Have built a city, for their Grandsire's sake,  
Named Pallanteum. These, perpetual war  
Wage with the Latians : join'd in faithful league  
And arms confed'rate, add them to your camp.

Myself, between my winding banks, will sped  
Your well-oar'd barks to stem th' opposing tide.  
Rise, goddess-born, arise ; and with the first  
Declining stars, seek Juno in thy pray'r,  
And vanquish all her wrath with suppliant voice.  
When conquest crowns thee, then remember  
I am the Tiber, whose cerulean stream  
Heav'n favours ; I with copious flood divide  
These grassy banks, and cleave the fruitful soil.  
My mansion, This—and lofty cities crown  
My fountain-head"—He spoke and sought the shore.  
And plung'd his form beneath the closing flood.  
Æneas at the morning dawn awoke,  
And rising, with uplifted eye beheld  
The orient sun, then dipp'd his palms, and sooth'd  
The brimming stream, and thus address'd the nymphs.  
"Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, who feed the many a stream,  
And thou, with thy blessing, O Tiber, hear, accept me, and afford,  
At length afford, a shelter from my woes.  
Where'er in secret cavern under ground,  
Thy waters sleep, where'er they spring to lie,  
Since thou hast pity for a wretch like me,  
My off'rings and my vows shall wait thee still.  
Great horned Father of Hesperian floods,  
Be gracious now and ratify thy word."  
He said, and chose two gallies from his fleet,  
Fits them with oars, and clothes the crew in  
When lo ! astonishing and pleasing sight,  
The milk-white dam, with her unspotted brood  
Lay stretch'd upon the bank, beneath the green.  
To thee, the pious Prince, Juno, to thee  
Devotes them all, all on thine altar bleed.  
That live-long night old Tiber smooth'd his waves,  
And so restrain'd it, that it seem'd to stand  
Motionless as a pool, or silent lake,  
That not a billow might resist their oars.  
With cheerful sound of exhortation soon

ir voyage they begin ; the pitchy keel  
es through the gentle deep, the quiet stream  
ires th' unwonted burthen that it bears,  
l polish'd arms, and vessels painted gay.  
eath the shade of various trees, between  
umbrageous branches of the spreading groves  
y cut their liquid way, nor day, nor night  
y slack their course, unwinding as they go  
long meanders of the peaceful tide.  
he glowing sun was in meridian height,  
m from afar they saw the humble walls,  
the few scatter'd cottages, which now  
Roman pow'r has equal'd with the clouds ;  
such was then Evander's scant domain,  
y steer to shore, and hasten to the town.  
chanc'd th' Areadian monarch on that day,  
re the walls, beneath a shady grove,  
celebrating high, in solemn feast,  
ies and his tutelary gods.  
is, his son, was there, and there the chief  
ll his youth ; with these, a worthy tribe,  
poor but venerable senate, burnt  
st incense, and their altars smok'd with blood.  
at they saw the tow'ring masts approach,  
ng between the trees, while the crew rest  
i their silent oars, amazed they rose,  
without fear, and all forsook the feast.  
Pallas' undismay'd, his jav'lin seiz'd,  
l'd to the bank, and from a rising ground  
ad them to disturb the sacred rites.  
stranger youth ! What prompts you to explore  
untried way ? and whither do ye steer ?  
nos, and who are ye ? Bring ye peace or war ?"  
s from his lofty deck holds forth  
peaceful olive-branch, and thus replies :  
o him, and enemies to the Latin state,  
m they with unprovok'd hostilities  
e driv'n away, thou see'st. We seek Evander--  
OL. III.

Say this—and say, besides, the Trojan chiefs  
 Are come, and seek his friendship and his aid."

Pallas with wonder heard that awful name,  
 And "whosoe'er thou art," he cried, "come forth ;  
 Bear thine own tidings to my Father's ear,  
 And be a welcome guest beneath our roof."

He said, and press'd the stranger to his breast :  
 Then led him from the river to the grove,  
 Where, courteous, thus Æneas greets the king :  
 " Best of the Grecian race, to whom I bow  
 (So wills my fortune) suppliant, and stretch forth  
 In sign of amity this peaceful branch.  
 I fear'd thee not, although I knew thee well  
 A Grecian leader, born in Arcady,  
 And kinsman of th' Atridae. Me my virtue,  
 That means no wrong to thee—the Oracles,  
 Our kindred families allied of old,  
 And thy renown diffus'd through ev'ry land,  
 Have all conspired to bind in friendship to thee,  
 And send me not unwilling to thy shores.  
 Dardanus author of the Trojan state,  
 (So say the Greeks,) was fair Electra's son ;  
 Electra boasted Atlas for her sire,  
 Whose shoulders high sustain th' ethereal orbs.  
 Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia bore,  
 Sweet Maia, on Cyllene's hoary top.  
 Her, if we credit aught tradition old,  
 Atlas of yore, the self-same Atlas, claim'd  
 His daughter. Thus united close in blood,  
 Thy race and ours one common sire confess.  
 With these credentials fraught, I would not send  
 Ambassadors with artful phrase to sound,  
 And win thee by degrees—but came myself—  
 Me, therefore, me thou see'st ; my life the stake ;  
 'Tis I, Æneas, who implore thine aid.  
 Should Daunia, that now aims the blow at thee,  
 Prevail to conquer us, nought then, they think,  
 Will hinder, but Hesperia must be theirs,

All theirs, from th' upper to the nether sea.  
Take then our friendship, and return us thine.  
We too have courage, we have noble minds,  
And youth well tried, and exercis'd in arms."

Thus spoke Æneas—He with fix'd regard  
Survey'd him speaking, features, form, and mien.  
Then briefly thus—"Thou noblest of thy name,  
How gladly do I take thee to my heart,  
How gladly thus confess thee for a friend;  
In thee I trace Anchises; his thy speech,  
Thy voice, thy count'nance. For I well remember,  
Many a day since, when Priam journey'd forth  
To Salamis, to see the land where dwelt  
Hesione, his sister, he push'd on  
E'en to Arcadia's frozen bounds. 'Twas then  
The bloom of youth was glowing on my cheek;  
Much I admired the Trojan chiefs, and much  
Their king, the son of great Laomedon,  
But most Anchises, tow'ring o'er them all.  
A youthful longing seiz'd me to accost  
The hero, and embrace him; I drew near,  
And gladly led him to the walls of Pheneus.  
Departing, he distinguish'd me with gifts,  
A costly quiver stored with Lycian darts,  
A robe inwove with gold, with gold emboss'd,  
Two bridles, those which Pallas uses now.  
The friendly league thou hast solicited  
I give thee therefore, and to-morrow all  
My chosen youth shall wait on your return.  
Meanwhile, since thus in friendship ye are come,  
Rejoice with us, and join to celebrate  
These annual rites, which may not be delay'd,  
And be at once familiar at our board."

He said, and bade replace the feast removed;  
 Himself upon a grassy bank disposed  
 The crew, but for Æneas order'd forth  
 A couch, spread with a lion's tawny shag,  
 And bade him share the honours of his throne.

## 88 TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

Th' appointed youth with glad alacrity  
Assist the lab'ring priest to load the board  
With roasted entrails of the slaughter'd beesves,  
Well kneaded bread and mantling bowls. Well pl  
Æneas and the Trojan youth regale  
On the huge length of a well-pastur'd chine.  
Hunger appears'd, and tables all despatch'd,  
Thus spake Evander : " Superstition here,  
In this our solemn feasting, has no part.  
No, Trojan friend, from utmost danger sav'd,  
In gratitude this worship we renew.  
Behold that rock which nods above the vale,  
Those bulks of broken stone dispers'd around,  
How desolate the shatter'd cave appears,  
And what a ruin spreads th' encumber'd plain.  
Within this pile, but far within, was once  
The den of Cacus ; dire his hateful form,  
That shunn'd the day; half monster and half man.  
Blood newly shed stream'd ever on the ground  
Smoking, and many a visage pale and wan  
Nail'd at his gate, hung hideous to the sight.  
Vulcan begot the brute : vast was his size,  
And from his throat he belch'd his father's fires.  
But the day came that brought us what we wish'd  
Th' assistance and the presence of a God.  
Flush'd with his vict'ry and the spoils he won  
From triple-form'd Geryon, lately slain,  
The great avenger, Hercules appear'd.  
Hither he drove his stately bulls, and pour'd  
His herds along the vale. But the sly thief  
Cacus, that nothing might escape his hand  
Of villany or fraud, drove from the stalls  
Four of the lordliest of his bulls, and four  
The fairest of his heifers; by the tail  
He dragg'd them to his den, and there conceal'd,  
No footstep might betray the dark abode.  
And now his herd with provender sufficed  
Alcides would be gone ; they as they went

## TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL. 89

Still bellowing loud, made the deep echoing woods,  
And distant hills resound : when hark ! one ox,  
Imprison'd close within the vast recess,  
Lows in return, and frustrates all his hope.  
Then fury seiz'd Alcides, and his breast  
With indignation heav'd ; grasping his club  
Of knotted oak, swift to the mountain top  
He ran, he flew. Then first was Cacus seen  
To tremble, and his eyes bespoke his fears.  
Swift as an eastern blast he sought his den,  
And dread increasing, wing'd him as he went.  
Drawn up in iron slings above the gate  
A rock was hung enormous. Such his haste,  
He burst the chains, and dropp'd it at the door,  
Then grappled it with iron work within  
Of bolts and bars by Vulcan's art contriv'd.  
Scarce was he fast, when panting for revenge  
Came Hercules ; he gnash'd his teeth with rage,  
And quick as lightning glanc'd his eyes around  
In quest of entrance. Fiery red, and stung  
With indignation, thrice he wheel'd his course  
About the mountain ; thrice, but thrice in vain,  
He strove to force the quarry at the gate,  
And thrice sat down o'erwearied in the vale.  
There stood a pointed rock, abrupt and rude  
That high o'erlook'd the rest, close at the back  
Of the fell monster's den, where birds obscene  
Of ominous note resorted, choughs and daws.  
This, as it lean'd obliquely to the left,  
Threat'ning the stream below, he from the right  
Push'd with his utmost strength, and to and fro  
He shook the mass, loos'nig its lowest base ;  
Then shov'd it from its seat ; down fell the pile ;  
Sky thunder'd at the fall ; the banks give way,  
Th' affrighted stream flows upward to his source.  
Behold the kennel of the brute expos'd,  
The gloomy vault laid open. So, if chance

## 90 · TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

Earth yawning to the centre should disclose  
The mansions, the pale mansions of the dead,  
Loath'd by the Gods, such would the gulf appear,  
And the ghosts tremble at the sight of day.  
The monster braying with unusual din  
Within his hollow lair, and sore amaz'd  
To see such sudden inroads of the light,  
Alcides press'd him close with what at hand  
Lay readiest, stumps of trees, and fragments huge  
Of millstone size. He, (for escape was none)  
Wondrous to tell ! forth from his gorge discharg'd  
A smoky cloud that darken'd all the den ;  
Wreath after wreath he vomited amain  
The smooth'ring vapour, mix'd with fiery sparks,  
No sight could penetrate the veil obscure.  
The hero, more provoked, endur'd not this,  
But, with a headlong leap, he rushed to where  
The thickest cloud envelop'd his abode.  
There grasp'd he Cacus, spite of all his fires,  
Till crush'd within his arms, the monster shows  
His bloodless throat, now dry with panting hard,  
And his press'd eyeballs start. Soon he tears down  
The barricade of rock ; the dark abyss  
Lies open, and th' imprison'd bulls, the theft  
He had with oaths denied, are brought to light :  
By th' heals the miscreant carcass is dragg'd forth.  
His face, his eyes, all terrible, his breast  
Beset with bristles, and his sooty jaws  
Are view'd with wonder never to be cloy'd.  
Hence the celebrity thou seest, and hence  
This festal day, Potitius first enjoin'd  
Posterity these solemn rites, he first  
With those who bear the great Pinarian name  
To Hercules devoted, in the grove  
This altar built, deem'd sacred in the highest  
By us, and sacred ever to be deem'd.  
Come then, my friends, and bind your youthful brows

In praise of such deliv'rance, and hold forth  
The brimming cup : your deities and ours  
Are now the same ; then drink, and freely toe,  
So saying, he twisted round his rev'rend locks  
A variegated poplar wreath, and fill'd  
His right hand with a consecrated bowl.  
At once all pour libations on the board.  
All offer pray'r. And now the radiant sphere  
Of day descending, eventide drew near.  
When first Potitius with the priests advanc'd,  
Begirt with skins, and torches in their hands.  
High piled with meats of sav'ry taste, they ranged  
The chargers, and renewed the grateful feast.  
Then came the Salii, crown'd with poplar too  
Circling the blazing altars ; here the youth  
Advanced, a choir harmonious ; there were heard  
The rev'rend seers responsive ; praise they sung,  
Much praise in honour of Alcides' deeds ;  
How first, with infant gripe, two serpents huge  
He strangled, sent from Juno ; next they sung,  
How Troja and the Oechalia he destroyed,  
Fair cities both, and many a toilsome task  
Beneath Eurystheus, (so his step-dame will'd)  
Achiev'd victorious. Thou, the cloud-born pair,  
Hyleus fierce and Photos, monstrous-twins,  
Thou slew'st the Minetaur, the plague of Crete,  
And the vast lion of the Nemean rock.  
Thee Hell, and Cerberus, Hell's porter, fear'd,  
Stretch'd in his den upon his half-gnaw'd bones.  
Thee no abhorred form, not e'en the vast  
Typhoeus could appal, though clad in arms.  
Hail, true born son of Jove, among the Gods  
At length enroll'd, nor least illustrious thou,  
Haste thee propitious, and approve our songs ;"  
Thus hymn & the chorus ; above all they sing  
The cave of Cæsus, and the flames he breath'd.  
The whole grove echoes, and the hills rebound.

### TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

he rites perform'd all hasten to the town.  
The king, bending with age, held as he went  
Æneas and his Pallas by the hand,  
With much variety of pleasing talk  
Short'ning the way. Æneas, with a smile,  
Looks round him, charm'd with the delightful scene  
And many a question asks, and much he learns  
Of heroes far renown'd in ancient times.  
Then spake Evander. These extensive groves  
Were once inhabited by fawns and nymphs  
Produced beneath their shades, and a rude race  
Of men, the progeny uncouth of elms  
And knotted oaks. They no refinement knew  
Of laws or manners civilized, to yoke  
The steer, with forecast provident to store  
The hoarded grain, or manage what they had,  
But browsed like beasts upon the leafy boughs,  
Or fed voracious on their hunted prey.  
An exile from Olympus, and expell'd  
His native realm by thunder-bearing Jove,  
First Saturn came. He from the mountains drew  
This herd of men untractable and fierce,  
And gave them laws; and call'd his hiding-place  
This growth of forests, Latium. Such the peace  
His land possess'd, the golden age was then,  
So fam'd in story; till by slow degrees  
Far other times, and of far diff'rent hue,  
Succeeded thirst of gold and thirst of blood.  
Then came Ausonian bands, and armed hosts  
From Sicily, and Latium often changed  
Her master and her name. At length arose  
Kings, of whom Tibrus of gigantick form  
Was chief, and we Italians since have call'd  
The river by his name; thus Albula  
(So was the country call'd in ancient days)  
Was quite forgot. Me from my native land  
An exile, thro' the dang'rous ocean driv'n

Resistless fortune and relentless fate  
Placed where thou see'st me. Phoebus, and  
The nymph Camentis, with maternal care,  
Attendant on my wand'ring, fix'd me here.

[Ten lines omitted.]

He said, and show'd him the Tarpeian rock,  
And the rude spot, where now the capitol  
Stands all magnificent and bright with gold,  
Then overgrown with thorns. And yet e'en then  
The swains beheld that sacred scene with awe ;  
The grove, the rock, inspired religious fear.  
This grove, he said, that crowns the lofty top  
Of this fair hill, some deity, we know,  
Inhabits, but what deity we doubt.  
Th' Arcadians speak of Jupiter himself,  
That they have often seen him, shaking here  
His gloomy Ægis, while the thunder-storms  
Came rolling all around him. Turn thy eyes,  
Behold that ruin ; those dismantled walls,  
Where once two towns, Ianiculum—  
By Janus this, and that by Saturn built,  
Saturnia. Such discourse brought them beneath  
The roof of poor Evander, whence they saw,  
Where now the proud and stately forum stands,  
The grazing herds wide scatter'd o'er the field.  
Soon as he enter'd—Hercules, he said,  
Victorious Hercules, on this threshold trod,  
These walls contain'd him, humble as they are.  
Dare to despise magnificence, my friend,  
Prove thy divine descent by worth divine,  
Nor view with haughty scorn this mean abode.  
So saying, he led Æneas by the hand,  
And plac'd him on a cushion stuff'd with leaves,  
Spread with the skin of a Libitrian bear.

[The Episode of Venus and Vulcan omitted.]

98 A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

Yet to say truth, e'en here the Muse despairs  
Confinement, and attempts her former strains,  
But finds the strong desire is not the pow'ry,  
And what her taste condemns, the flames devour.  
A part, perhaps, like this, escapes the doom,  
And tho' unworthy, finds a friend at Rome.  
But oh the cruel art, that could undo  
Its vot'ry thus, would that could perish too:



A TALE,

FOUNDED ON A FACT.

WHICH HAPPENED IN JANUARY, 1799.

WHERE Humber pours his rich commercial stream,  
There dwelt a wretch who breath'd bat to blaspheme  
In subterraneous caves his life he led,  
Black as the mine in which he wrought for bread.  
When on a day emerging from the deep,  
A sabbath-day, (such sabbaths thousands keep !)  
The wages of his weekly toil he bore  
To buy a cock—whose blood might win him more ;  
As if the noblest of the feather'd kind  
Were but for battle and for death design'd ;  
As if the consecrated hours were meant  
For sport, to minds on cruelty intent ;  
It chanc'd (such chances Providence obey)  
He met a fellow-lab'rer on the way,  
Whose heart the same desires had once inflam'd ;  
But now the savage temper was reclaim'd.

## A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT. 97

Persuasion on his lips had taken place ;  
For all plead well, who plead the cause of grace.  
His iron-heart with scripture he assail'd,  
Woo'd him to hear a sermon, and prevail'd  
His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew,  
Swift, as the lightning-glimpse, the arrow flew.  
He wept ; he trembled ; cast his eyes around,  
To find a worse than he ; but none he found.  
He felt his sins, and wonder'd he should feel,  
Grace made the wound, and grace alone could heal.

Now farewell oaths, and blasphemies, and lies !  
He quits the sinner's for the martyr's prize.  
That holy day which wash'd with many a tear,  
Gilded with hope, yet shaded too by fear.  
The next, his swarthy brethren of the mine  
Learn'd, by his alter'd speech—the change divine :  
Lengh'd where they should have wept, and swore the  
day.

Was nigh, when he would swear as fast as they.  
"No, (said the penitent,) such words shall share  
This breath no more ; devoted now to pray'r.  
O ! if thou see'st (thine eye the future sees)  
That I shall yet again blaspheme like these ;  
Now strike me to the ground on which I kneel,  
Ere yet this heart relapses into steel ;  
Now take me to that Heaven I once defied,  
Thy presence, thy embrace !"—He spoke and died.

Vox. III.

TRANSLATION  
OF A  
SIMILE IN PARADISE LOST.

[June, 1780.]

*"So when, from mountain tops, the dusky clouds  
"Ascending, &c."*

Quales aerii montis de vertice nubes  
 Cum surgunt, et jam Boreæ tumida ora quierunt,  
 Cœlum hilares abdit, spissa caligine, vultus :  
 Tum si jucundo tandem sol prodeat ore,  
 Et croceo montes et pascua lumine tingat,  
 Gaudent omnia, aves mulcent concentibus agros,  
 Balatuque ovium colles vallesque resultant.



TRANSLATION  
OF  
DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM ON MILTON

*"Three Poets, in three distant ages born, &c."*

[July, 1780.]

Tres tria, sed longe distantia, secula vates  
 Ostentant tribus e gentibus eximios  
 Græcia sublimem, cum majestate disertum  
 Roma tulit, felix Anglia utrique parem.  
 Partibus ex binis Natura exhausta, coacta est,  
 Tertius ut fieret, consociare duos.

## TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON,

ON HIS RETURN FROM RAMSGATE.

[Oct. 1780.]

THAT ocean you have late survey'd,  
 Those rocks I too have seen,  
 But I afflicted and dismay'd,  
 You tranquil and serene.

You from the flood-controlling steep  
 Saw stretch'd before your view,  
 With conscious joy, the threat'ning deep,  
 No longer such to you.

To me, the waves that ceaseless broke  
 Upon the dang'rous coast,  
 Hearsely and ominously spoke  
 Of all my treasure lost.

Your sea of troubles you have past,  
 And found the peaceful shore ;  
 I, tempest toss'd, and wreck'd at last,  
 Come home to port no more.



## LOVE ABUSED.

WHAT is there in the vale of life  
 Half so delightful as a wife,  
 When friendship, love, and peace combine  
 To stamp the marriage bond divine ?

171252

100 AN EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN.

The stream of pure and genuine love  
Derives its current from above ;  
And earth a second Eden shows,  
Where'er the healing water flows ;  
But ah, if from the dykes and drains  
Of sensual nature's fev'rish veins,  
Lust, like a lawless headstrong flood,  
Impregnated with ooze and mud,  
Descending fast on every side,  
Once mingles with the sacred tide,  
Farewell the soul-endiv'ning scene !  
The banks that wore a smiling green,  
With rank defilement overspread,  
Bewail their flow'ry beauties dead.  
The stream polluted, dark, and dull,  
Diffus'd into a Stygian pool,  
Through life's last melancholy years  
Is fed with overflowing tears :  
Complaints supply the zephyr's part,  
And sighs that heave a breaking heart.

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A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LADY  
AUSTEN.

Dec. 17, 1781.

DEAR ANNA—between friend and friend,  
Prose answers every common end ;  
Serves, in a plain and homely way,  
T' express th' occurrence of the day ;  
Our health, the weather, and the news ;  
What walks we take, what books we obtain ;  
And all the floating thoughts we find  
Upon the surface of the mind.

## AN EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN. 10

But when a poet takes the pen,  
 Far more alive than other men,  
 He feels a gentle tingling come  
 Down to his finger and his thumb,  
 Deriv'd from nature's noblest part,  
 The centre of a glowing heart :  
 And this is what the world, who knows  
 No flights above the pitch of prose,  
 His more sublime vagaries slighting,  
 Denominates an itch for writing.  
 No wonder I, who scribble rhyme  
 To catch the triflers of the time,  
 And tell them truths divine and clear,  
 Which, couch'd in prose, they will not hear ;  
 Who labour hard to allure and draw  
 The loiterers I never saw,  
 Should feel that itching, and that tingling  
 With all my purpose intermingling,  
 To your intrinsic merit true,  
 When call'd t' address myself to you.

BY

Mysterious are his ways, whose power  
 Brings forth that unexpected hour,  
 When minds, that never met before,  
 Shall meet, unite, and part no more :  
 It is the allotment of the skies,  
 The hand of the Supremely Wise,  
 That guides and governs our affections,  
 And plans and orders our connexions :  
 Directs us in our distant road,  
 And marks the bounds of our abode.  
 Thus we were settled when you found us,  
 Peasants and children all around us,  
 Not dreaming of so dear a friend,  
 Deep in the abyss of Silver-End.\*

D.

\* An obscure part of Olney, adjoining to the residence of Cowper, which faced the market-place

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102 AN EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN.

Thus Martha, e'en against her will,  
Perch'd on the top of yonder hill ;  
And you, though you must needs prefer  
The fairest scenes of sweet Sancerre,\*  
Are come from distant Loire, to choose  
A cottage on the banks of Ouse.  
This page of Providence quite new,  
And now just op'ning to our view,  
Employs our present thoughts and pains  
To guess, and spell, what it contains :  
But day by day, and year by year,  
Will make the dark enigma clear ;  
And furnish us, perhaps, at last,  
Like other scenes already past,  
With proof, that we, and our affairs,  
Are part of a Jehovah's cares :  
For God unfolds, by slow degrees,  
The purport of his deep decrees ;  
Sheds every hour a clearer light,  
In aid of our defective sight ;  
And spreads at length before the soul  
A beautiful and perfect whole,  
Which busy man's inventive brain  
Toils to anticipate, in vain.

Say, Anna, had you never known  
The beauties of a rose full blown,  
Could you, tho' luminous your eye,  
By looking on the bud, descry,  
Or guess, with a prophetic power,  
The future splendour of the flower ?  
Just so, th' Omnipotent who turns  
The system of a world's concerns,  
From mere minutiae can educe  
Events of most important use ;  
And bid a dawning sky display  
The blaze of a meridian day.

\* Lady Austen's residence in France

AN EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN. 103

The works of man tend, one and all,  
As needs they must, from great to small ;  
And vanity absorbs at length  
The monuments of human strength.  
But who can tell how vast the plan  
Which this day's incident began !  
Too small, perhaps, the slight occasion,  
For our dim-sighted observation ;  
It pass'd unnoticed, as the bird  
That cleaves the yielding air unheard,  
And yet may prove, when understood,  
An harbinger of endless good.

Not that I deem, or mean to call  
Friendship a blessing cheap or small :  
But merely to remark, that ours,  
Like some of nature's sweetest flowers,  
Rose from a seed of tiny size,  
That seem'd to promise no such prize ;  
A transient visit intervening,  
And made almost without a meaning,  
(Hardly the effect of inclination,  
Much less of pleasing expectation,)  
Produc'd a friendship, then begun,  
That has cemented us in one ;  
And plac'd it in our pow'r to prove,  
By long fidelity and love,  
That Solomon has wisely spoken !  
"A threefold cord is not soon broken."

## FROM A LETTER TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON

*Late Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth.*

[Dated May 28, 1782.]

SAYS the pipe to the snuff-box, I can't understand  
 What the ladies and gentlemen see in your face  
 That you are in fashion all over the land,  
 And I am so much fallen into disgrace.

Do but see what a pretty contemplative air  
 I give to the company—pray do but note 'em—  
 You would think that the wise men of Greece were  
 there, . . .  
 Or, at least, would suppose them the wise men  
 Gotham.

My breath is as sweet as the breath of blown roses  
 While you are a nuisance where'er you appear  
 There is nothing but sniv'ling and blowing of noses  
 Such a noise as turns any man's stomach to he

Then lifting his lid in a delicate way,  
 And op'ning his mouth with a smile quite engaging,  
 The box in reply was heard plainly to say,  
 What a silly dispute is this we are waging !

If you have a little of merit to claim,  
 You may thank the sweet-smelling Virginian;  
 And I, if I seem to deserve any blame,  
 The before-mentioned drug in apology plead.

Thus neither the praise nor the blame is our own  
 No room for a sneer, much less a cachinnus,  
 We are vehicles, not of tobacco alone,  
 But of any thing else they may choose to put in

## THE COLUMBIAD.

[1782.]

Closet by the threshold of a door nail'd fast,  
 Three kittens sat : each kitten look'd aghast.  
 I passing swift, and inattentive by,  
 At the three kittens cast a careless eye ;  
 Not much concern'd to know what they did there ;  
 Not deeming kittens worth-a poet's care.  
 But presently a loud and furious hiss  
 Cess'd me to stop, and to exclaim " what's this ?"  
 When lo ! upon the threshold met my view,  
 With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,  
 A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.  
 Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,  
 Darting it full against a kitten's nose ;  
 Who, having never seen, in field or house,  
 The like, sat still and silent as a mouse :  
 Only projecting, with attention due,  
 Her whisker'd face, she ask'd him, " who are you ?  
 On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,  
 But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe :  
 With which well arm'd I hasten'd to the spot,  
 To find the viper, but I found him not.  
 And turning up the leaves and shrubs around,  
 Found only, that he was not to be found.  
 But still the kittens sitting as before,  
 Sat watching close the bottom of the door.  
 " I hope," said I, " the villain I would kill,  
 Has slipp'd between the door, and the door's sill ;  
 And if I make despatch, and follow hard,  
 No doubt but I shall find him in the yard :"  
 For long ere now it should have been reheat'd,  
 'Twas in the garden that I found him first.

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

Ev'n there I found him, there the full-grown cat  
 His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat ;  
 As curious as the kittens erst had been  
 To learn what this phenomenon might mean.  
 Fill'd with heroick ardour at the sight,  
 And fearing every moment he would bite,  
 And rob our household of our only cat,  
 That was of age to combat with a rat ;  
 With outstretch'd hoe I slew him at the door,  
 And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE.

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

*Amicitia nisi inter bonos esse non potest. . . Cicero.*

[1782.]

WHAT virtue can we name, or grace,  
 But men unqualified and base  
 Will boast it their possession ?  
 Profusion apes the noble part  
 Of liberality of heart,  
 And dulness of discretion.

But as the gem of richest cost  
 Is ever counterfeited most,  
 So, always, imitation  
 Employs the utmost skill she can  
 To counterfeit the faithful man,  
 The friend of long duration.

Some will pronounce me too severe—  
 But long experience speaks me clear ;  
 Therefore that censure scorning,

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

107

I will proceed to mark the shelves,  
On which so many dash themselves,  
And give the simple warning.

Youth, unadmonish'd by a guide,  
Will trust to any fair outside :  
An error soon corrected ;  
For who, but learns, with riper years,  
That man, when smoothest he appears,  
Is most to be suspected !

But here again a danger lies  
Lest, thus deluded by our eyes,  
And taking trash for treasure,  
We should, when undeceiv'd, conclude  
Friendship, imaginary good,  
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition, rather rare,  
Is yet no subject of despair ;  
Nor should it seem distressful,  
If either on forbidden ground,  
Or, where it was not to be found,  
We sought it unsuccessful.

No friendship will abide the test  
That stands on sordid interest  
And mean self-love erected  
Nor such, as may awhile subsist  
'Twixt sensualist and sensualist,  
For vicious ends connected.

Who hopes a friend, should have a heart,  
Himself, well furnish'd for the part,  
And ready on occasion  
To show the virtue that he seeks ;  
For 'tis an union that bespeaks  
A just reciprocation.

FRIENDSHIP.

A fretful temper will divide  
The closest knot that may be tied,  
By ceaseless sharp corrosion  
A temper passionate and fierce  
May suddenly your joys disperse  
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite  
With hope of permanent delight,  
The secret just committed :  
They drop through mere desire to prate,  
Forgetting its important weight,  
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright so'er the prospect seems,  
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams.  
If envy chance to creep in ;  
An envious man, if you succeed,  
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,  
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,  
So jealousy looks forth distress'd  
On good that seems approaching ;  
And, if success his steps attend,  
Discerns a rival in a friend,  
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,  
(Unless belied by common fame,)  
Are sadly prone to quarrel ;  
To deem the wit a friend displays  
So much of loss to their own praise,  
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renowned for repartee,  
Will seldom scruple to make free  
With friendship's finest feeling,

## FRIENDSHIP.

169

Will thrust a dagger at your breast,  
And tell you, 'twas a special jest,  
By way of balm for healing.

Beware of tattlers ; keep your ear  
Close stopp'd against the tales they bear ;  
Fruits of their own invention ;  
The separation of chief friends  
Is what their kindness most intends ;  
Their sport is your dissension.

Friendship that wantonly admits  
A joco-serious play of wits  
In brilliant altercation,  
Is union such as indicates,  
Like hand-in-hand insurance-plates,  
Danger of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul  
True as the needle to the pole ;  
Yet shifting, like the weather,  
The needle's constancy forego  
For any novelty, and show  
Its variations rather

Insensibility makes some  
Unseasonably deaf and dumb,  
When most you need their pity ;  
'Tis waiting till the tears shall fall  
From Gog and Magog in Guildhall,  
Those playthings of the city.

The great and small but rarely meet  
On terms of amity complete :  
Th' attempt would scarce be madder,  
Should any, from the bottom, hope  
At one huge stride to reach the top  
Of an erected ladder.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix  
 Their het'rogeneous politicks  
     Without an effervescence,  
 Such as of salts with lemon juice,  
 But which is rarely known t' induce,  
     Like that, a coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,  
 And make a calm of human life  
     But even those who differ  
 Only on topicks left at large,  
 How fiercely will they meet and charge.  
     No combatants are stiffer.

To prove, alas ! my main intent,  
 Needs no great cost of argument,  
     No cutting and contriving ;  
 Seeking a real friend, we seem  
 T' adopt the chymist's golden dream  
     With still less hope of thriving.

Then judge, or ere you choose your man  
 As circumspectly as you can,  
     And, having made election,  
 See that no disrespect of yours,  
 Such as a friend but ill endures,  
     Enfeeble his affection.

It is not timber, lead, and stone,  
 An architect requires alone,  
     To finish a great building ;  
 The palace were but half complete,  
 Could he by any chance forget  
     The carving and the gilding,  
  
 As similarity of mind,  
 Or something not to be defin'd,  
     First rivets our attention ;

So, manners decent and polite,  
 The same we practis'd at first sight,  
 Must save it from declension.

The man who hails you Tom—or Jack,  
 And proves by thumping on your back  
 His sense of your great merit,  
 Is such a friend, that one had need  
 Be very much his friend indeed,  
 To pardon, or to bear it.

Some friends make this their prudent plan—  
 “Say little, and hear all you can?”  
 Safe policy, but hateful.  
 So barren sands imbibe the show'r,  
 But render neither fruit nor flow'r  
 Unpleasant and ungrateful

They whisper trivial things, and small ;  
 But, to communicate at all  
 Things serious, deem improper ;  
 Their feculence and froth they show,  
 But keep their best contents below,  
 Just like a simm'ring copper.

These samples (for alas ! at last  
 These are but samples, and a taste  
 Of evils yet unmentioned)  
 May prove the task, a task indeed,  
 In which 'tis much, if we succeed,  
 However well-intention'd.

Pursue the theme, and you shall find  
 A disciplin'd and furnish'd mind  
 To be at least expedient,  
 And after summing all the rest,  
 Religion ruling in the breast  
 A principal ingredient.

112 THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEO<sup>E</sup>

True friendship has, in short, a grace  
More than terrestrial in its face,  
That proves it heav'n-descended:  
Man's love of woman not so pure,  
Nor, when sincerest, so secure  
To last till life is ended.

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ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GE

[*To the March in Scipio.*]

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED

[September, 1782.]

TOLL for the brave !  
The brave that are no more,  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,  
Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel,  
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds ;  
And she was overset ;  
Down went the Royal George,  
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;  
His last sea-fight is fought ;  
His work of glory done.

## THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE. 113

It was not in the battle ;  
No tempest gave the shock ;  
She sprang no fatal leak ;  
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in his sheath ;  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down,  
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes !  
And mingle with our cup,  
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again,  
Full-charg'd with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
His victories are o'er ;  
And he and his eight hundred,  
Shall plough the wave no more.

IN SUBMERSIONEM NAVIGII, CUI GEORGII  
REGALIS NOMEN, INDITUM.

PLANGIMUS fortis. Periere fortis,  
Patrium propter periere littus  
His quater centum ; subito sub alto  
Æquore mersi.

Navis, innitens lateri, jacebat,  
Malus ad summas trepidabat undas,  
Cum levis, funes quatiens, ad imum  
Depulit aura.

Plangimus fortis. Nimis, heu, caducam  
Fortibus vitam voluere parcas,  
Nec sinunt ultra tibi nos recentes  
Nectere laurus.

Magne, qui nomen, licet incanorum,  
Traditum ex multis atavis tulisti !  
At tuos olim memorabit ævum  
Omne triumphes.

Non hyems illos furibunda mersit,  
Non mari in clauso scopuli latentes,  
Fissa non rimis abies, nec atrox  
Abstulit ensis.

Navitæ sed tum nimium jocosi  
Voce fallebant hilari laborem,  
Et quiescebat calamoque dextram im-  
pleverat heros.

Vos, quibus cordi est grave opus piumque,  
Humidum ex alto spolium levate,  
Et putrescentes sub aquis amicos  
Raddite amicis !

## ON PEACE.

Hi quidem (sic dis placuit) fuere :  
 Sed ratis, nondum putris, ire possit  
 Rarsus in bellum, Britonumque nomen  
 Tollere ad astra.



## SONG

## ON PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1783, AT THE REQUEST  
 OF LADY AUSTEN, WHO GAVE THE SENTIMENT.

*Air—“My fond shepherds of late,” &c.*

No longer I follow a sound ;  
 No longer a dream I pursue :  
 O happiness ! not to be found,  
 Unattainable treasure, adieu !

I have sought thee in splendour and dress,  
 In the regions of pleasure and taste ;  
 I have sought thee, and seem'd to possess,  
 But have prov'd thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope  
 The voice of true wisdom inspires :  
 'Tis sufficient, if *Peace* be the scope,  
 And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind  
 That seeks in it meekness and love ;  
 But rapture and bliss are confin'd  
 To the glorified spirits above.

## SONG.\*

*Air—“The Lass of Pattie’s Mill.”*

WHEN all within is peace,  
 How nature seems to smile  
 Delights that never cease,  
 The live-long day beguile.  
 From morn to dewy eve,  
 With open hand she showers  
 Fresh blessings to deceive,  
 And sooth the silent hours.

It is content of heart  
 Gives nature power to please ;  
 The mind that feels no smart,  
 Enlivens all it sees ;  
 Can make a wint’ry sky  
 Seem bright as smiling May,  
 And evening’s closing eye  
 As peep of early day.

The vast majestick globe,  
 So beauteously array’d  
 In nature’s various robe,  
 With wondrous skill display’d,  
 Is to a mourner’s heart  
 A dreary wild at best ;  
 It flutters to depart,  
 And longs to be at rest.

\* Also written at the request of Lady ~~Anne~~

## VERSES

SELECTED FROM AN OCCASIONAL POEM, ENTITLED

## VALEDICTION.

[*November, 1783.*]

Friendship ! Cordial of the human breast  
 so little felt, so fervently profess'd !  
 Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years ;  
 The promise of delicious fruit appears :  
 We hug the hopes of constancy and truth,  
 Such is the folly of our dreaming youth ;  
 But soon, alas ! detect the rash mistake  
 That sanguine inexperience loves to make ;  
 And view with tears th' expected harvest lost,  
 Decay'd by time, or wither'd by a frost.  
 Whoever undertakes a friend's great part  
 Should be renew'd in nature, pure in heart,  
 Prepared for martyrdom, and strong to prove  
 A thousand ways the force of genuine love.  
 He may be call'd to give up health and gain,  
 To exchange content for trouble, ease for pain,  
 To echo sigh for sigh, and groan for groan,  
 And wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.  
 The heart of man, for such a task too frail,  
 When most relied on, is most sure to fail ;  
 And, summon'd to partake its fellow's wo,  
 Starts from its office, like a broken bow.  
 Vot'ries of business, and of pleasure, prove  
 Faithless alike in friendship and in love.

### 118 FROM THE POEM OF VALEDICT.

Retir'd from all ~~the~~ circles of the gay,  
And all the crowds, that bustle life away,  
To scenes, where competition, envy, strife,  
Beget no thunder-clouds to trouble life.  
Let me, the charge of some good angel, find  
One, who has known, and has escaped mank'ir.  
Polite, yet virtuous, who has brought away  
The manners, not the morals, of the day :  
With him, perhaps with *her*, (for men have ~~ki~~)  
No firmer friendships than the fair have show  
Let me enjoy, in some unthought-of spot,  
All former friends forgiven, and forgot,  
Down to the close of life's fast fading scene,  
Union of hearts, without a flaw between.  
'Tis grace, 'tis bounty, and it calls for praise,  
If God give health, that sunshine of our days  
And if he add, a blessing shared by few,  
Content of heart, more praises still are due—  
But if he grant a friend, that boon possess'd  
Indeed is treasure, and crowns all the rest ;  
And giving one, whose heart is in the skies,  
Born from above, and made divinely wise,  
He gives, what bankrupt nature never can,  
Whose noblest coin is light and brittle man,  
Gold, purer far than Ophir ever knew,  
A soul, an image of himself, and therefore tru

## THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE. 119

### BREVITATEM VITÆ SPATII HOMINIBUS CONCESSI.

BY DR. JORTIN.

ti mihi ! Lege rata sol occidit atque resurgit,  
inque mutatæ reparat dispendia formæ,  
straque, purpurei telis extincta diei,  
ires nocte vigent. Humiles telluris alumni,  
raminis herba verens, et florum picta propago,  
uos crudelis hyems lethali tabe peredit,  
um Zephyri vox blanda vocat, rediitque sereni  
emperies anni, fœcundo, e cespite surgunt.  
os domini rerum, nos, magna et pulchra minati,  
um breve ver vitæ robustaque transiit ætas,  
eficimus ; nec nos ordo revolubilis auras  
redit in æthereas, tumuli neque claustra resolvit.



ON THE

### SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

[*January, 1784.*]

Suns that set, and moons that wane,  
Rise, and are restor'd again,  
Stars that orient day subdues,  
Night at her return renewes.  
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth  
Of the genial womb of earth,  
Suffer but a transient death  
From the winter's cruel breath.

## 120 TO MISS C—, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Zephyr speaks ; serener skies  
Warm the globe, and they arise.  
We, alas ! Earths haughty kings,  
We, that promise mighty things,  
Losing soon life's happy prime,  
Droop, and fade, in little time.  
Spring returns, but not our bloom,  
Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

---

## EPITAPH ON JOHNSON.

[*January, 1785.*]

HERE Johnson lies—a sage by all allow'd,  
Whom to have bred, may well make England pr<sup>c</sup>  
Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught ;  
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought ;  
Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine, and str  
Superior praise to the mere poet's song ;  
Who many a noble gift from Heav'n possess'd,  
And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.  
O man, immortal by a double prize,  
By fame on earth—by glory in the skies !

---

## TO MISS C—, ON HER BIRTH-D.

[1786.]

How many between east and west,  
Disgrace their parent earth,  
Whose deeds constrain us to detest  
The day that give them birth !

## GRATITUDE.

121

Not so when Stella's natal morn  
Revolving months restore,  
We can rejoice that she was born,  
And wish her born once more !

---

## GRATITUDE.

### ADDRESSED TO LADY HESKETH.

[1786.]

This cap, that so stately appears,  
With riband-bound tassel on high,  
Which seems by the crest that it rears  
Ambitious of brushing the sky :  
This cap to my cousin I owe,  
She gave it, and gave me beside,  
Wreath'd into an elegant bow,  
The riband with which it is tied.

This wheel-footed studying' chair,  
Contriv'd both for toil and repose,  
Wide-elbow'd and wadded with hair,  
In which I both scribble and doze,  
Bright-studded to dazzle the eyes,  
And rival in lustre of that  
In which, or astronomy lies,  
Fair Cassiopeia sat :

These carpets, so soft to the foot,  
Caledonia's traffick and pride,  
Oh, spare them, ye knights of the boot,  
Escaped from a cross-country ride !  
This table and mirror within,  
Secure from collision and dust,  
At which I oft shave cheek and chin  
And periwig nicely adjust :

This moveable structure of shelves,  
For its beauty admired, and its use,  
And charged with octavos and twelves,

The gayest I had to produce :  
Where, flaming in scarlet and gold,  
*My poems* enchanted I view,  
And hope, in due time to behold  
*My Iliad and Odyssey* too :

This china, that decks the alcove,  
Which here people call a buffet,  
But what the gods call it above,  
Has ne'er been reveal'd to us yet ;  
These curtains, that keep the room warm  
Or cool, as the season demands,  
These stoves that for pattern and form,  
Seem the labour of Mulciber's hands :

All these are not half that I owe  
To one, from her earliest youth  
To me ever ready to show  
Benignity, friendship, and truth ;  
For time, the destroyer declar'd  
And foe of our perishing kind,  
If even her face he has spar'd,  
Much less could he alter her mind.

Thus compass'd about with the goods  
And chattels of leisure and ease,  
I indulge my poetical moods,  
In many such fancies as these ;  
And fancies I fear they will seem—  
Poets' goods are not often so fine ;  
The poets will swear that I dream,  
When I sing of the splendour of mine.

## THE FLATTING-MILL.

### AN ILLUSTRATION.

in a bar of pure silver, or ingot of gold,  
not to be flattened or wrought into length,  
pass'd between cylinders often, and roll'd  
in engine of utmost mechanical strength.

is tortur'd and squeezed, at last it appears  
a loose heap of riband, a glittering show,  
musick it tinkles and rings in your ears,  
warm'd by the pressure, is all in a glow.

process achieved, it is doom'd to sustain  
thump-after-thump-of a gold-beater's mallet,  
at last is of service in sickness or pain  
over a pill for a delicate palate.

for the poet ! who dares undertake  
urge reformation of national ill—  
head and his heart are both likely to ache  
at the double employment of mallet and mill.

wish to instruct, he must learn to delight,  
oth, ductile, and even, his fancy must flow,  
t tinkle and glitter like gold to the sight,  
catch in its progress a sensible glow.

r all, he must beat it as thin and as fine  
he leaf that unfolds what an invalid swallows,  
truth is unwelcome, however divine,  
unless you adorn it, a nausea follows.

LINES  
COMPOSED FOR A MEMORIAL OF  
**ASHLEY COWPER, ESQ.**  
IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS DEATH,  
BY HIS NEPHEW, WILLIAM OF WESTON

[*June, 1788.*]

FAREWELL ! endued with all that could engage  
All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age !  
In prime of life, for sprightliness enroll'd  
Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old ;  
In life's last stage—O blessings rarely found—  
Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd ;  
Through every period of this changeful state,  
Unchang'd thyself—wise, good, affectionate !

Marble may flatter ; and lest this should seem  
O'ercharg'd with praises on so dear a theme,  
Although thy worth be more than half supprest,  
Love shall be satisfied, and veil the rest.



- ON THE

**QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON,**

THE NIGHT OF THE 17th MARCH, 1789.

WHEN, long sequester'd from his throne,  
George took his seat again,  
By right of worth, not olood alone,  
Entitled here to reign.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON. 125

Then Loyalty, with all his lamps  
    New trimm'd, a gallant show !  
Chasing the darkness, and the damps,  
    Set London in a glow.

'Twas hard to tell, of streets or squares,  
    Which form'd the chief display,  
These most resembling cluster'd stars,  
    Those the long milky way.

Bright shone the roofs, the domes, the spires,  
    And rockets flew, self-driv'n,  
To hang their momentary fires  
    Amid the vault of Heav'n.

So, fire with water to compare,  
    The ocean serves, on high  
Up-spouted by a whale in air,  
    T' express unwieldy joy.

Had all the pageants of the world  
    In one procession join'd,  
And all the banners been unfurl'd  
    That heralds e'er design'd.

For no such sight had England's Queen  
    Forsaken her retreat,  
Where, George recover'd, made a scene  
    Sweet always, doubly sweet.

Yet glad she came that night to prove,  
    A witness undescr'd,  
How much the object of her love  
    Was lov'd by all beside.

Darkness the skies had mantled o'er,  
    In aid of her design——  
Darkness, O Queen ! ne'er call'd before  
    To veil a deed of thine !

126 THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON.

On borrow'd wheels away she flies,  
Resolv'd to be unknown,  
And gratify no curious eyes  
That night, except her own.

Arriv'd, a night like noon she sees,  
And hears the million hum ;  
As all by instinct, like the bees,  
Had known their sov'reign come.

Pleas'd she beheld aloft pourtray'd  
On many a splendid wall,  
Emblems of health, and heav'nly aid,  
And George the theme of all.

Unlike the ænigmatick line,  
So difficult to spell,  
Which shock Belshazzar at his wine,  
The night his city fell.

Soon, wat'ry grew her eycs and dim,  
But with a joyful tear,  
None else, except a pray'r for him,  
George ever drew from her.

It was a scene in ev'ry part  
Like those in fable feign'd,  
And seem'd by some magician's art  
Created and sustain'd.

But other magick there, she knew,  
Had been exerted none,  
To raise such wonders in her view,  
Save love of George alone.

That cordial thought her spirit cheer'd,  
And through the cumb'rous throng,  
Not else unworthy to be fear'd,  
Convey'd her calm along.

## THE COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND. 127

So, ancient poets say serene  
The sea-maid rides the waves,  
And fearless of the hillowy scene  
Her peaceful bosom laves.

With more than astronomick eyes  
She view'd the sparkling show ;  
One Georgian star adorns the skies,  
She myriads found below

Yet let the glories of a nigh  
Like that once seen, suffice,  
Heav'n grant us no such future sight,  
Such previous wo the price !



### THE

## COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND.

[*May, 1789.*]

Muse—Hide his name of whom I sing,  
Lest his surviving house thou bring,  
For his sake, into scorn ;  
Nor speak the School from which he drew  
The much or little that he knew,  
Nor place where he was born.

That such a man once was, may seem  
Worthy of record (if the theme  
Perchance may credit win)  
For proof to man, what man may prove,  
If grace depart, and demons move  
The source of guilt within.

## 128 THE COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND.

This man (for since the howling wild  
Disclaims him, Man he must be styl'd)  
    Wanted no good below,  
Gentle he was, if gentle birth  
Could make him such, and he had worth,  
    If wealth can worth bestow.

In social talk and ready jest  
He shone superior at the feast,  
    And qualities of mind  
Illustrious in the eyes of those  
Whose gay society he chose,  
    Possess'd of every kind.

Methinks I see him powder'd red,  
With bushy locks his well-dress'd head  
    Wing'd broad on either side,  
The mossy rose bud not so sweet  
His steed superb, his carriage neat  
    As lux'ry could provide.

Can such be cruel!—Such can be  
Cruel as hell, and so is he!  
    A tyrant, entertain'd  
With barb'rous sports, whose fell delight  
Was to encourage mortal fight  
    'Twixt birds to battle train'd.

One feather'd champion he possess'd,  
His darling far beyond the rest,  
    Which never knew disgrace,  
Nor e'er had fought, but he made flow  
The life-blood of his fiercest foe,  
    The Cæsar of his race.

It chanced, at last, when, on a day,  
He push'd him to the desp'rate fray  
    His courage droop'd, he fled,

THE COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND. 129

The Master storm'd, the prize was lost,  
And, instant frantick at the cost,  
    He doom'd his fav'rite dead.

He seiz'd him fast, and from the pit  
Flew to his kitchen, snatch'd the spit,  
    And, bring me cord, he cried—  
The cord was brought, and at his word,  
To that dire implement the bird,  
    Alive and struggling, tied.

The horrid sequel asks a veil,  
And all the terrors of the tale  
    That can he, shall be, sunk—  
Led by the suff'rer's screams aright,  
His shock'd companions view the sight,  
    And him with fury drunk.

All, suppliant beg a milder fate  
For the old warriour at the grate :  
    He, deaf to pity's call,  
Whirl'd round him rapid as a wheel  
His culinary club of steel,  
    Death menacing on all.

But vengeance hung not far remote,  
For while he stretch'd his clam'rous throat,  
    And heav'n and earth defied,  
Big with a curse too closely pent,  
That struggled vainly for a vent,  
    He totter'd, reel'd, and died.

'Tis not for us, with rash surmise,  
To point the judgments of the skies,  
    But judgments plain as this,  
That, sent for Man's instruction, bring  
A written label on their wing,  
    'Tis hard to read amiss.

ON THE  
BENEFIT RECEIVED BY HIS MAJES  
FROM SEA-BATHING,

IN THE YEAR 1789.

O Sov'reign of an isle renown'd  
For undisputed sway  
Wherever o'er yon gulf profound  
Her navies wing their way.

With juster claim she builds at length  
Her empire on the sea,  
And well may boast the waves her strength  
Which strength restored to Thee.



TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE IX.

*Vides, ut alia stet nive candidum  
Soracte.*

SEE'ST thou yon mountain laden with deep snow  
The groves beneath their fleecy burthen bow,  
The streams congeal'd forget to flow,  
Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile  
Of fuel on the hearth ;  
Broach the best cask, and make old winter a  
With seasonable mirth.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE. 131

This be our part—let Heav'n dispose the rest  
If Jove command, the winds shall sleep,  
That now wage war upon the foamy deep,  
And gentle gales spring from the balmy West.  
E'en let us shift to-morrow as we may,  
When to-morrow's past away,  
We at least shall have to say,  
We have liv'd another day;  
Your auburn locks will soon be silver'd o'er,  
Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.



HOR. LIB. I. ODE 38.

*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.*

Boy, I hate their empty shows,  
Persian garlands I detest,  
Bring not me the late-blown rose,  
Ling'ring after all the rest :

Plainer myrtle pleases me,  
Thus out-stretch'd beneath my vine,  
Myrtle more becoming thee,  
Waiting with thy master's wine.

## 132 TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

*English Sapphicks have been attempted, but with success, because in our language we have no certain rules by which to determine the quantity. The following version was made merely in the way of experiment how far it might be possible to imitate a Sapphick in English, without any attention to that circumstance.*



### HOR. B. I. ODE 38.

Boy ! I detest all Persian fopperies  
Fillet-bound garlands are to me disgusting,  
Taak not thyself with any search, I charge thee,  
Where latest roses linger.

Bring me alone (for thou wilt find that readily)  
Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will disparage  
Thee occupied to serve me, or me drinking  
Beneath my vine's cool shelter.



### HOR. LIB. II. ODE 16.

*Otium Divos rogat in patenti.*

EASE is the weary merchant's pray'r,  
Who ploughs by night the Ægean flood,  
When neither moon nor stars appear,  
Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,  
For ease the Thracian hero sighs,  
Delightful ease all pant to taste,  
A blessing which no treasure buys

## TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

For neither gold can lull to rest,  
Nor all a Consul's guard beat off,  
The tumults of a troubled breast,  
The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man, whose table shows  
A few clean ounces of old plate ;  
No fear intrudes on his repose,  
No sordid wishes to be great.

Poor short-liv'd things, what plans we lay !  
Ah, why forsake our native home !  
To distant climates speed away :  
For self sticks close where'er we roam.

Care follows hard ; and soon o'ertakes  
The well rigg'd ship, the warlike steed,  
Her destin'd quarry ne'er forsakes,  
Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears, of future ill  
Guard well the cheerful, happy Now ;  
Gild even your sorrows with a smile,  
No blessing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,  
Thy num'rous flocks around thee graze,  
And the best purple Tyre affords  
Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heav'n bestow'd  
A rural mansion, neat and small,  
This Lyre ; and as for yonder crowd,  
The happiness to hate them all.

## 134 TO THE MEMORY OF DR. LLOYD.

*I make no apology for the introduction of the following lines, though I have never learned who wrote them. Their elegance will sufficiently recommend them to persons of classical taste and erudition, and I shall be happy if the English version that they have received from me, be found not to dishonour them. Affection for the memory of the worthy man whom they celebrate, alone prompted me to this endeavour.*

W. COWPER.



### VERSES

TO

## THE MEMORY OF DR. LLOYD,

SPOKEN AT THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION NEXT AFTER  
HIS DECEASE.

ABIT senex ! periit senex amabilis !  
Quo non fuit jucundior.  
Lugete vos, ætas quibus maturior  
Senem colendum præstitit,  
Seu quando, viribus valentioribus  
Firmoque fretus pectore,  
Florentiori vos juventute excolens  
Cura sovebat patria.  
Seu quando fractus, jamque donatus rude,  
Vultu sed usque blandulo,  
Miscere gaudebat suas facetias  
His annuis leporibus.  
Vixit probus, puraque simplex indole,  
Blandisque comis moribus,

## TO THE MEMORY OF DR. LLOYD. 135

Et dives sequa mente—charus omnibus,  
    'Unius\* auctus munere.  
Ite tituli ! meritis beatioribus  
    Aptate laudes debitas !  
Nec invidebat ille, si quibus favens  
    Fortuna plus arriserat.  
Placide senex ! levi quiescas cespite,  
    Etsi superbum nec vivo tibi  
Decus sit inditum, nec mortuo  
    Lapis notatus nomine.

---

## THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

UR good old friend is gone, gone to his rest,  
'hose social converse was, itself, a feast.  
ye of riper age, who recollect  
ow once ye loved, and eyed him with respect,  
oth in the firmness of his better day,  
'hile yet he ruled you with a father's sway,  
nd when, impair'd by time, and glad to rest,  
et still with locks in mild complacence dress'd,  
e took his annual seat, and mingled here  
is sprightly vein with yours—now drop a tear.  
morals blameless as in manners meek,  
e knew no wish that he might blush to speak,  
at, happy in whatever state below,  
ad richer than the rich in being so,  
btain'd the hearts of all, and such a meed  
length from One,† as made him rich indeed.

\* He was usher and under-master of Westminister near fifty years, and retired from his occupation when he was near seventy, with a handsome pension from the king.

† See the note in the Latin copy

136 TO MRS. THROCKMORTON.

Hence then, ye titles, hence, not wanted here,  
Go, garnish merit in a brighter sphere,  
The brows of those whose more exalted lot  
He could congratulate, but envied not.

Light lie the turf, good Senior ! on thy breast,  
And, tranquil as thy mind was, be thy rest !  
Tho' living, thou hadst more desert than fame,  
And not a stone, now, chronicles thy name.



TO MRS. THROCKMORTON,

ON

HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSCRIPT OF HORACE'S ODE

AD LIBRUM SUUM.

[*February, 1790.*]

MARIA, could Horace have guess'd  
What honour awaited his ode,  
To his own little volume address'd,  
The honour which you have bestow'd,  
Who have traced it in characters here  
So elegant, even, and neat,  
He had laugh'd at the critical sneer  
Which he seems to have trembled to meet

And sneer, if you please, he had said,  
A nymph shall hereafter arise,  
Who shall give me, when you are all dead,  
The glory your malice denies.  
Shall dignity give to my lay,  
Although but a mere bagatelle ;  
And even a poet shall say,  
Nothing ever was written so well.

## INSCRIPTION

*For a Stone erected at the Sowing of a Grove of Oaks  
at Chillington, the seat of T. Gifford, Esq.*

1790.

[*June, 1790.*]

OTHER stones the era tell,  
When some feeble mortal fell;  
I stand here to date the birth  
Of those hardy sons of Earth.

Which shall longest brave the sky,  
Storm and frost—these oaks or I?  
Pass an age or two away,  
I must moulder and decay,  
But the years that crumble me  
Shall invigorate the tree,  
Spread its branch, dilate its size,  
Lift its summit to the skies.

Cherish honour, virtue, truth,  
So shalt thou prolong thy youth.  
Wanting these, however fast  
Man be fix'd and form'd to last,  
He is lifeless even now,  
Stone at heart, and cannot grow.

## ANOTHER,

*For a Stone erected on a similar occasion at  
place in the following year.*

[June, 1790.]

READER ! Behold a monument  
That asks no sigh or tear,  
Though it perpetuate the event  
Of a great burial here.

An



## HYMN,

FOR THE USE OF THE  
SUNDAY SCHOOL AT OLN

[July, 1790.]

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and ps  
In heaven thy dwelling-place,  
From infants, made the publick care,  
And taught to seek thy face !

Thanks for thy Word and for thy Day :  
And grant us, we implore,  
Never to waste in sinful play  
Thy holy Sabbath more.

Thanks that we hear—but oh impart  
To each desire sincere,  
That we may listen with our heart,  
And learn as well as hear.

## STANZAS.

128

For if vain thoughts the minds engage  
    Of elder far than we,  
What hope that at our heedless age  
    Our minds should e'er be free!

Much hope, if thou our spirits take  
    Under thy gracious sway,  
Who canst the wisest wiser make,  
    And babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,  
    A sun that ne'er declines ;  
And be thy mercies show'r'd on those  
    Who plac'd us where it shines.\*

—o—o—

## STANZAS

*On the late indecent Liberties taken with the Remains  
of the great Milton—Anno 1780.*

[August, 1790.]

“ Me too, perchance, in future days,  
    The sculptur'd stone shall show  
With Paphian myrtle or with bays  
    Parnassian on my brow.

\* Note by the Editor. This Hymn was written at the request of the Rev. James Bean, then Vicar of Olney, to be sung by the children of the Sunday Schools of that town, after a Charity Sermon, preached at the Parish Church for their benefit, on Sunday, July 31, 1790.

But I, or ere that season come,  
 Escaped from every care,  
 Shall reach my refuge in the tomb,  
 And sleep securely there."\*

So sang, in Roman tone and style,  
 The youthful bard, ere long  
 Ordain'd to grace his native isle  
 With her sublimest song.

Who then but must conceive disdain,  
 Hearing the deed unblest  
 Of wretches who have dar'd profane  
 His dread sepulchral rest?

Ill fare the hands that heav'd the stones  
 Where Milton's ashes lay,  
 That trembled not to grasp his bones,  
 And steal his dust away!

O ill-requited bard! neglect  
 Thy living worth repaid,  
 And blind idolatrous respect  
 As much affronts the dead.

\* *Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus  
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
 Fronde comas... At ego secura pace quiescam.*

Milton in Man

## TO MRS. KING

ON

*Her kind Present to the Author, a Patch-work Com-  
terpane of her own making.*

[August 14, 1790.]

The Bard, if e'er he feel at all,  
 Must sure be quicken'd by a call  
     Both on his heart and head,  
 To pay with tuneful thanks the care  
 And kindness of a lady fair,  
     Who deigns to deck his bed.

A bed like this, in ancient time,  
 On Ida's barren top sublime,  
     (As Homer's Epick shows)  
 Compos'd of sweetest vernal flow'rs,  
 Without the aid of sun or show'rs,  
     For Jove and Juno rose.

Less beautiful, however gay,  
 Is that which in the scorching day  
     Receives the weary swain  
 Who, laying his long sithe aside,  
 Sleeps on some bank with daisies pied,  
     Till rous'd to toil again.

What labours of the loom I see !  
 Looms numberless have groan'd for me !  
     Should ev'ry maiden come  
 To scramble for the patch that bears  
 The impress of the robe she wears,  
     The bell would toll for some.

## ANECDOTE OF HOMER.

And oh, what havock would ensue !  
 This bright display of ev'ry hue  
 All in a moment fled !  
 As if a storm should strip the bow'r's  
 Of all their tendrils, leaves, and flow'r's—  
 Each pocketing a shred.

Thanks, then, to ev'ry gentle fair  
 Who will not come to peck me bare  
 As bird of borrow'd feather,  
 And thanks, to One, above them all,  
 The gentle Fair of Pertenhall,  
 Who put the whole together.



[October, 1790.]

\* Certain Potters, while they were busied in baking th  
 ware, seeing Homer at a small distance, and having he  
 much said of his wisdom, called to him, and promised him  
 present of their commodity, and of such other things as th  
 could afford, if he would sing to them, when he sang as l  
 lows :

PAY me my price, Potters ! and I will sing  
 Attend, O Pallas ! and with lifted arm  
 Protect their oven ; let the cups and all  
 The sacred vessels blacken well, and baked  
 With good success, yield them both fair renown

\* Note by the Editor. *No title is prefixed to t  
 piece : but it appears to be a translation of one of  
 Επιγραμμata of Homer, called 'O Καμίνος, or the Fi  
 nace. The prefatory lines are from the Greek of I  
 rodotus, or whoever was the Author of the Life  
 Homer ascribed to him.*

profit, whether in the market sold,  
reest, and let no strife ensue between us,  
oh, ye Potters ! if with shameless front,  
*bisify* your promise, then I leave  
mischief uninvoik'd t' avenge the wrong.  
Syntrips, Smaragus, Sabactes come,  
Asbetus, nor let your direst dread,  
damus, delay ! Fire seize your house,  
neither house nor vestibule escape,  
ye lament to see confusion mar  
mingle the whole labour of your hands,  
may a sound fill all your oven, such  
a horse grinding his provender,  
all your pots and flagons bounce within.  
hither also, daughter of the sun,  
the Sorceress, and with thy drugs  
themselves, and all that they have made  
also, Chiron, with thy num'rous troop  
entaur, as well those who died beneath  
club of Hercules, as who escaped,  
tamp their crockery to dust ; down fall  
chimney ; let them see it with their eyes,  
owl to see the ruin of their art,  
I rejoice ; and if a potter stoop  
ep into his furnace, may the fire  
in his face and sorch it, that all men  
ve, thenceforth, equity and good faith.

IN MEMORY  
OF THE LATE  
JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.  
[November, 1790.]

Poets attempt the noblest task they can,  
Praising the Author of all good in man,  
And, next, commemorating Worthies lost,  
The Dead in whom that good abounded most.

Thee, therefore, of commercial fame, but more  
Famed for thy probity from shore to shore,  
Thee, THORNTON ! worthy in some page to shine,  
As honest, and more eloquent than mine,  
I mourn ; or, since thrice happy thou must be,  
The world, no longer thy abode, not thee.  
Thee to deplore, were grief mispent indeed ;  
It were to weep that goodness has its meed,  
That there is bliss prepared in yondor sky,  
And glory for the virtuous, when they die.

What pleasure can the miser's fondled board,  
Or spendthrift's prodigal excess afford,  
Sweet as the privilege of healing wo  
By virtue suffer'd combating below ?  
That privilege was thine ; Heav'n gave thee means  
To illumine with delight the saddest scenes,  
Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn  
As midnight, and despairing of a morn,  
Thou hadst an industry in doing good,  
Restless as his who toils and sweats for food :

in thee, was the desire of wealth  
unperishable or by stealth,  
the genuine worth of gold depend  
ication to its noblest end,  
ad a value in the scales of Heav'n,  
ing all that mine or mint had giv'n.  
ugh God made thee of a nature prone  
lution boundless of thy own,  
ly motives of religious force  
thee more to that heroick course,  
thy liberality discreet,  
its choice, and of a tempered heat ;  
ugh in act unwearied, secret still,  
me solitude the summer rill  
es, where it winds, the faded green,  
ers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.  
was thy Charity ; no sudden start,  
ng sleep of passion in the heart,  
dfast principle, and, in its kind,  
relation to th' eternal mind,  
easily to its true source above,  
whose works bespeak his nature, Love.  
ounties all were Christian, and I make  
ord of thee for the Gospel's sake ;  
e incredulous themselves may see  
nd power exemplified in thee.



## THE FOUR AGES.

*[fragment of an extensive projected Poem.]*

*[May, 1791.]*

uld be well content, allow'd the use  
experience, and the wisdom glean'd  
orn-out follies, now acknowledg'd such,  
mence life's trial in the hope  
r errors, on a second proof'"  
III.

Thus, while gray evening lull'd the wind, and c  
 Fresh odours from the shubb'ry at my side,  
 Taking my lonely winding walk, I mus'd,  
 And held accustom'd conference with my heart,  
 When, from within it, thus a voice replied.  
 " Couldst thou in truth ? and art thou taught at le  
 This wisdom, and but this, from all the past ?  
 Is not the pardon of thy long arrear,  
 Time wasted, violated laws, abuse  
 Of talents, judgments, mercies, better far  
 Than opportunity vouchsaf'd to err  
 With less excuse, and haply, worse effect ?"

I heard, and acquiesced ; then to and fro  
 Oft pacing, as the mariner his deck,  
 My grav'ly bounds, from self to human kind  
 I pass'd, and next consider'd——what is Man ?

Knows he his origin ? can he ascend  
 By reminiscence to his earliest date ?  
 Slept he in Adam ? and in those from him  
 Through num'rous generations, till he found  
 At length his destin'd moment to be born ?  
 Or was he not, till fashion'd in the womb ?  
 Deep myst'ries both ! which schoolmen much have  
 To unriddle, and have left them myst'ries still.

It is an evil incident to man,  
 And of the worst, that unexplor'd he leaves  
 Truths useful and attainable with ease,  
 To search forbidden deeps, where myst'ry lies  
 Not to be solv'd, and useless if it might.  
 Myst'ries are food for angels ; they digest  
 With ease, and find them nutriment ; but man,  
 While yet he dwells below, must stoop to glean  
 His manna from the ground, or starve and die.

## THE JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

[*May, 1791.*]

Two nymphs, both nearly of an age,  
Of num'rous charms possess'd,  
A warm dispute once chanc'd to wage,  
Whose temper was the best.

The worth of each had been complete  
Had both alike been mild.  
But one, although her smile was sweet,  
Frown'd oftener than she smil'd.

And in her humour, when she frown'd  
Would raise her voice and roar,  
And shake with fury to the ground  
The garland that she wore.

The other was of gentler cast,  
From all such frenzy clear,  
Her frowns were seldom known to last,  
And never prov'd severe.

To poets of renown in song  
The nymphs referr'd the cause,  
Who, strange to tell, all judg'd it wrong,  
And gave misplaced applause.

They gentle call'd, and kind and soft,  
The flippant and the scold,  
And though she chang'd her mood so oft,  
That failing left untold.

48 THE JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

No judges, sure, were e'er so mad,  
Or so resolv'd to err—  
In short, the charms her sister had  
They lavish'd all on her.

Then thus the god whom fondly they  
Their great inspirer call,  
Was heard, one genial summer's day,  
To reprimand them all.

"Since thus ye have combin'd," he said,  
"My favourite nymph to slight,  
Adorning May, that peevish maid,  
With June's undoubted right."

"The Minx shall for your folly's sake,  
Still prove herself a siren;  
Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,  
And pinch your noses blue."

**TRANSLATIONS  
OF THE  
LATIN AND ITALIAN POEMS  
OF  
MILTON.**

[*Began, September, 1791. Finished, March, 1792.*]  
**13\***

TRANSLATIONS  
OF  
**THE LATIN POEMS,**  
&c. &c.

—•—  
**ELEGIES.**  
—•—

**ELEGY I.**

**TO CHARLES DIODATI.**

At length, my friend, the far sent letters come  
Charged with thy kindness, to their destin'd home;  
They come, at length, from Deva's Western side  
Where prone she seeks the salt Vergivian tide.  
Trust me, my joy is great that thou shouldst be,  
Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,  
And that my sprightly friend, now free to roam,  
Must seek again so soon his wonted home.  
I well content, where Thames with refluent tide,  
My native city laves, meantime reside,  
Nor zeal nor duty, now, my steps impel  
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.  
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,  
That, to the musing bard, all shade deny.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 151

s time, that I, a pedant's threats disdain,  
d fly from wrongs my soul will ne'er sustain.  
peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent,  
neath my father's roof, bē bannishment,  
en call mē banish'd; I will nē et réfuse  
ame expressive of the lot I choose.  
ould, that exiled to the Pónick shore,  
me's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more.  
then had equall'd even Homer's lays,  
d Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise:  
here I woo the muse; with no control,  
i here my books—my life—absorb me whole.  
re too I visit, or to smile, or weep,  
o winding theatre's majestick sweep;  
o grave or gay colloquial scene recruits  
spirits, spent in learning's long pursuits;  
ether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,  
tor, or soldier, now unarm'd, be there,  
some coif'd brooder o'er a ten years' cause,  
under the Norman gibb'rish of the laws.  
o lacquey, there, oft dupes the wary sire,  
l, artful, speedēs th' enamour'd son's desire.  
re, virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,  
at love is, know not, yet unknowing, love.  
if impassion'd Tragedy wield high  
o bloody sceptre, give her locks to fly  
d as the winds, and roll hér haggard eye,  
ze, and grieve, still cherishing my grief,  
times, e'en bitter tears! yield sweet relief.  
when from bliss untasted torn away,  
ie youth dies, hapless, on his bridal day,  
when the ghost, sent back to shades below,  
s the assassin's heart with vengeful wo,  
en Troy, or Argos, the dire scene affords,  
Creon's hall laments its guilty lords.  
always city-pent, or pent at home,  
vell; but, when spring calls me forth to roam,

152 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Expatiate in our proud suburban shades  
Of branching elm, that never sun pervades.  
Here many a virgin troop I may descry,  
Like stars of mildest influence, gliding by.  
Oh forms divine ! Oh looks that might inspire  
E'en Jove himself, grown old, with young desire ?  
Oft have I gazed on gem-surpassing eyes;  
Out-sparkling every star that gilds the skies.  
Necks whiter than the ivory arm bestowed  
By Jove on Pelops, or the milky road !  
Bright locks, Love's golden snare ! these falling lo !  
Those playing wanton o'er the graceful brow !  
Cheeks too, more winning sweet than after show'r  
Adónis turn'd to Flora's fav'rite flower !  
Yield, heroines, yield, and ye who shar'd th' embra  
Of Jupiter in ancient times, give place !  
Give place, ye turbann'd fair of Persia's coast !  
And ye, not less renown'd, Assyria's boast !  
Submit, ye nymphs of Greece ! ye, once the bloon  
Of Ilion ! and all ye, of haughty Rome.  
Who swept, of old, her theatres with trains  
Redundant, and still live in classick strains !  
To British damsels beauty's palm is due,  
Aliens ! to follow them is fame for you.  
Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,  
Whose towering front the circling realm command  
Too blest abode ! no loveliness we see  
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.  
The virgin multitude that daily meets,  
Radiant with gold and beauty, in thy streets,  
Out-numbers all her train of starry fires,  
With which Diana gilds thy lofty spires.  
Fame says, that wafted hither by her doves,  
With all her host of quiver-bearing loves,  
Venus, preferring Paphian scènes no more,  
Has fix'd her empire on thy nobler shore.  
But lest the sightless boy enforce my stay,  
I leave these happy walls, while yet I may.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 153

mortal Moly shall secure my heart  
In all the sor'ry of Circcean art, . . .  
I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools  
See once more the warfare of the schools.  
Intime accept this trifie ! rhymes though few,  
such as prove thy friend's remembrance true.

### ELEGY II.

ON THE

### MATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE AT CAMBRIDGE.

*Composed by Milton in the 17th year of his age.*

er, whose resplendent staff, and summons clear,  
Minerva's flock long time was wont t' obey,  
ough thyself an herald, famous here,  
he last of heralds, Death, has snatch'd away.  
calls on all alike, nor even deigns  
spare the office, that himself sustains.

locks were whiter than the plumes display'd  
By Leda's paramour in ancient time,  
thou wast worthy ne'er to have decay'd,  
Or Æson-like, to know a second prime,  
rthy, for whom some goddess shall have won  
w life, oft kneeling to Apollo's son.

nmission'd to convene, with hasty call,  
The gowned tribes, how graceful wouldst thou  
stand !  
stood Cyllenus erst in Priam's hall,  
Wing-footed messenger of Jove's command !

154 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

And so Eurybates, when he address'd  
To Peleus' son, Atrides' proud behest.

Dread queen of sepulchres ! whose rig'rous laws  
And watchful eyes, run through the realms be.  
Oh oft too adverse to Minerva's cause !

Too often to the muse not less a foe !  
Choose meaner marks, and with more equal aim  
Pierce useless drones, earth's burthen, and its sh-

Flow, therefore, tears for him, from ev'ry eye,  
All ye disciples of the muses, weep !  
Assembling, all, in robes of sable die,  
Around his bier, lament his endless sleep !  
And let complaining elegy rehearse,  
In every school, her sweetest, saddest verse.

ELEGY III.

ON

THE DEATH

OF THE

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

*Composed in the Author's 17th year.*

SILENT I sat, dejected, and alone,  
Making, in thought, the publick woes my own,  
When, first, arose the image in my breast  
Of England's suffering by that scourge, the Pest

NSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 156

his fun'ral torch and sithe in hand,  
e lordliest mansions of the land,  
gem-illumin'd palace low,  
tribes of nobles at a blow.  
or'd the fam'd paternal pair,  
ashes turn'd, and empty air !  
next, whom snatch'd into the skies,  
aw, and followed with her sighs,  
most I mourn'd, regretted most,  
ief shepherd, and her worthiest boast !  
n tears I thus complaining said ;  
xt in pow'r to him, who rules the dead !  
igh that all the woodlands yield  
force, and ev'ry verdant field,  
at one noisome blast of thine,  
e Cyprian queen's own roses pine,  
hemselv's, although the running rill  
roots, must wither at thy will,  
winged nations, even those,  
'n-directed flight the future shows,  
beasts, that in dark forests stray,  
herds of Proteus are thy prey.  
! arm'd with pow'rs so unconfin'd !  
hy hands with blood of human kind ?  
elight with darts, that never roam,  
heav'n-born spirit from her home ?"

is I mourn'd the star of evening stood,  
ris'n above the western flood,  
, from his morning-goal, again  
the gulfs of the Iberian main.  
ose, and, on my couch declin'd,  
rest, to night and sleep resign'd ;  
for words to paint what I beheld !  
wander in a spacious field,  
he champaign glow'd with purple light  
' sun-rise on the mountain height ;

156 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Flowers over all the field, of every hue  
That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.  
Nor Chloris, with whom am'rous Zephyrs play,  
E'er dress'd Alcinous' garden half so gay.  
A silver current, like the Tagus, roll'd  
O'er golden sands, but sands of purer gold,  
With dewy airs Favonius fann'd the flow'rs,  
With airs awaken'd under rosy bow'rs.  
Such, poets feign, irradiated all o'er  
The sun's abode on India's utmost shore.

While I, that splendour, and the mingled shade  
Of fruitful vines, with wonder fix'd survey'd,  
At once, with looks that beam'd celestial grace,  
The seer of Winton stood before my face.  
His snowy vesture's hem descending low,  
His golden sandals swept, and pure as snow  
New-fallen shone the mitre on his brow.  
Where'er he trod, a tremulous sweet sound  
Of gladness shook the flow'ry scene around;  
Attendant angels clap their starry wings,  
The trumpet shakes the sky, all ether rings;  
Each chants his welcome, folds him to his breast,  
And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest:  
"Ascend, my son! thy father's kingdom share!  
My son! henceforth be freed from ev'ry care!"

So spake the voice, and at its tender close  
With pealt'ry's sound th' angelick band arose.  
Then night retired, and chas'd by dawning day  
The visionary bliss pass'd all away.  
I mourn'd my banish'd sleep, with fond concern;  
Frequent to me may dreams like this return.

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS TUTOR,

THOMAS YOUNG,

CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH FACTORY AT HAMBURG.

*Written in the Author's 18th year.*

Hence my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er  
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonick shore !  
Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay—  
And the gods grant, that nothing thwart thy way  
I will myself invoke the king, who binds,  
In his Sicanian echoing vault, the winds,  
With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng  
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.  
But rather, to ensure thy happier hasto,  
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou may'st ;  
Or that, whence young Triptolemus of yore  
Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.

The sands, that line the German coast, described,  
To opulent Hamburga turn aside !  
So called, if legendary fame be true,  
From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew !  
There lives, deep-learn'd and primitively just,  
A faithful steward of his christian trust,  
My friend, and favourite inmate of my heart,  
That now is forced to want its better part !  
What mountains now, and seas, alas ! how wide !  
From me this other, dearer self divide ;  
Dear as the sage renown'd for moral truth  
To the prime spirit of the attick youth !

## 158 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON

Dear as the Stagyrite to Ammon's son,  
 His pupil, who disdain'd the world he won !  
 Nor so did Chiron, or so Phœnix shine  
 In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.  
 First led by him thro' sweet Aonian shade,  
 Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd ;  
 And favour'd by the muse whom I implor'd,  
 Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd.  
 But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd  
 To Aries, has new ting'd his fleece with gold,  
 And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,  
 And twice has summer parch'd their bloom away,  
 Since last delighted on his looks I hung,  
 Or my ear drank the musick of his tongue ;  
 Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed ;  
 Aware thyself, that there is urgent need !  
 Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see  
 Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee.  
 Or turning, page by page, with studious look,  
 Some bulky father, or God's holy book.  
 Or minist'ring (which is his weightiest care)  
 To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare.  
 Give him, whatever his employment be,  
 Such gratulation as he claims from me !  
 And, with a downcast eye, and carriage meek,  
 Addressing him, forget not thus to speak !

“ If, compass'd round with arms, thou canst attest  
 To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.  
 Long due, and late, I left the English shore ;  
 But make me welcome for that cause the more !  
 Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,  
 The slow epistle came, though late, sincere.  
 But wherefore this ? why palliate I the deed  
 For which the culprit's self could hardly plead ?  
 Self-charged, and self-condemn'd, his proper part  
 He feels neglected, with an aching heart :

thou forgive—delinquents, who confess,  
 I pray forgiveness, merit anger less ;  
 in timid foes, the lion turns away,  
 yawns upon or rends a crouching prey :  
 in pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare,  
 by soft influence of a suppliant prayer ;  
 I heav'n's dread thunderbolt arrested stands  
 a cheap victim, and uplifted hands.  
 Ig had he wish'd to write, but was withheld,  
 I writes at last, by love alone compell'd,  
 fame, too often true, when she alarms,  
 sorts thy neighbouring fields a scene of arms ;  
 city against fierce besiegers barr'd,  
 all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepar'd.  
 wastes thy country wide around,  
 saturates with blood the tainted ground ;  
 rests contented in his Thrace no more,  
 goads his steeds to fields of German gore.  
 ever verdant olive fades and dies,  
 peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,  
 from that earth which justice long had left,  
 leaves the world of its last guard bereft.

Thus horrour girds thee round. Meantime alone  
 dwell'st, and helpless in a soil unknown ;  
 and receiving from a foreign hand  
 aid denied thee in thy native land.  
 ruthless country, and unfeeling more  
 in thy own billow-beaten chalky shore !  
 w'st thou to foreign care the worthies, giv'n  
 Providence to guide thy steps to Heav'n ?  
 ministers commission'd to proclaim  
 rnal blessings in a Saviour's name !  
 then most worthy, with a soul unfed,  
 Stygian night to lie for ever dead.  
 once the venerable Tishbite stray'd  
 exil'd fugitive from shade to shade,

160 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

When, flying Ahab, and his fury wife,  
In long Arabian wilds he shelter'd life ;  
So, from Philippi, wander'd forth forlorn  
Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn ;  
And Christ himself so left, and trod no more,  
The thankless Gergesenes' forbidden shore.

But thou take courage ! strive against despair !  
Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care !  
Grim war indeed on every side appears,  
And thou art menac'd by a thousand spears ;  
Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend,  
E'en the defenceless bosom of my friend.  
For thee the Ægis of thy God shall hide,  
Jehovah's self shall combat on thy side ;  
The same, who vanquish'd, under Sion's tow'rs  
At silent midnight, all Assyria's pow'rs,  
The same who overthrew in ages past,  
Damascus' sons that laid Samaria waste !  
Their king he fill'd, and them with fatal fears,  
By mimick sounds of clarions in their ears.  
Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar,  
Of clashing armour, and the din of war.

Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted) may  
Still hope, and triumph o'er the evil day !  
Look forth, expecting happier times to come  
And to enjoy, once more, thy native home !

## ELEGY V.

ON THE

## APPROACH OF SPRING.

*Written in the Author's 20th Year.*

z, never wand'ring from his annual round,  
ephyr breathe the spring, and thaw the ground ;  
winter flies, new verdure clothes the plain,  
irth assumes her transient youth again.

I, or also to the spring belong  
e of genius, and new pow'rs of song ?  
gives them, and how strange soe'er it seems,  
me now to some harmonious themes.

a's fountain and the forked hill  
, by night, my raptur'd fancy fill ;  
om burns and heaves, I hear within  
d sound, that prompts me to begin.

œbus comes, with his bright hair he blends  
diant laurel wreath ; Phœbus descends ;  
t, and, undepress'd by cumb'rous clay,  
h cloudy regions win my easy way ;  
rough poetick shadowy haunts I fly :  
rines all open to my dauntless eye,  
rit searches all the realms of light,

Tartarean gulfs elude my sight.  
s ecstatick trance—this glorious storm  
iration—what will it perform ?  
claims the verse, that with his influence glows,  
all be paid with what himself bestows.

162 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Thou, veil'd with op'ning foliage, lead'st the thro'  
Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel ! in song ;  
Let us, in concert, to the season sing,  
Civick, and sylvan heralds of the spring !

With notes triumphant, spring's approach declare  
To spring, ye Muses, annual tribute bear !  
The Orient left, and *Aethiopia's* plains,  
The sun now northward turns his golden reins ;  
Night creeps not now ; yet rules with gentle sway ;  
And drives her dusky horrors swift away ;  
Now less fatigued, on this ethereal plain  
Bootes follows his celestial wain ;  
And now the radiant sentinels above,  
Less num'rous, watch around the courts of Jove,  
For, with the night, force, ambush, slaughter fly,  
And no gigantick guilt alarms the sky.  
Now haply says some shepherd, while he views,  
Recumbent on a rock, the redd'ning dews,  
This night, this surely, Phœbus miss'd the fair,  
Who stops his chariot by her am'rous care.  
Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,  
Speeds to the woodland, and resumès her bow ;  
Resigns her beams, and glad to disappear,  
Blesses his aid, who shortens her career.  
Come—Phœbus cries—Aurora come—too late  
Thou ling'rest slumb'ring with thy wither'd mate !  
Leave him, and to Hymettu's top repair !  
Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.  
The goddess, with a blush, her love betrays,  
But mounts, and driving rapidly, obeys.  
Earth now desires thee, Phœbus ! and t' engage  
Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age ;  
Desires thee, and deserves ; for who so sweet,  
When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat ?  
Her breath imparts to ev'ry breeze that blows,  
*Arabia's* harvest, and the Paphian rose.

TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 163

Her lofty front she diademe around  
With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crown'd :  
Her dewy locks, with various flow'rs new-blown,  
She interweaves, various, and all her own.  
For Proserpine, in such a wreath attir'd,  
Tenarian Dis himself with love inspir'd.  
Fear not, lest, cold and coy, the nymph refuse :  
Herself, with all her sighing Zephyrs, sues ;  
Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,  
And all her groves with warbled wishes ring.  
Now, unendow'd and indigent, aspires,  
The am'rous Earth to engage thy warm desires,  
But, rich in balmy drugs, assist thy claim,  
Divine Physician ! to that glorious name,  
If splendid recompense, if gifts can move  
Desire in thee, (gifts often purchase love,)  
She offers all the wealth her mountains hide,  
And all that rests beneath the boundless tide.  
How oft, when headlong from the heav'nly steep,  
She sees thee playing in the western deep,  
How oft she cries—" Ah Phœbus ! why repair  
Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there !  
Can Tethy's win thee ? wherefore shouldst thou lave  
A face so fair in her unpleasant wave ?  
Come, seek my green retreats, and rather choose  
To cool thy tresses in my crystal dews,  
The grassy turf shall yield thee swēeter rest ;  
Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,  
And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,  
Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose !  
No fears I feel like Semele to die,  
Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,  
For thou canst govern them, here therefore rest  
And lay thy evening glories on my breast ?"

Thus breathes the wanton earth her am'rous flame,  
And all her countless offspring feel the same ;

## 164 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

For Cupid now through every region strays,  
Bright'ning his faded fires with solar rays,  
His new-strung bow sends forth a deadlier sound,  
And his new-pointed shafts more deeply wound ;  
Nor Dian's self escapes him now untried,  
Nor even Vesta at her altar-side ;  
His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,  
And seems sprung newly from the deep again.  
Exulting youths the Hymeneal sing,  
With Hymen's name roofs, rocks, and valleys, ring  
He, new-attired, and by the season dress'd,  
Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron vest.  
Now, many a golden-cinctur'd virgin roves  
To taste the pleasures of the fields and groves,  
All wish, and each alike, some fav'rite youth  
Hers in the bonds of Hymeneal truth.  
Now pipes the shepherd through his reeds again,  
Nor Phillis wants a song, that suits the strain,  
With songs the seaman hails the starry sphere,  
And dolphins rise from the abyss to hear ;  
Jove feels himself the season, sports again  
With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.  
Now too the Satyrs, in the dusk of eve,  
Their mazy dance through flow'ry meadows weave,  
And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,  
Silvanus wreath'd with cypress, skips behind,  
The Dryads leave their hollow sylvan cells  
To roam the banks, and solitary dells ;  
Pan riots now ; and from his amorous chafe  
Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe,  
And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,  
In chase of some enticing Oread, flies ;  
She bounds before, but fears too swift a bound,  
And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.  
Our shades entice th' Immortals from above,  
And some kind pow'r presides o'er every grove ;  
And long, ye pow'rs, o'er every grove preside,  
For all is safe, and bliss, where ye abide !

Return, O Jove ! the age of gold restore—  
 Why choose to dwell where storms and thunders roar ?  
 At least, thou, Phœbus ! moderate thy speed !  
 Let not the vernal hours too swift proceed,  
 Command rough winter back, nor yield the pole  
 Too soon to Night's encroaching long control !



## ELEGY VI.

## TO CHARLES DIODATI,

Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the Author a poetical epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts to which his friends invited him, and which would not allow him leisure to finish them as he wished.

WITH no rich viands overcharg'd, I send  
 Health, which perchance you want, my pamper'd  
 friend ;  
 But wherefore should thy muse tempt mine away  
 From what she loves, from darkness into day ?  
 Art thou desirous to be told how well  
 I love thee, and in verse ? verse cannot tell :  
 For verse has bounds, and must in measure move ;  
 But neither bounds nor measure knows my love.  
 How pleasant, in thy lines described, appear  
 December's harmless sports, and rural cheer !  
 French spirits kindling with cerulean fires,  
 And all such gambols as the time inspires !

Think not that wine against good verse offends ;  
 The muse and Bacchus have been always friends,

## 166 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Nor Phœbus blushes sometimes to be found  
With ivy, than with laurel, crown'd.  
The Nine themselves oftentimes have join'd the ~~s~~  
And revels of the Bacchanalian throng ;  
Not even Ovid could in Scythian air  
Sing sweetly—why ? no vine would flourish there  
What in brief numbers sung Anacreon's muse ?  
Wine, and the rose, that sparkling wine bedews.  
Pindar with Bacchus glows—his every line  
Breathes the rich fragrance of inspiring wine,  
While, with loud crash o'erturn'd, the chariot lies  
And brown with dust the fiery courser flies.  
The Roman lyrist steep'd in wine his lays  
So sweet in Glycera's, and Chloe's praise.  
Now to the plenteous feast and mantling bowl  
Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul ;  
The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,  
And casks not wine alone, but verse bestow.  
Thus Phœbus favours, and the arts attend,  
Whom Bacchus, and whom Ceres, both befriend  
What wonder, then, thy verses are so sweet,  
In which these triple powers so kindly meet !  
The lute now also sounds, with gold inwrought,  
And touch'd, with flying fingers nicely taught,  
In tap'stryed halls, high roof'd, the sprightly lyre  
Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.  
If dull repletion fright the Muse away,  
Sights, gay as these, may more invite her stay ;  
And, trust me; while the iv'ry keys resound,  
Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,  
Apollo's influence, like ethereal flame,  
Shall animate at once thy glowing frame,  
And all the Muse shall rush into thy breast,  
By love and musick's blended pow'rs possess'd,  
For num'rous power's like Elegy befriend,  
Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend ;  
Her Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,  
And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love;

TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 167

Hence to such bards we grant the copious use  
Of banquets, and the vine's delicious juice.  
But they who demi-gods and heroes praise,  
And feats perform'd in Jove's more youthful days,  
Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,  
Now shades, that echo the Cerberean roar,  
Simply let these, like him of Samos live,  
Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give ;  
In beechen goblets let their bev'rage shine,  
Cool from the crystal spring, their sober wine !  
Their youth should pass, in innocence, secure  
From stain licentious, and in manners pure,  
Pure as the priest, when rob'd in white he stands,  
The fresh lustration ready in his hands.  
Thus Limus liv'd, and thus, as poets write,  
Tiresias, wiser for his loss of sight !  
Thus exil'd Chalcas, thus the bard of Thrace,  
Melodious tamer of the savage race !  
Thus train'd by temp'rance, Homer led, of yore,  
His chief of Ithaca from shore to shore,  
Through magick Circe's monster-peopled reign,  
And shoals insidious with the syren train ;  
And through the realms, where grizzly spectres dwell,  
Whose tribes he fetter'd in a gory spell ;  
For these are sacred bards, and, from above,  
Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove !

Wouldst thou, (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine ear,)  
Wouldst thou be told my occupation here ?  
The promised King of peace employs my pen,  
Th' eternal cov'nant made for guilty men,  
The new-born Deity with infant cries  
Filling the sordid hovel, where he lies ;  
The hymning angels, and the herald star,  
That led the Wise, who sought him from afar  
And idols on their own unhallow'd shore  
Dash'd, at his birth, to be rever'd no more !

168 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse :  
The dawn of that blest day inspir'd the verse ;  
Verse, that reserv'd in secret shall attend  
Thy candid voice, my critick, and my friend

—oo—

ELEGY VII.

*Composed in the Author's 19th year.*

As yet a stranger to the gentle fires,  
That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,  
Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,  
And scorn'd his claim to rule all human hearts.  
" Go, child," I said, " transfix the tim'rous dove !  
An easy conquest suits an infant love ;  
Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be  
Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee !  
Why aim thy idle arms at human kind ?  
' Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind.' "

The Cyprian heard, and, kindling into ire,  
(None kindles sooner) burn'd with double fire.

It was the spring, and newly risen day  
Peep'd o'er the hamlets on the first of May ;  
My eyes, too tender for the blaze of light,  
Still sought the shelter of retiring night,  
When love approach'd in painted plumes array'd,  
Th' insidious god his rattling darts betray'd,  
Nor less his infant features and the sly,  
Sweet intimations of his threat'ning eye.  
Such the Sigeian boy is seen above,  
Filling the goblet for imperial Jove ;

TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 169

th he, on whom the nymphs bestow'd their charms,  
has, who perish'd in a Naiad's arms,  
gry he seem'd, yet graceful in his ire,  
d added threats, not destitute of fire.  
ly power," he said, " by others' pain alone,  
vere best to learn : now learn it by thy own !  
th those, who feel my power, that pow'r attest !  
d in thy anguish be my sway confess'd !  
anquish'd Phœbus, though returning vain  
m this new triumph o'er the Python slain,  
d, when he thinks on Daphne, even he  
ll yield the prize of archery to me.  
hart less true the Parthian horseman sped,  
hind him kill'd, and conquer'd as he fled ;  
is true th' expert Cydonian, and less true  
e youth, whose shaft his latent Procris slew.  
nquish'd by me see huge Orion bend,  
me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.  
me should Jove himself a bolt design,  
bosom first should bleed transfix'd by mine.  
t all thy doubts this shaft will best explain,  
r shall it reach thee with a trivial pain,  
y Muse, vain youth ! shall not thy peace ensure,  
t Phœbus' serpent yield the wound a cure."

He spoke, and, waving a bright shaft in air,  
ight the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.

That thus a child should bluster in my ear,  
wok'd my laughter, more than mov'd my fear,  
unn'd not, therefore, publick haunts, but stray'd  
reless in city, or suburban shade ;  
d passing, and repassing, nymphs, that mov'd  
th grace divine, beheld where'er I rov'd.  
ght shone the vernal day, with double blaze,  
beauty gave new fo ~ to Phœbus' rays  
no grave scruples check'd I freely ey'd  
o dang'rous show, rash y, wh my only guide ,  
Vol. III. 15

## 170 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

And many a look of many a fair unknown  
Met full unable to control my own.  
But one I mark'd, (then peace forsook my breast,)  
One—Oh how far superior to the rest !  
What lovely features ! such the Cyprian queen  
Herself might wish, and Juno wish her mien.  
The very nymph was she, whom when I dar'd  
His arrows, Love, had even then prepar'd !  
Nor was himself remote, nor unsupply'd  
With torch well-trimm'd and quiver at his side ;  
Now to her lips he clung, her eyelids now,  
Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow,  
And with a thousand wounds from ev'ry part  
Pierc'd, and transpierced, my undefended heart,  
A fever, new to me, of fierce desire,  
Now seiz'd my soul, and I was all on fire,  
But she, the while, whom only I adore,  
Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more.  
In silent sadness I pursue my way ;  
I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,  
And while I follow her in thought, bemoan  
With tears, my soul's delight so quickly flown.  
When Jove had hurl'd him to the Lemnian coast,  
So Vulcan sorrow'd for Olympus lost :  
And so Oeclides, sinking into night,  
From the deep gulf look'd up to distant light.

Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,  
Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain ?  
Oh could I once, once more behold the fair,  
Speak to her, tell her of the pangs I bear,  
Perhaps she is not adamant, would show  
Perhaps some pity at my tale of wo.  
Oh inauspicious flame—'tis mine to prove  
A matchless instance of disastrous love.  
Ah spare me, gentle pow'r !—If such thou be,  
Let not thy deeds, and nature, disagree.

Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine  
 With vow and sacrifice, save only thine.  
 Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts :  
 Now own thee sov'reign of all human hearts.  
 Remove ! no—grant me still this raging wo !  
 Sweet is the wretchedness that lovers know :  
 But pierce hereafter (should I chance to see  
 One destin'd mine) at once both her and me.

Such were the trophies, that, in earlier days,  
 By vanity seduced, I toil'd to raise,  
 Studiois, yet indolent, and urg'd by youth,  
 That worst of teachers ! from the ways of truth ;  
 Till learning taught me, in his shady bow'r,  
 To quit love's servile yoke, and spurn his pow'r.  
 Then, on a sudden, the fierce flame suppress'd,  
 A frost continual settled on my breast,  
 Whence Cupid fears his flames extinct to see,  
 And Venus dreads a Diomede in me.



## EPIGRAMS.

## ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS.

PRAISE in old time the rage Prometheus won,  
 Who stole ethereal radiance from the sun ;  
 But greater he, whose bold invention strove  
 To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.

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[The poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's days, would be extremely unseasonable now.]

## TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME.\*

ANOTHER Leonora once inspir'd  
 Tasso, with fatal love to phrensy fir'd ;  
 But how much happier liv'd he now, were he,  
 Pierc'd with whatever pangs for love of thee !  
 Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,  
 With Adriana's late of sound divine,  
 Fiercer than Pentheus, though his eye might roll,  
 Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,  
 You still, with medicinal sounds, might cheer  
 His senses wandering in a blind career ;  
 And sweetly breathing through his wounded breast,  
 Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to rest.



## TO THE SAME.

NAPLES, too credulous, ah ! boast no more  
 The sweet-voic'd Siren buried on thy shore,  
 That, when Parthenope deceas'd, she gave  
 Her sacred dust to a Chalcidick grave,  
 For still she lives, but has exchang'd the hearse  
 Pausilipo for Tiber's placid course,  
 Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains  
 Of magick song, both gods and men detain.

\* I have translated only two of the three poetical compliments addressed to Leonora, as they appear to me far superior to what I have omitted.

## THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A FABLE.

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,  
 Presenting pippins, of so rich a sort,  
 That he, displeas'd to have a part alone,  
 Remov'd the tree, that all might be his own.  
 The tree, too old to travel, though before  
 So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.  
 The 'squire, perceiving all his labour void,  
 Curs'd his own pains, so foolishly employ'd,  
 And " Oh," he cried, " that I had liv'd content  
 With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant !  
 My av'rice has expensive prov'd to me,  
 Has cost me both my pippins and my tree."



TO

CHRISTIANA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,

WITH

CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

CHRISTIANA, maiden of heroick mien !  
 Star of the north ! of northern stars the queen  
 Behold what wrinkles I have earn'd, and how  
 The iron casque still chafes my vet'r'an brow,  
 While following fate's dark footsteps, I fulfil  
 The dictates of a hardy people's will.  
 But soften'd, in thy sight, my looks appear,  
 Not to all Queens or Kings alike severe.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

.....

ON THE

## DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,

A PHYSICIAN.

LEARN, ye nations of the earth,  
 The condition of your birth,  
 Now be taught your feeble state !  
 Know that all must yield to fate !

If the mournful rover, Death,  
 Say but once—" resign your breath !"  
 Vainly of escape you dream,  
 You must pass the Stygian stream.

Could the stoutest overcome  
 Death's assault, and baffle doom,  
 Hercules had both withstood  
 Undiseas'd by Nessus' blood.

Ne'er had Hector press'd the plain  
 By a trick of Pallas slain,  
 Nor the chief to Jove allied  
 By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,  
 Circe sav'd by magick song,  
 Still had liv'd; an equal skill  
 Had preserv'd Medea still.

**TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.** 175

Dwelt in herbs, and drugs, a pow'r  
To avert man's destin'd hour,  
Learn'd Machoan should have known  
Doubtless to avert his own.

Orifon had surviv'd the smart  
Of the Hydra-tainted dart,  
~~And~~ Jove's bolt had been, with ease,  
Foil'd by Asclepiades.

Thou too, sage ! of whom forlorn  
Helicon and Cirrho mourn,  
Still hadst fill'd thy princely place  
Regent of the gowned race.

Hadst advanc'd to higher fame  
Still, thy much-ennobled name,  
Nor in Charon's skiff explor'd  
The Tartarean gulf abhor'd.

But resentful Proserpine,  
Jealous of thy skill divine,  
Snapping short thy vital thread,  
Thee too number'd with the dead.

Wise and good ! untroubled be  
The green turf that covers thee !  
Thence, in gay profusion, grow  
All the sweetest flow'rs that blow !

Plato's consort bid thee rest !  
Æacus pronounce thee blest :  
To her home thy shade consign !  
Make Elysium ever thine !

ON THE  
DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF E

*Written in the Author's 17th year.*

My lids with grief were tumid yet,  
 And still my sullied cheek was wet  
 With briny dews, profusely shed  
 For venerable Winton dead :  
 When Fame, whose tales of saddest sound,  
 Alas ! are ever truest found,  
 The news through all our cities spread  
 Of yet another mitred head  
 By ruthless fate to death consign'd,  
 Ely, the honour of his kind !

At once, a storm of passion heav'd  
 My boiling bosom, much I griev'd,  
 But more I rag'd at ev'ry breath  
 Devoting Death himself to death.  
 With less revenge did Naso teem,  
 When hated Ibis was his theme ;  
 With less, Archilochus, denied  
 The lovely Greek, his promis'd bride.

But lo ! while thus I execrate,  
 Incens'd the minister of fate,  
 Wondrous accents, soft, yet clear,  
 Wafted on the gale I hear.

“ Ah, much deluded ! lay aside  
 Thy threats, and anger misapplied !  
 Art not afraid with sounds like these,  
 T' offend, where thou canst not appease ?

TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 177

Death is not (wherefore dream'st thou thus?)  
The son of Night and Erebus :  
Nor was of fell Erynnis born  
On gulfs, where Chaos rules forlorn :  
But, sent from God, his presence leaves,  
To gather home his ripen'd sheaves,  
To call encumber'd souls away  
From fleshly bonds to boundless day,  
(As when the winged hours excite,  
And summon forth the morning-light)  
And each to convoy to her place  
Before th' Eternal Father's face.  
But not the wicked—them, severe  
Yet just, from all their pleasures here  
He hurries to the realms below,  
Terrifick realms of penal wo !  
Myself no sooner heard his call,  
Than 'scaping through my prison-wall,  
I bade adieu to bolts and bars,  
And soar'd, with angels, to the stars,  
Like him of old, to whom 'twas giv'n  
To mount, on fiery wheels, to Heav'n.  
Bootes' wagon, slow with cold,  
Appall'd me not ; nor to behold  
The sword, that vast Orion draws,  
Or ev'n the Scorpion's horrid claws,  
Beyond the sun's bright orb I fly,  
And, far beneath my feet, desery  
Night's dread goddess, seen with awe,  
Whom her winged dragons draw.  
Thus, ever wond'ring at my speed,  
Augmented still as I proceed,  
I pass the planetary sphere,  
The Milky Way—and now appear  
Heav'n's crystal battlements, her door  
Of missey pearl, and em'rald floor.

178 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

But here I cease. For never can  
The tongue of once a mortal man  
In suitable description trace  
The pleasures of that happy place ;  
Suffice it, that those joys divine,  
Are all, and all for ever, mine !”

—o—o—

NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME

AH, how the human mind wearies herself  
With her own wand'ring, and, involv'd in gloom  
Impenetrable, speculates amiss !  
Measuring, in her folly, things divine  
By human ; laws inscrib'd on adamant  
By laws of man's device, and counsels fix'd  
For ever, by the hours, that pass and die.

How !—shall the face of nature then be plough'd  
Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last  
On the great Parent fix a sterile curse ?  
Shall even she confess old age, and halt,  
And, palsy-smitten, shake her starry brows ?  
Shall foul Antiquity with rust and drought,  
And Famine, vex the radiant worlds above ?  
Shall Time's unsated maw crave and ingulf  
The very Heav'ns, that regulate his flight ?  
And was the Sire of all able to fence  
His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,  
But, through improvident and headless haste,  
Let slip th' occasion ?—so then—all is lost—  
And in some future evil hour, yon arch  
Shall crumble, and come thund'ring down, the pe  
Jar in collision, the Olympian king

Fall with his throne, and Pallas, holding forth  
 The terrors of the Gorgon shield in vain,  
 Shall rush to the abyss, like Vulcan hurl'd  
 Down into Lemnos, through the gate of Heav'n.  
 Thou also, with precipitated wheels,  
 Phœbus ! thy own son's fall shalt imitate,  
 With hideous ruin shalt impress the deep  
 Suddenly, and the flood shall reek, and hiss  
 At the extinction of the lamp of day.  
 Then too shall Hæmus, cloven to his base,  
 Be shatter'd, and the huge Ceraunian hills,  
 Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immers'd  
 In Erebus, shall fill himself with fear.

No. The Almighty Father surer laid  
 His deep foundations, and providing well  
 For the event of all, the scales of Fate  
 Suspended, in just equipoise, and bade  
 His universal works, from age to age,  
 One tenour hold, perpetual, undisturb'd

Hence the prime mover wheels itself about  
 Continual, day by day, and with it bears  
 In social measure swift the heav'ns around.  
 Not tardier now is Satan than of old,  
 Nor radiant less the burning casque of Mars,  
 Phœbus, his vigour unimpair'd, still shows  
 Th' effulgence of his youth, nor needs the god  
 A downward course, that he may warm the vales ;  
 But, ever rich in influence, runs his road,  
 Sign after sign, through all the heav'nly zone.  
 Beautiful, as at first, ascends the star  
 From odorous Ind, whose office is  
 To gather home betimes th' ethereal flock,  
 To pour them o'er the skies again at eve,  
 And to discriminate the night and day.  
 Still Cynthia's changeful horn waxes, and wanes,  
 Alternate, and with arms extended still

## 180 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

She welcomes to her breast her brother's beams,  
Nor have the elements deserted yet  
Their functions ; thunder, with as loud a stroke  
As erst, smites through the rocks, and scatters them  
The east still howls, still the relentless north  
Invades the shudd'ring Scythian, still he breathes  
The winter, and still rolls the storms along.  
The king of ocean, with his wonted force,  
Beats on Pelorus, o'er the deep is heard  
The hoarse alarm of Triton's sounding shell,  
Nor swim the monsters of the Ægean sea  
In shallows, or beneath diminish'd waves.  
Thou too, thy ancient vegetative pow'r  
Enjoy'st, O Earth ! Narcissus still is sweet,  
And Phœbus ! still thy favourite, and still  
Thy fav'rite Cytherea ! both retain  
Their beauty, nor the mountains, ore-enrich'd  
For punishment of man, with purer gold  
Teem'd ever, or with brighter gems the Deep.

Thus, in unbroken series, all proceeds ;  
And shall, till wide involving either pole,  
And the immensity of yonder heav'n,  
The final flames of destiny absorb  
The world consum'd in one enormous pyre !

ON THE

## PLATONICK IDEA,

AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.

sister pow'rs, who o'er the sacred groves  
 side, and thou, fair mother of them all,  
 Eosyne ! and, thou, who in thy grot  
 sense, reclin'd at leisure, hast in charge  
 archives, and the ord'nances of Jove,  
 dost record the festivals of heav'n,  
 nity !—inform us who is He,  
 t great original by nature cho's'n  
 to the archetype of human kind,  
 hangeable, immortal, with the poles  
 mselves coeval, one, yet ev'ry where,  
 image of the god, who gave him being ?  
 n-brother of the goddess born from Jove.  
 dwells not in his father's mind, but, though  
 common nature with ourselves, exists  
 it, and occupies a local home.  
 ether, companion of the stars, he spend  
 ns ages, roaming at his will  
 n sphere to sphere the tenfold heav'ns, or dwell  
 the moon's side that nearest neighbours earth  
 ospid on the banks of Lethe sit  
 ng the multitude of souls ordain'd  
 flesh and blood, or whether (as may chance)  
 t vast and giant model of our kind  
 come far distant region of this globe  
 iester'd stalk, with lifted head on high  
 tow'ring Atlas, on whose shoulders rest  
 stars, terrific even to the gods.

## 182 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Never the Theban seer, whose blindness prov'd  
 His best illumination, him beheld  
 In secret vision ; never him the son  
 Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night  
 Descending, to the prophet-choir reveal'd ;  
 Him never knew th' Assyrian priest who yet  
 The ancestry of Ninus chronicles,  
 And Belus, and Osiris, far renown'd ;  
 Nor even thrice great Hermes, although skill'd  
 So deep in myst'ry, to the worshippers  
 Of Isis show'd a prodigy like him.

And thou, who hast immortaliz'd the shades  
 Of Academus, if the schools receiv'd  
 This monster of the fancy first from thee,  
 Either recall at once the banish'd bards  
 To thy republick, or thyself evinc'd  
 A wilder fabulist, go also forth.



## TO HIS FATHER.

Or that Pieria's spring would thro' my breast  
 Pour its inspiring influence, and rush  
 No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood !  
 That, for my venerable Father's sake,  
 All meaner themes renounc'd, my muse, on wings  
 Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain.  
 For thee, my Father ! howsoe'er it please,  
 She frames this slender work, nor know I aught,  
 That may thy gifts more suitably requite ;  
 Though to requite them suitably would ask  
 Returns much nobler, and surpassing far  
 The meagre stores of verbal gratitude :

it, such as I possess, I send thee all,  
this page presents thee in their full amount  
ith thy son's treasures, and the sum is nougnt ;  
ught, save the riches that from airy dream  
secret grottos, and in laurel bow'rs,  
mve, oy golden Clio's gift, acquir'd.

Verse is a work divine ; despise not thou  
use therefore, which evinces (nothing more)  
ui's heavenly source, and which, retaining still  
the scintillations of Promethean fire,  
speaks him animated from above.  
to Gods love verse ; the infernal pow'rs themselves  
use the influence of verse, which stirs  
to lowest deep, and binds in triple chains  
adamant both Plato and the Shades.  
verse the Delphick priestess, and the pale  
emulous Sybil, make the future known,  
d he who sacrifices on the shrine  
ings verse, both when he smites the threat'ning buli  
id when he spreads his reeking entrails wide  
scrutinize the Fates envelop'd there.  
e too, ourselves, what time we seek again  
ir native skies, and one eternal now  
all be the only measure of our being,  
own'd all with gold, and chanting to the lyre  
unmonious verse, shall range the courts above,  
d make the starry firmament resound.  
d, even now, the fiery spirit pure  
at wheels yon circling orbs, directs, himself,  
eir mazy dance with melody of verse  
ant'rable, immortal, hearing which  
uge Ophinchus holds his hiss suppress'd,  
ion soften'd, drops his ardent blade,  
ad Atlas stands unconscious of his load.  
ere grac'd of old the feasts of kings, ere yet  
curious dainties, destin'd to the gulf  
umense of gluttony, were known, and ere

## 184 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Lyæus delug'd yet the temp'rate board.  
 Then sat the bard a customary guest  
 To share the banquet, and, his length of looks  
 With beechen honours bound, proposed in verse,  
 The characters of heroes, and their deeds,  
 To imitation, sang of Chaos old,  
 Of nature's birth, of gods that crept in search  
 Of acorns fall'n, and of the thunderbolt  
 Not yet produc'd from Etna's fiery cave.  
 And what avails, at last, tune without voice,  
 Devoid of matter? Such may suit perhaps  
 The rural dance, but such was ne'er the song  
 Of Orpheus, whom the streams stood still to hear  
 And the oaks follow'd. Not by chords alone  
 Well touch'd, but by resistless accents move,  
 To sympathetick tears the ghosts themselves  
 He mov'd; these praises to his verse he owed.

Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight  
 The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain  
 And useless, pow'rs by whom inspir'd, thyself  
 Art skilful to associate verse with airs  
 Harmonious, and to give the human voice  
 A thousand modulations, heir by right  
 Indisputable of Arion's fame.  
 Now say, what wonder is it, if a son  
 Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin'd  
 In close affinity, we sympathize  
 In social arts, and kindred studies sweet?  
 Such distribution of himself to us  
 Was Phœbus' choice: thou hast thy gift, and I  
 Mine also, and between us we receive,  
 Father and Son, the whole inspiring God.

No! howsoe'er the semblance thou assume  
 Of hate, thou hatest not the gentle Muse,  
 My father! for thou never bad'st me tread  
 The beaten path, and broad, that lead'st right on.

opulence, nor didst condemn thy son  
 the insipid clamours of the bar,  
 laws voluminous, and ill observ'd ;  
 t, wishing to enrich me more, to fill  
 mind with treasure, led'st me far away  
 m city-din to deep retreats, to banks  
 d streams Aonian : and, with free consent,  
 ist place me happy at Apollo's side.  
 peak not now, on more important themes  
 ent, of common benefits, and such  
 nature bids, but of thy larger gifts,  
 / Father ! who, when I had open'd once  
 ie stores of Roman rhetorick, and learn'd  
 ie full-ton'd language of the eloquent Greeks,  
 hose lofty musick grac'd the lips of Jove,  
 yself didst counsel me to add the flow'rs  
 at Gallia boasts, those too, with which the smooth  
 lian his degen'rare speech adorns,  
 at witnesses his mixture with the Goth ;  
 d Palestine's prophetick songs divine  
 sum the whole, whate'er the heav'n contains,  
 e earth beneath it, and the air between,  
 e rivers and the restless deep may all  
 we intellectual gain to me, my wish  
 neurring with thy will ; science herself,  
 cloud remov'd, inclines her beauteous head,  
 d offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,  
 irink not, and decline her gracious boon.

Go now, and gather dross, ye sordid minds,  
 at covet it ; what could my Father more ?  
 lat more could Jove himself, unless he gave  
 own abode, the heav'n, in which he reigns :  
 re eligible girts than these were not  
 ollo's to his son, had they been safe,  
 they were insecure, who made the boy  
 e world's vice-luminary, bade him rule  
 e radiant chariot of the day, and bind

## 186 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

To his young brows his own all-dazzling wretch.  
I therefore, although last and least, my place  
Among the learned in the laurel grove  
Will hold, and where the conqueror's ivy twines,  
Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throng  
Profane, nor even to be seen by such.  
Away, then, sleepless Care, Complaint, away,  
And, Envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"  
Nor let the monster Calumny shoot forth  
Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes!  
Ye all are impotent against my peace,  
For I am privileg'd, and bear my breast  
Safe, and too high, for your viperous wound..

But thou! my Father, since to render thanks  
Equivalent, and to requite by deeds  
Thy liberality, exceeds my power,  
Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,  
And bear them treasur'd in a grateful mind!  
Ye too, the favourite pastime of my youth,  
My voluntary numbers, if ye dare  
To hope longevity, and to survive  
Your master's funeral, not soon absorb'd  
In the oblivious Lethæan gulf,  
Shall to futurity perhaps convey  
This theme, and by these praises of my sir  
Improve the Fathers of a distant age!

TO

**SALSILLUS, A ROMAN POET****MUCH INDISPOSED.**

The original is written in a measure called *Scazon*, which signifies *Stamping*, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambick, it terminates with a Spondee, and has consequently a more tardy movement.

The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse cannot be imitated in English.



My halting Muse, that dragg'st by choice along  
Thy slow, slow step, in melancholy song,  
And lik'st that pace, expressive of thy cares,  
Not less than Diopeia's sprightlier airs,  
When, in the dance, she beats, with measur'd tread,  
Heav'n's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed ;  
Salute Salsillus, who to verse divine  
Prefers, with partial love, such lays as mine.  
Thus writes that Milton then, who wafted o'er  
From his own nest, on Albion's stormy shore,  
Where Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,  
Sweeps, with ungovern'd rage, the blasted land,  
Of late to more serene Ausonia came  
To view her cities of illustrious name,

188 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

To prove himself a witness of the truth,  
How wise her elders, and how learn'd her youth.  
Much good, Salsillus ! and a body free  
From all disease, that Milton asks for thee,  
Who now endur'st the languor, and the pains,  
That bile inflicts, diffused through ali thy veins,  
Relentless malady ! not mov'd to spare  
By thy sweet Roman voice, and Lesbian air !

Health, Hebe's sister sent us from the skies,  
And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,  
Pythius, or Pe'an, or what name divine  
Soe'er thou choose, haste, heal a priest of thine  
Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills, that melt  
With vinous dews, where meek Evander dwelt:  
If aught salubrious in your confines grow,  
Strive which shall soonest heal your poet's wo,  
That, render'd to the Muse he loves, again  
He may enchant the meadows with his strain.  
Numa, reclin'd in everlasting ease,  
Amid the shade of dark embow'ring trees,  
Viewing with eyes of unabated fire  
His lov'd Ægeria, shall that strain admire :  
So sooth'd, the tumid Tiber shall revere  
The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,  
Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,  
And guide them harmless, till they meet the main

TO

## GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO,

MARQUIS OF VILLA.



## HILTON'S ACCOUNT OF MANSO.

Jovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is an nobleman of the highest estimation among his trymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Tasso addressed Dialogues on Friendship, for he was much the d of Tasso, who has also celebrated him among other Princes of his country, in his poem, entitled, Malamme Conquistata, book xx.

*Era cavalier magnanimi, e certesi,  
Risplende il Manso.*

In the Author's stay at Naples, he received at hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and ities, and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, him this poem a short time before his departure that city.



*These* verses also to thy praise the Nine,  
Manso ! happy in that theme, design,  
Gallus and Mæcenas gone, they see  
e such besides, or whom they love as thee ;  
, if my verse may give the meed of fame,  
e too shall prove an everlasting name.  
ady such; it shines in Tasso's page  
thou wast Tasso's friend) from age to age,

## 190 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

And, next, the Muse consign'd (not unaware  
 How high the charge) Marino to thy care,  
 Who, singing to the nymphs, Adonis' praise,  
 Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.  
 To thee alone the poet would entrust  
 His latest vows, to thee alone his dust ;  
 And thou with punctual piety hast paid,  
 In labour'd brass, thy tribute to his shade.  
 Nor this contented thee—but lest the grave  
 Should aught absorb of theirs which thou can  
 save,  
 All future ages thou hast deign'd to teach  
 The life, lot, genius, character of each,  
 Eloquent as the Carian sage, who true  
 To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

I, therefore, though a stranger youth, who came  
 Chill'd by rude blasts, that freeze my northern boughs  
 Thee dear to Clio, confident proclaim,  
 And thine, for Phœbus's sake, a deathless name.  
 Nor thou, so kind, wilt view with scornful eye  
 A muse scarce rear'd beneath our sultry sky,  
 Who fears not, indiscreet as she is young,  
 To seek in Latium hearers of her song.  
 We too, where Thames with his unsullied waves  
 The tresses of the blue-hair'd Ocean laves,  
 Hear oft by night, or, slumb'ring, seem to hear,  
 O'er his wide stream, the swan's voice warning us  
 And we could boast a Tityrus of yore,  
 Who trod, a welcome guest, your happy shore.

Yes—dreary as we own our Northern clime.  
 E'en we to Phœbus raise the polish'd rhyme,  
 We too serve Phœbus ; Phœbus has receiv'd  
 (If legends old may claim to be believ'd)  
 No sordid gifts from us, the golden ear,  
 The burnish'd apple, ruddiest of the year.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 19

The fragrant crocus, and to grace his fane,  
Fair damsels chosen from the Druid train ;  
Druids, our native bards in ancient time,  
Who gods and heroes prais'd in hallow'd rhyme !  
Hence, often as the maids of Greece surround  
Apollo's shrine with hymns of festive sound,  
They name the virgins who arriv'd of yore,  
With British off'rings, on the Delian shore,  
Loxo, from giant Corineus sprung,  
Upis, on whose blest lips the future hung,  
And Hecaerge, with the golden hair,  
All deck'd with Pictish hues, and all with bosoms bare.

Thou, therefore, happy sage, whatever clime  
Shall ring with Tasso's praise in after-time,  
Or with Marino's, shall be known their friend,  
And with an equal flight to fame ascend.  
The world shall hear how Phœbus, and the Nine,  
Were inmates once, and willing guests of thine.  
Let Phœbus, when of old constrain'd to roam  
The earth, an exile from his heavenly home,  
Inter'd, no willing guest, Admetus' door,  
Though Hercules had ventur'd there before.  
But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene  
Of rural peace, cloth'd with perpetual green.  
And thither, oft as respite he requir'd  
From rustick clamours loud, the god retir'd.  
There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclin'd  
At some oak's root, with ivy thick entwin'd,  
Won by his hospitable friend's desire,  
He sooth'd his pains of exile with the lyre.  
Then shook the hills, then trembled Peneus' shore  
For Cœta felt his load of forests more ;  
The Upland elms descended to the plain,  
And soften'd lynxes wonder'd at the strain.

Well may we think, O dear to all above !  
*My birth distinguish'd by the smile of Jove ;*

## 192 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

And that Apollo shed his kindest pow'r,  
And Maia's son, on that propitious hour,  
Since only minds so born can comprehend  
A poet's worth, or yield that worth a friend.  
Hence, on thy yet unfaded cheek appears  
The ling'ring freshness of thy greener years ;  
Hence, in thy front and features, we admire  
Nature unwither'd, and a mind entire.  
Oh might so true a friend to me belong,  
So skill'd to grace the votaries of song.  
Should I recall hereafter into rhyme  
The kings and heroes of my native clime,  
Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,  
In subterraneous being, future wars,  
With all his martial knights, to be restor'd,  
Each to his seat, around the fed'ral board,  
And Oh, if spirit fail me not, disperse  
Our Saxon plund'rers, in triumphant verse !  
Then, after all, when, with the past content,  
A life I finish, not in silence spent,  
Should he, kind mourner, o'er my death-bed bend  
I shall but need to say—"Be yet my friend!"  
He, too, perhaps, shall bid the marble breathe  
To honour me, and with the graceful wreath,  
Or of Parnassus, or the Paphian isle,  
Shall bind my brows—but I shall rest the while.  
Then also, if the fruits of faith endure,  
And virtue's promis'd recompense be sure,  
Born to those seats, to which the blest aspire  
By purity of soul, and virtuous fire,  
These rites, as Fate permits, I shall survey  
With eyes illumin'd by celestial day,  
And, every cloud from my pure spirit driven,  
Joy in the bright beatitude of Heaven !

ON THE

## DEATH OF DAMON.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had  
ways pursued the same studies, and had, from their  
nilest days, been united in the closest friendship.  
Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received  
elligence of the death of Damon, and, after a time,  
urning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his  
itary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Diodati,  
inected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's  
e, in other respects an Englishman; a youth of un-  
nmon genius, erudition, and virtue.

Ye Nymphs of Himera, (for ye have shed,  
ewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,  
id over Bion's long-lamented bier,  
e fruitless meed of many a sacred tear,)   
ew through the villas lav'd by Thames, rehearse  
e woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse,  
hat sighs he heav'd, and how with groans profound  
e made the woods and hollow rocks resound,  
ung Damon dead; nor even ceas'd to pour  
is lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

194 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,  
And golden harvest twice enriched the year,  
Since Damon's lips had gasp'd for vital air  
The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there ;  
For he, enamour'd of the Muse, remain'd  
In Tuscan Fiorenza long detain'd,  
But, stor'd at length with all he wish'd to learn,  
For his flock's sake now hasted to return,  
And when the shepherd had resum'd his seat  
At the elm's root, within his old retreat,  
Then 'twas his lot, then, all his loss to know,  
And, from his burthen'd heart, he vented thus his

" Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts  
due  
To other cares, than those of feeding you.  
Alas, what deities shall I suppose  
In heaven, or earth, concern'd for human woes,  
Since, O my Damon ! their severe decree  
So soon condemns me to regret of thee !  
Depart'st thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid  
With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade ?  
Let him forbid it, whose bright rod controls,  
And sep'reates sordid from illustrious souls,  
Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign  
A happier lot, with spirits worthy thine !

" Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts  
due  
To other cares, than those of feeding you.  
Whate'er befall, unless by cruel chance,  
The wolf first give me a forbidding glance,  
Thou shalt not moulder undeplor'd, but long  
Thy praise shall dwell on every shepherd's tongue  
To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,  
And, after him, to thee the votive lay,  
While Pales shall the flocks and pastures love,  
Or Faunus to frequent the field or grove,

TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 195

least, if ancient piety and truth,  
In all the learned labours of thy youth,  
To serve thee aught, or to have left behind  
A borrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.

Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are  
due

Other cares, than those of feeding you.

Damon ! such thy sure reward shall be ;  
Ah, what doom awaits unhappy me ?  
Now, my pains and perils shall divide,  
Thou wast wont, for ever at my side,  
When the rugged frost annoy'd our feet,  
When the herbage all was parch'd with heat ;  
Other the grim wolf's ravage to prevent,  
The huge lion's, arm'd with darts we went ?  
One converse, now, shall calm my stormy day,  
A charming song, who now beguile my way ?

Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are  
due

Other cares, than those of feeding you.

Whom shall I confide ? Whose counsel find  
My med'cine for my troubled mind ?  
Whose discourse, with innocent delight,  
Fills me now, and cheat the wint'ry night,  
Leaves hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,  
Black'ning chestnuts start and crackle there,  
Leaves storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,  
The wind thunders thro' the neighb'ring elm.

Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are  
due

Other cares, than those of feeding you.

Who, when summer suns their summit reach,  
Pan sleeps hidden by the shelt'ring beech,  
Shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,  
The stretch'd rustick snores beneath the hedge,

196 - TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein  
Of Attick wit, thy jests, thy smiles again?

" Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are  
due  
To other cares, than those of feeding you.  
Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown  
With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,  
Till night descend, while blust'ring wind and shew'r  
Beat on my temples through the shatter'd baw'r.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are  
due  
To other cares, than those of feeding you.  
Alas ! what rampant weeds now shame my fields,  
And what a mildew'd crop the furrow yields ?  
My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,  
Bear shrivell'd grapes, my myrtles fail to please,  
Nor please me more my flocks ; they, slighted turn  
Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are  
due  
To other cares, than those of feeding you.  
Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,  
Amyntas on the river's bank to rove,  
And young Alpheusibœus to a seat  
Where branching elms exclude the mid-day heat.  
' Here fountains spring—here mossy hillocks rise ;  
Here Zephyr whispers, and the stream replies.'—  
Thus each persuades, but, deaf to every call,  
I gain the thickets, and escape them all.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are  
due  
To other cares, than those of feeding you.  
Then Mopsus said, (the same who reads so well  
The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,

TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 197

For he by chance had noticed my return,)  
'What means thy sullen mood, this deep concern ?  
Ah Thyrsis ! thou art either craz'd with love,  
Or some sinister influence from above ;  
Dull Saturn's influence o'f the shepherds rue ;  
His leaden shaft oblique has pierc'd thee through.'

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are ;  
My thoughts are all now due to other care.  
The nymphs amaz'd, my melancholy see,  
And, 'Thyrsis !' cry—' what will become of thee !  
What wouldest thou, Thyrsis ? such should not appear  
The brow of youth stern, gloomy, and severe ;  
Brisk youth should laugh, and love—ah, shun the fate  
Of those, twice wretched mopes ! who love too late !

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are ;  
My thoughts are all now due to other care.  
Egle with Hyas came, to sooth my pain,  
And Baucis' daughter, Dryope, the vain,  
Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat  
Known far and near, and for her self-conceit ;  
Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands  
That skirt the Idumanian current, stands ;  
But all in vain they came, and but to see  
Kind words, and comfortable, lost on me.

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are ;  
My thoughts are all now due to other care.  
Ah blest indiff'rence of the playful herd,  
None by his fellow chosen, or preferr'd !  
No bonds of amity the flocks enthral,  
But each associates, and is pleas'd with all ;  
So graze the dappled deer in num'rous droves,  
And all his kind alike the zebra loves ;  
The same law governs, where the billows roar,  
And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore ;

The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,  
 His fit companion finds in every place,  
 With whom he picks the grain that suits him best,  
 Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,  
 And whom if chance the falcon make his pray,  
 Or hedger with his well aim'd arrow slay,  
 For no such loss the gay survivor grieves :  
 New love he seeks, and new delight receives,  
 We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,  
 Scorning all others, in a single choice.  
 We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,  
 And if the long-sought good at last we find,  
 When least we fear it, Death our treasure steals,  
 And gives our heart a wound that nothing heals.

“ Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are ;  
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.  
 Ah, what delusion lur'd me from my flocka,  
 To traverse Alpine snows, and rugged rocka !  
 What need so great had I to visit Roma,  
 Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb ?  
 Or, had she flourish'd still, as when of old,  
 For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,  
 What need so great had I t' incur a pause  
 Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,  
 For such a cause to place the roaring sea,  
 Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and I  
 Else, had I grasp'd thy feeble hand, compos'd  
 Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eye-lids clow'd,  
 And, at the last, had said—‘ Farewell—ascend—  
 Nor even in the skies forget thy friend ?’

“ Go, ge, my lambs, untended homeward fare ;  
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.  
 Although well-pleas'd, ye tuneful Tuscan swains !  
 My mind the mem'ry of your worth retains,  
 Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn  
 My Damon lost. He too was Tuscan born,

Born in your Lucca, city of renown !  
 And wit possess'd, and genius, like your own.  
 Oh how elate was I, when stretch'd beside  
 The murmur'ring course of Arno's breezy tide,  
 Beneath the poplar grove I pass'd my hours,  
 Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flow'rs,  
 And hearing, as I lay at ease along,  
 Your swains contending for the prize of song !  
 I also dar'd attempt (and, as it seems,  
 Not much displeas'd attempting) various themes,  
 For even I can presents boast from you,  
 The shepherd's pipe, and oxier basket too.  
 And Dati, and Francini, both have made  
 My name familiar to the beechen shade,  
 And they are learn'd, and each in ev'ry place  
 Renown'd for song, and both of Lydian race

" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare ;  
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.  
 While bright the dewy grass with moon-beams shone,  
 And I stood hurdling in my kids alone;  
 How often have I said (but thou hadst found  
 Ere then thy dark cold lodgment under ground  
 Now Damon sings, or springes sets for hares  
 Or wicker-work for varieus use prepares !  
 How oft, indulging fancy, have I plann'd  
 New scenes of pleasure, that I hop'd at hand,  
 Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried—  
 ' What hoa ! my friend—come lay thy task aside,  
 Haste, let us forth together, and beguile  
 The heat, beneath yon whisp'ring shades awhile  
 Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,  
 Or where Cassibelen's grey turrets stood !  
 There thou shalt pull me simples, and shalt teach  
 Thy friend the name, and healing pow'rs of each,  
 From the tall blue-bell to the dwarfish weed,  
 What the dry land, and what the marshes breed,

## 200 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

For all their kinds alike to thee are known,  
 And the whole art of Galen is thy own.'  
 Ah, perish Galen's art, and wither'd be  
 The useless herbs, that gave not health to thee!  
 Twelve evenings since, as in poetick dream  
 I meditating sat some statelier theme,  
 The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new,  
 And unassay'd before, than wide they flew,  
 Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain  
 The deep-ton'd musick of the solemn strain;  
 And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell  
 How proud a theme I chose—ye groves, farewell!

" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;  
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.  
 Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,  
 How with his barks he plough'd the British sea,  
 First from Rutupia's tow'ring headland seen,  
 And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen;  
 Of Brennus, and Belinus, brothers bold,  
 And of Arviragus, and how of old.  
 Our hardy sires, th' Armorican controll'd,  
 And of the wife of Gorlois, who, surpris'd  
 By Uther, in her husband's form disguis'd,  
 (Such was the force of Merlin's art) became  
 Pregnant with Arthur of heroick fame.  
 These themes I now revolve—and Oh—if Fate  
 Proportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,  
 Adieu, my shepherd's reed—yon pine-tree bough  
 Shall be thy future home, there dangle thou  
 Forgotten and disus'd, unless ere long  
 Thou change thy Latian for a British song;  
 A British?—even so—the pow'rs of man  
 Are bounded; little is the most he can;  
 And it shall well suffice me, and shall be  
 Fame, and proud recompense enough for me,  
 If Usa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,  
 If Alain, bending o'er his crystal urn,

Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream,  
 Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,  
 Tamar's ore-tinctur'd flood, and, after these,  
 The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.

" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare ;  
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.  
 All this I kept in leaves of laurel-rind  
 Enfolded safe, and for thy view designed,  
 This—and a gift from Maaso's hand beside,  
 (Manso, not least his native city's pride,) )  
 Two cups, that radiant as their giver shone,  
 Adorn'd by sculptare with a double zone.  
 The spring was graven there ; here slowly wind  
 The Red-sea shores, with groves of spices bin'd ;  
 Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs  
 The sacred, solitary Phenix shows ;  
 And watchful of the dawn, reverts her head,  
 To see Aurora leave her wat'ry bed.  
 —In other part, th' expansive vault above,  
 And there too, even there, the God of Love  
 With quiver arm'd he mounts, his torch displays  
 A vivid light, his gem-tilt arrows blaze,  
 Around his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,  
 Nor aims at vulgar minds, or little souls,  
 Nor deigns one look below, but aiming high,  
 Sends every arrow to the lofty sky ;  
 Hence forms divine; and minds immortal, learn  
 The pow'r of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.

" Thou also, Damon, (neither need I fear  
 That hope delusive,) thou art also there ;  
 For whither should simplicity like thine  
 Retire, where else such spotless virtue shine ?  
 Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades below,  
 Nor tears suit thee—cease then my tears to flow,  
 Away with grief : on Damon ill-bestow'd !  
 Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode, "

## 202 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Has pass'd the show'ry arch, henceforth resides  
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides  
Quaffs copious immortality, and joy,  
With hallow'd lips!—Oh ! blest without alloy,  
And now enrich'd, with all that faith can claim  
Look down, entreated by whatever name,  
If Damon please thee most, (that rural sound  
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around,)  
Or if Diodatus, by which alone  
In those ethereal mansions thou art known.  
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste  
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,  
The honours, therefore, by divine decree  
The lot of virgin worth are given to thee ;  
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,  
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,  
Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice,  
And join with seraphs thy according voice,  
Wherè rapture reigns, and the ecstatick lyre  
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing choir."

## AN ODE

ADDRESSED TO

MR. JOHN ROUSE, LIBRARIAN,

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

*a lost Volume of my Poems, which he desired me  
to replace, that he might add them to my other  
Works deposited in the Library.*



THIS Ode is rendered without rhyme, that it might  
more adequately represent the original, which, as  
ilton himself informs us, is of no certain measure.  
may possibly for this reason disappoint the reader,  
ough it cost the writer more labour than the transla-  
a of any other piece in the whole collection.



## STROPHE.

My two-fold book ! single in show  
But double in contents,  
Neat, but not curiously adorn'd,  
Which, in his early youth,  
A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,  
though an earnest wooer of the Muse—  
Say while in cool Ausonian shades.

Or British wilds he roam'd,  
 Striking by turns his native lyre,  
 By turns the Dannian lute,  
 And stepp'd almost in air.—

## ANTISTROPHE.

Say, little book, what furtive hand  
 Thee from thy fellow-books convey'd,  
 What time, at the repeated suit  
 Of my most learned friend,  
 I sent thee forth an honour'd traveller,  
 From our great city to the source of Thames,  
 Cœrulean sire !  
 Where rise the fountains, and the rapture ring,  
 Of the Aonian choir,  
 Durable as yonder spheres,  
 And through the endless lapse of years  
 Secure to be admir'd ?

## STROPHE II.

Now what God, or Demigod,  
 For Britain's ancient Genius mov'd,  
 (If our afflicted land  
 Have expiated at length the guilty sloth  
 Of her degenerate sons)  
 Shall terminate our impious feuds,  
 And discipline, with hallow'd voice recall?  
 Recall the Muses too,  
 Driv'n from their ancient seats  
 In Albion, and well nigh from Albion's shore,  
 And with keen Fæcean shafts  
 Piercing th' unseemly birds,  
 Whose talons menace us,  
 Shall drive the Harpy race from Helicon afar.

## ANTISTROPHE.

But thou, my book, though thou hast stray'd  
 Whether by treach'ry lost,  
**O**r indolent neglect, thy bearer's fault,  
 From all thy kindred books,  
 To some dark cell, or cave forlorn,  
 Where thou endur'st, perhaps,  
**T**he chafing of some hard untutor'd hand,  
 Be comforted—  
**F**or lo ! again the splendid hope appears  
 That thou may'st yet escape  
**T**he gulfs of Lethe, and on airy wings  
 Mount to the everlasting courts of Jove !

## STROPHE III.

Since Rouse desires thee, and complains  
 That, though by promise his,  
 Thou yet appear'st not in thy place.  
**A**mong the literary noble stores  
 Giv'n to his care,  
 But, absent, leav'st his numbers incomplete,  
 He, therefore, guardian vigilant  
 Of that unperishing wealth,  
 Calls thee to the interiour shrine, his charge,  
 Where he intends a richer treasure far  
 Than Ion kept (Ion, Erectheus' son  
 Illustrious, of the fair Creusa born)  
 In the resplendent temple of his God,  
 Tripods of gold and Delphick gifts divine.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,  
 The Muses' fav'rite haunt ;  
**R**esume thy station in Apollo's dome,

206 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Dearer to him  
Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnassian hill !  
Exulting go,  
Since now a splendid lot is also thine,  
And thou art sought by my propitious friend ;  
For there thou shalt be read  
With authors of exalted note,  
The ancient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

EPODE.

Ye then, my works, no longer vain,  
And worthless deem'd by me !  
Whate'er this sterile genius has produc'd,  
Expect, at last, the rage of envy spent,  
An unmolested happy home,  
Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend,  
Where never flippant tongue profane  
Shall entrance find,  
And whence the coarse unletter'd multitude  
Shall babble far remote.  
Perhaps some future distant age,  
Less ting'd with prejudice, and better taught,  
Shall furnish minds of pow'r  
To judge more equally.  
Then, malice silenced in the tomb,  
Cooler heads and sounder hearts,  
Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise  
I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.

## TRANSLATIONS

OF

## E ITALIAN POEMS.



## SONNET.

, whose harmonious name the Rhine,  
 all his grassy vale, delights to hear,  
 re indeed the wretch, who could forbear  
 spirit elegant as thine,  
 fests a sweetness all divine,  
 ws a thousand winning acts to spare,  
 ces, which Love's bow and arrows are,  
 thy virtues to a softer shine.  
 efully thou speak'st or singest gay,  
 ains, as might the senseless forest move,  
 turn each his eyes, and ears, away,  
 himself unworthy of thy love !  
 alone preserve him, ere the dart  
 desire yet reach his inmost heart.

## SONETTO.

giadra, il cui bel nome honora  
 sa val di Reno, e il nobil varco,  
 colui d'ogni valore scarco,  
 o spirto gentil non innamora;  
 mente mostra si di fuora  
 atti soavi giammai parco,

## 208 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

E i don,' che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
La onde l'alta tua virtu s'infiora.  
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canz,  
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
L'entrata, chi di tre si trova indegno ;  
Grazia sola di su gli vaglia, innanti  
Che'l disto ameroso al tuor s'invecchi.

## SONNET.

As on a hill-top rude, when closing day  
Imbrowns the scene, some past'ral maiden fair  
Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,  
Borne from its native genial airs away,  
That scarcely can its tender bud display :  
So, on my tongue these accents, new, and rare,  
Are flow'r's exotick, which Love waters there,  
While thus, O sweetly seerful ! I stay  
Thy praise, in verse to British ears unknown,  
And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain;  
So love has will'd, and oftentimes Love has shown,  
That what he wills, he never wills in vain.  
Oh that this hard and sterile breast might be,  
To Him, who plants from Heav'n, a soil as free !

## SONETTO.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunit di sera,  
L'avvezza giovinetta pastorella  
Va baguando l'herbetta strana e bella,  
Che mal si spandé a distesa sperti,  
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera ;  
Così Amor messe insi la lingua snella  
Destà il fior novo di stranìa favella,  
Mentre io di te vezzosamente altera,

Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso.  
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno,  
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso,  
 Leppi, ch'Amor cosa mai volse indarno,  
 Deh ! fos' il mio cuor lento, e'l duro seno,  
 A chi pianta dal ciel, si buon terreno !

## CANZONE.

They mock my toil—the nymphs and am'rous swains;  
 And whence this fond attempt to write, they cry,  
 Love-songs in language that thou little know'st ?  
 How dar'st thou risk to sing these foreign strains ?  
 Say truly. Find'st not oft thy purpose cross'd,  
 And that thy fairest flowers, here fade and die ?  
 Then with pretence of admiration high—  
 Thee other shores expect, and other tides,  
 Rivers, on whose grassy sides  
 Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind  
 Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides ;  
 Why then this burthen, better far declin'd ?  
 Speak, Muse ! for me.—The fair one said, who guides  
 My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,  
 'This is the language, in which Love delights.'

## CANZONE.

Ridonsi donne, e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 Verseggiano d' amor, e come t' oai ?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivò;  
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi  
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde

210 TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON.

Spuntati ad hor, a là tea chietta  
L' immortal guideron d' eterne frondi :  
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia somma ?

Canzon, diritti, e tu per me rispondi !  
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir è il mio cuoré :  
" Questa e lingua, di cui si vanta Amore."

SONNET

TO CHARLES DIODATI.

CHARLES—and I say it wond'ring—thou must know  
That I, who once assum'd a scornful air,  
And scoff'd at love, am fall'n in his snare,  
(Full many an upright man has fallen so)  
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow  
Of golden locks, or damask cheek : more rare  
The heart-felt beauties of my foreign fair ;  
A mien majestick, with dark brows that show  
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind ;  
Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,  
And song, whose fascinating pow'r might bind,  
And from her sphere draw down the lab'ring Mo  
With such fire darting eyes, that should I fill  
My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.

SONETTO.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,  
Quel ritroso io, ch'amor spreggiar solea,  
E de suoi facci spesso mi ridea,  
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia  
Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermicchia  
M' abbaglian si, ma sotto nuova idea  
Pellegrina bellezza, che'l cuor besa,

## TRANSLATIONS FROM MILTON. 211

Portamenti alti libretti, e nelle ciglia  
Quel sereno fulgor d'ammabil nero,  
Parole adorne, di lingua più d'una,  
E'l cantar, che di mezzo l'hemisfero  
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
E degli occhi suoi avventa si gran fuoco,  
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

### SONNET.

By ! It cannot be, but that thine eyes  
Must be my sun, such radiance they display,  
And strike me e'en as Phœbus him, whose way  
rough horrid Lybia's sandy desert lies.  
antime, on that side steamy vapours rise  
Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,  
New as to me they are, I cannot say,  
I deem them, in the lover's language—sighs.  
me, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,  
hich, if in part escaping thence, they tend  
soften thine, thy coldness soon congeals,  
hile others to my tearful eyes ascend,  
hence my sad nights in show'rs are ever drown'd,  
l my Aurora comes, her brow with roses bound.

### SONETTO.

a certo i bei vost'r'occhi, Donna mia,  
Esser non puo, che non sian lo mio sole,  
Si mi p'recuoton forte, come ei suole  
Per l'arena di Libia, chi s'invia :  
ntre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)  
Da quel lato si spinge, ove mi duole,  
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole,  
Chiappan sospir ; io non so che si sia :  
te rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
Scosto mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco  
Quivi d' attorno o s'aggiaccia, o s'ingleia ;

## THE RETIRED CAT.

Sometimes ascending, debonair,  
An apple-tree, or lofty pear,  
Lodg'd with convenience in the fork,  
She watch'd the gard'ner at his work ;  
Sometimes her ease and solace sought  
In an old empty wat'ring pot,  
There, wanting nothing, save a fan,  
To seem some nymph in her sedan  
Apparel'd in exactest sort,  
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place  
Not only in our wiser race ;  
Cats also feel, as well as we,  
That passion's force, and so did she.  
Her climbing, she began to find,  
Exposed her too much to the wind,  
And the old utensil of tin  
Was cold and comfortless within :  
She, therefore, wish'd instead of those  
Some place of more serene repose,  
Where neither cold might come, nor air  
Too rudely wanton with her hair,  
And sought it in the likeliest mode  
Within her master's snug abode.

A draw'r, it chanc'd at bottom lin'd  
With linen of the softest kind,  
With such as merchants introduce  
From India, for the ladies' use,  
A draw'r impending o'er the rest,  
Half open in the topmost chest,  
Of depth enough, and none to spare,  
Invited her to slumber there ;  
Puss with delight, beyond expression,  
Survey'd the scene, and took possession :  
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,  
And lull'd by her own humdrum song;

ft the cares of life behind,  
ept as she would sleep her last,  
in came, housewifely inclin'd,  
hambermaid, and shut it fast,  
malignity impell'd,  
l unconscious whom it held.

aken'd by the shock, (cried puss)  
ever cat attended thus !  
pen draw was left I see,  
y to prove a nest for me,  
on as I was well compos'd,  
came the maid, and it was clos'd.  
smooth these 'kerchiefs and how sweet !  
iat a delicate retreat !  
resign myself to rest  
ol declining in the west,  
call to supper, when no doubt,  
will come and let me out."

evening came, the sun descended,  
'us remain'd still unattended.  
ight roll'd tardily away,  
her indeed 'twas never day,)  
ightly morn her course renew'd,  
vening gray again ensu'd,  
'us came into mind no more,  
if entomb'd the day before..  
hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,  
ow presag'd approaching doom,  
ept a single wink, or purr'd;  
ious of jeopardy incur'd !

t night, by chance, the poet watching,  
an inexplicable scratching ;  
ble heart went pit-a-pat,  
o himself he said——“ what's that ? ”

He drew the curtain at his side,  
And forth he peep'd, but nothing spied.  
Yet, by his ear directed, guess'd  
Something imprison'd in the chest,  
And, doubtful what, with prudent care  
Resolv'd it should continue there.  
At length a voice which well he knew,  
A long and melancholy mew,  
Saluting his poetick ears,  
Consol'd him, and dispell'd his fears;  
He left his bed, he trod the floor,  
He 'gan in haste the draw'rs t' explore,  
The lowest first, and without stop  
The rest in order to the top.  
For 'tis a truth well known to most,  
That whatsoever thing is lost,  
We seek it, ere it come to light,  
In ev'ry cranny but the right.  
Forth skipp'd the cat, not now replete  
As erst with airy self-conceit,  
Nor in her own fond apprehension  
A theme for all the world's attention,  
But modest, sober, cur'd of all  
Her notions hyperbolical,  
And wishing for a place of rest,  
Any thing rather than a chest.  
Then stepp'd the poet into bed  
With this reflection in his head.

## MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense  
Of your own worth and consequence,  
The man who dreams himself so great,  
And his importance of such weight,  
That all around in all that's done  
Must move and act for Him alone,  
We learn in school of tribulation  
The folly of his expectation.

## YARDLEY OAK.

[1791.]

Survivor sole, and hardly such, of all,  
 That once liv'd here, thy brethren, at my birth,  
 Since which I number threescore winters past,)  
 I shatter'd vet'ran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,  
 Is now, and with excoriate forks deform,  
 Weeks of Ages! Could a mind, imbued  
 With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,  
 Might with rev'rence kneel, and worship thee.

It seems idolatry with some excuse,  
 When our forefather Druids in their oaks  
 Magin'd sanctity. The conscience, yet  
 Impurified by an authentick act  
 If amnesty, the meed of blood divine,  
 Ov'd not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom  
 If thickest shades, like Adam after taste  
 If fruit proscrib'd, as to a refuge, fled.

Thou wast a bauble once ; a cup and ball,  
 Which babes might play with ; and the thievish jay,  
 Seeking her feed, with ease might have purloin'd  
 The Auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down  
 By yet close-folded latitude of boughs,  
 And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.  
 At Fate thy growth decreed ; autumnal rains  
 beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil  
 Design'd thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,  
 With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar'd  
 The soft receptacle, in which, secure,  
 Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,  
 Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy search  
 Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,  
 Sifts half the pleasures of short life away !

Thou fell'st mature : and in the loamy clod  
 Swelling with vegetative force instinct  
 Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,  
 Now stars ; two lobes, protruding, pair'd exact ;  
 A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,  
 And, all the elements thy puny growth  
 Fost'ring propitious, thou becam'st a twig.

Who liv'd when thou wast such ? Oh, couldst thou  
 speak,  
 As in Dodona once thy kindred trees  
 Oracular, I would not curious, ask  
 The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth  
 Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,  
 The clock of history, facts and events  
 Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts  
 Recov'ring, and misstated setting right—  
 Desp'rate attempt till trees shall speak again !

Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods  
 And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave  
 For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs  
 O'erhung the champaign ; and the num'rous flocks  
 That graz'd it, stood beneath that ample cope  
 Uncrowded, yet safe-shelter'd from the storm.  
 No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outliv'd  
 Thy popularity, and art become  
 (Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing  
 Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.

While thus through all the stages thou hast push'd  
Of treehip—first a seedling, hid in grass ;  
Then twig ; then sapling ; and, as cent'ry roll'd  
Slow after century, a giant-bulk  
Of girth enormous, with moss cushion'd root  
Upheav'd above the soil, and sides emboss'd  
With prominent wens globose—till at the last  
The rottenness, which time is charg'd to inflict  
On other mighty ones, found also thee.

What exhibitions various hath the world  
Witness'd of mutability in all  
That we account most durable below !  
Change is the diet on which all subsist,  
Created changeable, and change at last  
Destroys them. Skies uncertain now the heat  
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam  
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—  
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,  
Invigorate by turns the springs of life  
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,  
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,  
Fine passing thought, e'en in her coarsest works,  
Delight in agitation, yet sustain  
The force, that agitates, not unimpair'd ;  
But, worn by frequent impulse, to the cause  
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still  
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth  
From almost nullity into a state  
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,  
Slow, into such magnificent decay.  
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly  
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been  
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age  
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,  
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the deck .

Of some flagg'd admiral ; and tortuous arms,  
 The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present  
 To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,  
 Warp'd into tough knee-timber,\* many a lead !  
 But the axe spar'd thee. In those thriftier days  
 Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply  
 The bottomless demands of contest, wag'd  
 For senatorial honours. Thus to Time  
 The task was left to whittle thee away  
 With his sly scythe, whose ever nibbling edge,  
 Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,  
 Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserv'd,  
 Achiev'd a labour, which had far and wide,  
 By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.

Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self  
 Possessing nought but the scoop'd rind, that seem'd  
 An huge throat, calling to the clouds for drink,  
 Which it would give in rivulets to thy root.  
 Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st  
 The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.  
 Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,  
 A quarry of stout spurs, and knotted fangs,  
 Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp  
 The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet  
 Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,  
 Though all the superstructure, by the tooth  
 Pulveriz'd of venality, a shell  
 Stands now, and semblance only of itself !

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent th  
 off  
 Long since, and rovers of the forest wild

\* Knee-Timber is found in the crooked arms of oak, wh  
 by reason of their distortion, are easily adjusted to the ar  
 formed where the deck and the ship's sides meet.

sow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have  
left  
ter'd stump, bleach'd to a snowy white ;  
me, memorial none where once they grew.  
I still lingers in thee, and puts forth  
not contemptible of what she can,  
here death predominates. The spring  
hee not less alive to her sweet force  
onder upstarts of the neighb'ring wood,  
h thy juniors, who their birth receiv'd  
millennium since the date of thine.  
ce, although well qualified by age  
sh, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice  
expected from thee, seated here  
distorted root, with hearers none  
npter, save the scene, I will perform  
the oracle, and will discourse  
own ear such matter as I may.

man alone, the father of us all,  
ot his life from woman ; never gaz'd,  
ute unconsciousness of what he saw,  
round him ; learn'd not by degrees,  
'd articulation to his ear :  
oulded by his Maker into man  
, upstood intelligent, survey'd  
itures, with precision understood  
urport, uses, properties, assigned  
i his name significant, and, fill'd  
ve and wisdom, rendered back to Heav'n  
e harmonious the first air he drew.  
excus'd the penalties of dull  
y. No tutor charg'd his hand  
e thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind  
roblems. History, not wanted yet,  
on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,  
il, should supply her with a theme ;—

TO

**THE NIGHTINGALE,****WHICH THE AUTHOR HEARD SING ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.**

[1792.]

**WHENCE** is it, that amaz'd I hear  
 From yonder wither'd spray,  
 This foremost morn of all the year,  
 The melody of May ?

And why, since thousands would be proud  
 Of such a favour shown,  
 Am I selected from the crowd,  
 To witness it alone ?

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me,  
 For that I also long  
 Have practis'd in the groves like thee,  
 Though not like thee in song ?

Or sing'st thou rather under force  
 Of some divine command,  
 Commission'd to presage a course  
 Of happier days at hand ?

Thrice welcome, then ! for many a long  
 And joyless year have I,  
 As thou to-day, put forth my song  
 Beneath a wintry sky.

But thee no wintry skies can harm,  
 Who only need'st to sing,  
 To make ev'n January charm,  
 And ev'ry season Spring.

## LINES,

*Written for insertion, in a collection of hand-writings  
and signatures made by Miss Patty, sister of  
Hannah More.*

[March 6, 1792.]

Is vain to live from age to age  
While modern bards endeavour,  
I write my name in Patty's page,  
And gain my point for ever.

W. COWPER



## EPITAPH

ON

*A free but tame Redbreast, a favourite of  
Miss Sally Hurdis.*

[March, 1792.]

THESE ~~are~~ not dew-drops, these are tears,  
And tears by Sally shed  
For absent Robin, who she fears,  
With too much cause, is dead.

One morn he came not to her hand  
As he was wont to come,  
And on her finger perch'd, to stand  
Picking his breakfast crumb.

Alarm'd, she call'd him, and perplex'd  
 She sought him but in vain,  
 That day he came not, nor the next,  
 Nor ever came again.

She, therefore, raised him here a tomb,  
 Though where he fell, or how,  
 None knows, so secret was his doom,  
 Nor where he moulders now.

Had half a score of coxcombs died  
 In social Robin's stead,  
 Poor Sally's tears had soon been dried,  
 Or haply never shed.

But Bob was neither rudely bold,  
 Nor spiritlessly tame ;  
 Nor was, like theirs, his bosom cold,  
 But always in a flame.



## SONNET

TO

**WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.**

[April 16, 1792.]

THE country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,  
 Hears thee by cruel men and impious call'd  
 Fanatick, for thy zeal to loose the enthrall'd  
 From exile, publick sale, and slav'ry's chain.  
 Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd  
 Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain.

ast achiev'd a part ; hast gain'd the ear  
n's senate to thy glorious cause ;  
les, joy springs, and tho' cold caution pause  
ave delay, the better hour is near  
all remunerate thy toils severe  
for Afric, fenc'd with British laws.

at thou hast won, esteem and love  
he just on earth, and all the blest above.

—ooo—

## EPIGRAM.

(printed in the Northampton Mercury.)

If their wine some people bleed  
to the barrel, and succeed ;  
a, planters say, is half so good  
ine sugar, as a *negro's* blood.  
; and *negroes* both are harmless things,  
e perhaps this wondrous virtue springs,  
blood of innocence alone—  
e why planters never try their own.

TO

**DR. AUSTIN,**

OF CECIL-STREET, LONDON.

[*May 26, 1792.*]

AUSTIN! accept a grateful verse from me,  
The poet's treasure, no inglorious fee !  
Lov'd by the Muses, thy ingenuous mind  
Pleasing requital in my verse may find ;  
Verse oft has dash'd the scythe of time aside,  
Immortalizing names which else had died ;  
And O ! could I command the glittering wealth  
With which sick kings are glad to purchase health ;  
Yet, if extensive fame, and sure to live,  
Were in the power of verse like mine to give,  
I would not recompense his art with less,  
Who, giving Mary health, heals my distress.

Friend of my friend !\* I love thee, tho' unknown,  
And boldly call thee, being his, my own.

\* Hayley.

## SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO

WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

[*June 2, 1792.*]

HAYLEY—thy tenderness fraternal shown,  
 In our first interview, delightful guest !  
 To Mary and me for her dear sake distress'd,  
 Such as it is has made my heart thy own,  
 Though heedless now of new engagements grown ;  
 For threescore winters make a wintry breast,  
 And I had purpos'd ne'er to go in quest  
 Of Friendship more, except with God alone.  
 But thou hast won me ; nor is God my foe,  
 Who, ere this last afflictive scene began,  
 Sent thee to mitigate the dreadful blow,  
 My brother, by whose sympathy I know  
 Thy true deserts infallibly to scan,  
 Not more t' admire the bard than love the man.

## CATHARINA:

## THE SECOND PART.

*On her Marriage to George Courtenay*

[June, 1792.]

BELIEVE it or not, as you choose,  
 The doctrine is certainly true,  
 That the future is known to the muse,  
 And poets are oracles too.  
 I did but express a desire,  
 To see Catharina at home,  
 At the side of my friend George's fire,  
 And lo—she is actually come.

Such prophecy some may despise,  
 But the wish of a poet and friend  
 Perhaps is approv'd in the skies,  
 And therefore attains to its end.  
 'Twas a wish that flew ardently forth  
 From a bosom effectually warm'd  
 With the talents, the graces, and worth  
 Of the person for whom it was form'd.

Maria\* would leave us, I knew,  
 To the grief and regret of us all,  
 But less to our grief could we view  
 Catharina the Queen of the Hall.  
 And therefore I wish'd as I did,  
 And therefore this union of hands  
 Not a whisper was heard to forbid,  
 But all cry—Amen—to the banns.

\* Lady Throckmorton.

## AN EPITAPH.

299

nce therefore I seem to incur  
No danger of wishing in vain,  
hen making good wishes for Her,  
I will e'en to my wishes again—  
ith one I have made her a Wife,  
And now I will try with another,  
hich I cannot suppress for my life—  
How soon I can make her a Mother.

—ooo—

## AN EPITAPH.

[1792.]

HERE lies one who never drew  
Blood himself, yet many slew ;  
Gave the gun its aim, and figure  
Made in field, yet ne'er pull'd trigger.  
Armed men have gladly made  
Him their guide, and him obey'd,  
**A**t his signified desire,  
Would advance, present, and Fire—  
Stout he was, and large of limb,  
Scores have fled at sight of him ;  
And to all this fame he rose  
Only following his Nose.  
Neptune was he call'd, not He  
Who controls the boist'rous sea,  
But of happier command,  
Neptune of the furrow'd land ;  
And your wonder vain to shorten,  
Pointer to Sir John Throtkmorten.

## EPITAPH ON FOP,

A DOG BELONGING TO LADY THROCKMORTON.

[*August, 1792.*]

THOUGH once a puppy, and though Fop by name,  
Here moulders One whose bones some honour claim.  
No sycophant, although of spaniel race,  
And though no hound, a martyr to the chase—  
Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice,  
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice ;  
This record of his fate exulting view,  
He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.  
“ Yes—” the indignant shade of Fop replies—  
“ And worn with vain pursuit, Man also dies.”



## SONNET

TO

GEORGE ROMNEY, ESQ.

ON

*His picture of me in Crayons, drawn at Earlswood in  
the 61st year of my age, and in the months of  
August and September, 1792.*

[*October, 1792.*]

ROMNEY, expert infallibly to trace  
On chart or canvass, not the form alone  
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,  
The mind’s impression too on every face—

## ON RECEIVING HAYLEY'S PICTURE. 231

With strokes that time ought never to erase  
Thou hast so pencil'd mine, that though I own  
The subject worthless, I have never known  
The artist shining with superiour grace.

But this I mark—that symptoms none of wo  
In thy incomparable work appear.  
Well—I am satisfied it should be so,  
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear ;

For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see  
When I was Hayley's guest, and sat to Thee ?



ON

## RECEIVING HAYLEY'S PICTURE.

[*January, 1793.]*

Its language warm as could be breath'd or penn'd,  
Thy picture speaks th' Original, my Friend,  
Not by those looks that indicate thy mind—  
They only speak thee Friend of all mankind ;  
Expression here more soothing still I see,  
That Friend of *all* a partial Friend to me.

## EPITAPH

ON

### MR. CHESTER, OF CHICHELEY.

[*April 1793.*]

TEARS flow, and cease not, where the good man lies  
Till all who knew him follow to the skies.  
Tears therefore fall where Chester's ashes sleep ;  
Him wife, friends, brothers, children, servants, weep,  
And justly—few shall ever him transcend  
As husband, parent, brother, master, friend.

---

ON

### A PLANT OF VIRGIN'S BOWER,

DESIGNED TO COVER A GARDEN-SEAT.

[*Spring of 1793.*]

THRIVE, gentle plant ; and weave a bow'r  
For Mary and for me,  
And deck with many a splendid flow'r  
Thy foliage large and free.

Thou cam'st from Earham, and wilt shade  
(If truly I divine)  
Some future day th' illustrious head  
Of Him who made thee mine.

TO ANNE BODHAM.

233

Should Daphne show a jealous frown,  
And envy seize the Bay,  
Affirming none so fit to crown  
Such honour'd brows as they,

Thy cause with zeal we shall defend,  
And with convincing pow'r ;  
For why should not the Virgin's Friend  
Be crown'd with Virgin's bow'r ?



TO MY COUSIN,

ANNE BODHAM,

ON

*Receiving from her a Network Purse, made by herself.*

[May 4, 1793.]

My gentle Anne, whom heretofore,  
When I was young, and thou no more  
Than plaything for a nurse,  
I danc'd and fondled on my knee,  
A kitten both in size and glee,  
I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here :  
But not of love ;—that gem's too dear  
For richest rogues to win it ;  
I, therefore, as a proof of love,  
Esteem thy present far above  
The best things kept within it.

20 \*

## INSCRIPTION

*For an Hermitage in the Author's Garden.*

[*May, 1793.]*

THIS cabin, Mary, in my sight appears,  
Built, as it has been, in our waning years,  
A rest afforded to our weary feet,  
Preliminary to—the last retreat.



## TO MRS. UNWIN.

[*May, 1793.]*

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,  
Such aid from heav'n as some have feign'd they  
drew,  
An eloquence scarce giv'n to mortals, new  
And undebas'd by praise of meaner things,  
That ere through age or wo I shed my wings,  
I may record thy worth with honour due,  
In verse as musical as thou art true,  
And that immortalizes whom it sings.

But thou hast little need. There is a book  
By seraphs writ with beams of heav'nly light,  
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
A chronicle of actions just and bright;

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,  
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

TO

## JOHN JOHNSON,

ON

*Presenting me with an antique bust of Homer.*

[May, 1793.]

I belov'd and as a son, by me !  
 I behold this fruit of thy regard,  
 sculptur'd form of my old fav'rite bard,  
 Ie feel for him, and love for thee,  
 and grief. Much joy that there should be  
 men and learn'd, who grudge not to reward  
 some applause my bold attempt and hand,  
 others scorn : Critics by courtesy.  
 If is this, that sunk in Homer's mine  
 my precious years now soon to fail,  
 his gold, which, howsoe'er it shine,  
 dross, when balanc'd in the Christian scale.  
 thou—like our forefather Donne,  
 iv'nly wealth, and work for God alone.

TO

## A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON

*His arriving at Cambridge wet, when no rain had fallen there.*

[May, 1793.]

If Gideon's fleece, which drench'd with dew !  
found,

While moisture none refresh'd the herbs around,  
Might fitly represent the Church endow'd  
With heav'nly gifts, to heathens not allow'd ;  
In pledge, perhaps, of favours from on high,  
Thy locks were wet when other's locks were dry.  
Heav'n grant us half the omen—may we see  
Not drought on others, but much dew on thee !

## A TALE.

[June, 1793.]

In Scotland's realm where trees are few,  
Nor even shrubs abound ;  
But where, however bleak the view,  
Some better things are found.

A TALE.

237

For husband there and wife may boast  
Their union undefil'd.  
And false ones are as rare almost  
As hedge-rows in the wild.

In Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,  
The hist'ry chanc'd of late--  
This hist'ry of a wedded pair,  
A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breast  
With genial instinct fill'd ;  
They pair'd and would have built a nest,  
But found not where to build.

The heath uncover'd, and the moors,  
Except with snow and sleet,  
Sea-beaten rocks, and naked shores  
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,  
Till both grew vex'd and tir'd ;  
At length a ship arriving, brought  
The good so long desir'd.

A ship ! could such a restless thing  
Afford them place of rest ?  
Or was the merchant charg'd to bring  
The homeless birds a nest ?

Hush—silent hearers profit most—  
This racer of the sea  
Prov'd kinder to them than the coast,  
It serv'd them with a Tree.

But such a tree ! 'twas shaven deal,  
The tree they call a Mast,  
And had a hollow with a wheel  
Through which the tackle pass'd.

## A TALE.

Within that cavity aloft,  
Their roofless home they fix'd,  
Form'd with materials neat and soft,  
Bents, wool, and feathers mix'd.

Four iv'ry eggs soon pave its floor ;  
With russet specks bedight—  
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,  
And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea  
As she had chang'd her kind ;  
But goes the male ? Far wiser, he  
Is doubtless left behind ?

No—soon as from ashore he saw  
The winged mansion move,  
He flew to reach it, by a law  
Of never-failing love.

Then perching at his consort's side,  
Was briskly borne along,  
The billows and the blast defied,  
And cheer'd her with a song.

The seaman with sincere delight,  
His feather'd shipmates eyes,  
Scarce lest exulting in the sight  
Than when he towz a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,  
And from a chance so new,  
Each some approaching good divines,  
And may his hopes be true !

Hail honour'd land ! a desert where  
Not even birds can hide,  
Yet parent of this loving pair  
Whom nothing could divide.

And ye who, rather than resign  
Your matrimonial plan,  
Were not afraid to plough the brine  
In company with Man.

For whose lean country much disdain  
We English often show,  
Yet from a richer nothing gain  
But wantonness and wo.

Be it your fortune, year by year,  
The same resource to prove,  
And may ye, sometimes landing here,  
Instruct us how to love !

---

*This Tale is founded on an article of intelligence which the Author found in the Buckinghamshire Herald, for Saturday, June 1, 1793, in the following words.*

GLASGOW, May 23.

In a block; or pulley, near the head of the mast of gabert, now lying at the Broomielaw, there is a haffinch's nest and four eggs. The nest was built while the vessel lay at Greenock, and was followed either by both birds. Though the block is occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock, however, visits the nest but seldom, while the hen never leaves it but when she descends to the hull for food.

TO

## WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

[June 29, 1793.]

DEAR architect of fine CHATEAUX in air,  
 Worthier to stand for ever, if they could,  
 Than any built of stone, or yet of wood,  
 For back of royal elephant to bear !

O for permission from the skies to share,  
 Much to my own, though little to thy good,  
 With thee (not subject to the jealous mood !)  
 A partnership of literary ware !

But I am bankrupt now ; and doom'd henceforth  
 To drudge, in descant dry, on other's lays ;  
 Bards, I acknowledge, of unequall'd worth !  
 But what is commentator's happiest praise ?

That he has furnish'd lights for other eyes,  
 Which they, who need them, use, and then despis

ON

**A SPANIEL, CALLED BEAU,****KILLING A YOUNG BIRD.**[*July 15, 1793.]*

A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,  
 Well fed, and at his ease,  
 Should wiser be than to pursue  
 Each trifle that he sees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,  
 Which flew not till to-day,  
 Against my orders, whom you heard  
 Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat,  
 And ease a doggish pain,  
 For him, though chas'd with furious heat,  
 You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,  
 Or one whom blood allures,  
 But innocent was all his sport  
 Whom you have torn for yours

My dog ! what remedy remains,  
 Since, teach you all I can,  
 I see you, after all my pains,  
 So much resemble Man ?

## BEAU'S REPLY.

SIR, when I flew to seize the bird  
 In spite of your command,  
 A louder voice than yours I heard,  
 And harder to withstand.

You cried—forbear—but in my breast  
 A mightier cried—proceed—  
 'Twas Nature, Sir, whose strong behest  
 Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet much as nature I respect,  
 I ventur'd once to break,  
 (As you, perhaps, may recollect)  
 Her precept for your sake ;

And when your linnet on a day,  
 Passing his prison door,  
 Had flutter'd all his strength away,  
 And panting press'd the floor,

Well knowing him a sacred thing,  
 Not destin'd to my tooth,  
 I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,  
 And lick'd the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience *then* excuse  
 My disobedience *now*,  
 Nor some reproof yourself refuse  
 From your aggrev'd Bow-wow ;

If killing birds be such a crime,  
 (Which I can hardly see,)  
 What think you, Sir, of killing Time  
 With verse address'd to me ?

## ANSWER

TO

*Stanzas addressed to Lady Hesketh, by Miss Catherine Fanshaw, in returning a Poem of Mr. Cowper's lent to her on condition she should neither show it, nor take a copy.*

[1793.]

To be remembered thus is fame,  
And in the first degree ;  
And did the few like her the same,  
The press might sleep for me.

So Homer, in the mem'ry stor'd  
Of many a Grecian belle,  
Was once preserv'd—a richer hoard,  
But never lodged so well.



TO

THE SPANISH ADMIRAL,

COUNT GRAVINA,

ON

*His translating the Author's Song on a Rose into Italian Verse.*

[1793.]

My rose, Gravina, blooms anew,  
And, steep'd not now in rain,  
But in Castalian streams by You,  
Will never fade again.

ON

## FLAXMAN'S PENELOPE.

[September, 1793.]

THE suitors sinn'd, but with a fair excuse,  
Whom all this elegance might well seduce ;  
Nor can our censure on the husband fail,  
Who, for a wife so lovely, slew them all.

—•—

ON

## RECEIVING HEYNE'S VIRGIL

FROM MR. HAYLEY.

[October, 1793.]

I SHOULD have deem'd it once an effort vain,  
To sweeten more sweet Maro's matchless strain,  
But from that error now behold me free,  
Since I receiv'd him as a gift from Thee.

## TO MARY.

[Autumn of 1793.]

z twentieth year is well nigh past  
 ce first our sky was overcast,  
 would that this might be the last !

My Mary !

spirits have a fainter flow,  
 them daily weaker grow—  
 as my distress that brought thee low,

My Mary !

needles, once a shining store,  
 my sake restless heretofore,  
 rust dism'd, and shine no more,

My Mary !

though thou gladly wouldest fulfil  
 same kind office for me still,  
 sight now seconds not thy will,

My Mary !

well thou play'dst the housewife's part,  
 all thy threads, with magick art,  
 wound themselves about this heart,

My Mary !

indistinct expressions seem  
 language utter'd in a dream ;  
 me they charm, whate'er the theme,

My Mary !

Thy silver locks once auburn bright,  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,

My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,  
What sight worth seeing could I see?  
The sun would rise in vain for me,

My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,  
Thy hands their little force resign;  
Yet gently press, press gently mine,

My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou previst,  
That now at every step thou mov'st,  
Upheild by two, yet still thou lov'st,

My Mary!

And still to love, though great with ill,  
In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me is to be lovely still,

My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,  
How oft the sadness that I show,  
Transforms thy smiles to looks of wo,

My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,

My Mary!

## MONTES GLACIALES,

IN OCEANO GERMANICO NATANTES.

[March 11, 1799.]

s, quae prodigia ex oris allata remotis,  
 s advenient pavefacta per sequora nostras  
 euidem præce seculum rediisse videtur  
 tis, cum Proteus pecus altos visere montes  
 ylvas, egit. Sed tempora vix leviora  
 unt, evulsi quando radicibus alti  
 iare descendunt montes, fluctusque pererrant  
 d' vero hoc monstri est magis et mirabile visu !  
 dentes video, ceu pulchro ex ære vel auro  
 flatos, rutilisque accinctos undique gemmis,  
 ea cerulea, et flamas imitante pyropo,  
 oriente adsonit, ubi gazas optima tellus  
 urit omnigenas, quibus æva per omnia sumptu  
 anti finxere sibi diademata reges ?  
 hoc crediderim. Non fallunt talia acutos  
 catorum oculos : prius et quam littora Gangis  
 issent, avidis gratissima præda fuissent.  
 s unde putemus ? An illos Ves'vius atrox  
 ulit, ignivomisve ejecit faucibus Ætna ?  
 s micant propria, Phœbive, per æra parum  
 c stimulantis equos, argentea tela retorquent ?  
 bi luce micant. Ventis et fluctibus altis,  
 ulsi, et rapidis subter currentibus undis,  
 dem non fallunt oculos. Capita alta videre est  
 ta onerata nive, et canis conspersa pruinis  
 era sunt glacies. Procul hinc, ubi Bruma fere  
 omnes

Contristat menses, portenta hæc horrida nobis  
Illa strui voluit. Quoties de culmine summo  
Clivorum fluenter in littora prona, solute  
Sole, nives, propero tendentes in mare cursu,  
Illa gelu fixit. Paulatim attollere sese  
Mirum cœpit opus ; glacieque ab origine rerum  
In glaciem aggesta sublimes vertice tandem  
Æquavit montes, non crescere nescia moles.  
Sic immensa diu stetit, æternumque stetisset  
Congeries, hominum neque vi neque mobilis arte,  
Littora ni tandem declivia deseruisset,  
Pondere victa suo. Dilabitur. Omnia circum  
Antra et saxa gemunt, subito concussa fragore,  
Dum ruit in pelagus tanquam studiosa natandi,  
Ingens tota strues. Sic Delos dicitur olim,  
Insula, in Ægæo fluitasse erratica ponto.  
Sed non ex glacie Delos ; neque torpida Delum  
Bruma inter rupes genuit nudam sterilemaque.  
Sed vestita herbis erat illa, ornataque nunquam  
Decidua lauro ; et Delum dilexit Apollo.  
At vos, errores horrendi, et caligine digni  
Cimmeria, Deus idem odit. Natalia vestra,  
Nubibus involvens frontem, non ille tueri  
Sustinuit. Patrium vos ergo requirite coelum !  
Ite ! Redite ! Timete moras ; ni leniter austro  
Spirante, et nitidas Phœbo jaculante sagittas  
Hostili vobis, pereatis gurgite misti !

## ON THE ICE ISLANDS,

SEEN FLOATING IN THE GERMAN OCEAN.

[March 19, 1799.]

WHAT portents, from what distant region, ride,  
 unseen till now in ours, th' astonish'd tide  
 ages past, old Proteus, with his droves  
 f sea-salves, sought the mountains and the groves.  
 At now, descending whence of late they stood,  
 themselves the mountains seem to rove the flood,  
 ire times were they, full charg'd with human woes ;  
 And these, scarce less calamitous than those,  
 What view we now ? More wondrous still ! Behold !  
 The burnish'd brass they shine, or beaten gold ;  
 And all around the pearl's pure splendour show,  
 And all around the ruby's fiery glow.  
 Come they from India, where the burning Earth,  
 I bounteous, gives her richest treasures birth ;  
 And whers the costly gems, that beam around  
 The brows of mightiest potentates, are found ?  
 Never such a countless dazzling store  
 Ad left, unseen, the Ganges' peopled shore.  
 spacious hands, and ever-watchful eyes,  
 Could sooner far have mark'd and seized the prize.  
 hence sprang they then ? Ejected have they come  
 From Ves'vius', or from Aetna's burning womb ?  
 Thus shine they self-lumin'd, or but display  
 The borrow'd splendour of a cloudless day ?  
 With borrow'd beams they shine. The gales, that  
 Breathe  
 Tow landward, and the current's force beneath,

Have borne them nearer ; and the nearer sight,  
Advantag'd more, contemplates them aright.  
Their lofty summits crested high, they show,  
With mingled sleet, and long-encumbent snow.  
The rest is ice. Far hence, where, most severe,  
Bleak winter well-nigh saddens all the year,  
Their infant growth began. He bade arise  
Their uncouth forms, portentous in our eyes.  
Oft as dissolv'd by transient suns, the snow  
Left the tall cliff to join the flood below ;  
He caught, and curdled with a freezing blast  
The current, ere it reach'd the boundless waste.  
By slow degrees uprose the wondrous pile,  
And long successive ages roll'd the while ;  
Till, ceaseless in its growth, it claim'd to stand,  
Tall as its rival mountains on the land.  
Thus stood, and, unremovable by skill,  
Or force of man, had stood the structure still ;  
But that, tho' firmly fix'd, supplanted yet  
By pressure of its own enormous weight,  
It left the shelving beach—and, with a sound  
That shook the bellowing waves and rocks around,  
Self-launch'd, and swiftly, to the briny wave,  
As if instinct with strong desire to lave,  
Down went the pond'rous mast. So bards of old,  
How Delos swam th' *Æ*gean deep, have told,  
But not of ice was Delos. Delos bore  
Herb, fruit, and flow'r. She, crown'd with laurel, w<sup>c</sup>  
Ev'n under wintry skies, a summer smile ;  
And Delos was Apollo's fav'rite ale.  
But, horrid wand'rers of the deep, to you  
He deems cimmerian darkness only due,  
Your hated birth he deign'd not to survey,  
But, scornful, turn'd his glorious eyes away.  
Hence ! Seek your home, nor longer rashly dare  
The darts of Phœbus, and a softer air ;  
Lest ye :egret, too late, your native coast,  
In no congenial gulf for ever lost !

## THE CASTAWAY.

[March, 20, 1799.]

**OBSUREST** night involv'd the sky ;  
 Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,  
 When such a destin'd wretch as I,  
 Wash'd headlong from on board,  
 Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,  
 His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast,  
 Than he, with whom he went,  
 Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,  
 With warmer wishes sent.  
 He lov'd them both, but both in vain,  
 Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,  
 Expert to swim, he lay :  
 Nor soon he felt his strength decline,  
 Or courage die away ;  
 But wag'd with death a lasting strife,  
 Supported by despair of life

He shouted ; nor his friends had fail'd  
 To check the vessel's course,  
 But so the furious blast prevail'd,  
 That, pitiless, perforce,  
 They left their outcast mate behind,  
 And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford :  
 And, such as storms allow,  
 The cask, the coop, the floated cord,  
 Delay'd not to bestow

But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,  
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he  
Their haste himself condemn,  
Aware that flight, in such a sea,  
Alone could rescue them ;  
Yet bitter felt it still to die  
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour  
In ocean, self-upheld :  
And so long he, with unspent pow'r  
His destiny repell'd :  
And ever as the minutes flew,  
Entreated help, or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,  
His comrades, who before  
Had heard his voice in ev'ry blast,  
Could catch the sound no more.  
For then, by toil subdued, he drank  
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him : but the page  
Of narrative sincère,  
That tells his name, his worth, his age,  
Is wet with Anson's tear.  
And tears by bards or heroes shed  
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,  
Descanting on his fate,  
To give the melancholy theme  
A more enduring date.  
But misery still delights to trace  
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,  
 No light propitious shone ;  
 When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,  
 We perish'd each alone :  
 But I beneath a rougher sea,  
 And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.



## TRANSLATIONS

FROM

## VINCENT BOURNE.

## THRAX.

*anxiūm infantem, cum lucem intravit et auras,*  
*Fletibus exceptit mestus uterque parens.*  
*ireicum infantem, cum luce exivit et auris,*  
*Extulit ad funus letns uterque parens.*  
*terea tu Roma ; et tu tibi Græcia plaudens,*  
*Dicitis, hæc vera est Thraica barbaries.*  
*stities causam, causamque exquirite luctus ;*  
*Vosque est quod doceat Thraica barbaries.*

VOL. III.

22

## THE THRACIAN.

**THRACIAN** parents, at his birth,  
 Mourn their babe with many a tear,  
 But with undissembled mirth  
 Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome with equal scorn,  
 "O the savages!" exclaim,  
 "Whether they rejoice or mourn,  
 Well entitled to the name!"

But the cause of this concern,  
 And this pleasure would they trace,  
 Even they might somewhat learn  
 From the savages of Thrace.



## MUTUA BENEVOLENTIA

PRIMARIA LEX NATURE EST.

PER Libyæ Androcles siccas errabat arenas !  
 Qui vagus iratum fugerat exul herum.  
 Lassato tandem fractoque labore viarum,  
 Ad scopuli patuit cæca caverna latus  
 Hanc subit ; et placido dederat vix membra sepori  
 Cum subito immanis rugit ad antra leo ;  
 Ille pedem attollens læsum, et miserabile murmur  
 Edens, qua poterat voce, precatur opem.

## MUTUA BENEVOLENTIA.

255

Perculsi novitate rei, incertusque timore,  
Vix tandem tremulas admoveat erro manus ;  
Et spinam explorans (nam fixa in vulnere spina  
Hærebat) cauto moliter ungue trahit :  
Continuo dolor omnis abit, teter fluit humor :  
Et coit, abterso sanguine, rupta cutis ;  
Iunc iterum sylvas dumosque peragrat ; et affert  
Providus assiduas hospes ad antra dapes.  
Uxta epulis accumbit homo conviva leonis,  
Nec crudos dubitat participare cibos.  
Quis tamen ista ferat desertæ tædia vitæ ?  
Vix furor ultioris tristior esset heri.  
Devotum certis caput objectare periclis  
Et patrios statuit rursus adire lares.  
Traditur hic, fera facturus spectacula, plebi,  
Accipit et miserum tristis arena reum.  
Rruit e caveis fors idem impastus et acer,  
Et medicum attonito suspicit ore leo.  
Suspicit, et veterem agnoscens vetus hospes amicum  
Decumbit notos blandulus ante pedes.  
Quid vero percussi animis, stupuere Quirites ?  
Ecquid prodigii, territa Roma, vides ?  
Unius naturæ opus est ; ea sola furorem  
Sumere quæ jussit, ponere sola jubet.

## RECIPROCAL KINDNESS,

## THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

ANDROCLES from his injur'd lord in dread  
 Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.  
 Tir'd with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,  
 He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat ;  
 But scarce had giv'n to rest his weary frame,  
 When hugest of his kind, a lion came :  
 He roar'd approaching ; but, the savage din  
 To plaintive murmurs chang'd, arriv'd within,  
 And with expressive looks his lifted paw  
 Presenting, aid implor'd from whom he saw.  
 The fugitive, through terror at a stand,  
 Dar'd not awhile afford his trembling hand,  
 But bolder grown, at length inherent found  
 A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.  
 The cure was wrought ; he wip'd the ~~wound~~ blood,  
 And firm and free from pain the lion stood.  
 Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day,  
 Regales his inmate with the parted prey,  
 Nor he despairs the dole, though unprepar'd,  
 Spread on the ground, and with a lion shar'd.  
 But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still—  
 Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge an heavier ill.  
 Home ! native home ! O might he but repair !  
 He must—he will, though death attends him there.  
 He goes, and doom'd to perish on the sands  
 Of the full Theatre unpitied stands ;  
 When lo ! the self-same lion from his cage  
 Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.  
 He flies, but viewing in his purpos'd prey  
 The man, his healer, pauses on his way,

sten'd by remembrance into sweet  
and composure, crouches at his feet.

with astonishment th' assembly gaze :  
y, ye Romans ? Whence your mute amaze ?  
is natural ; nature bade him rend  
my ; she bids him spare a friend.



## MANUALE

*epiphia omni antiquius, nulli uspiam Librorum  
insertum Catalogo.*

s liber est, muliebri creber in usu,  
r se qui dici bibliotheca potest.  
verborum non est, sed copia rerum ;  
pia (quod nemo deneget) utilior.  
consutur pannis ; fors texitur auro ;  
sexta ad summum pagina claudit opus.  
et a tergo titulive aut nominis ; intus  
resauros artis servat, et intus opes .  
pes, quas nympha sinu pulcherrima gestet,  
nas nive candidior tractet ametque manus,  
instrumentum præsens sibi postulat usus,  
tusve, aut operis pro ratione, minus.  
ere et modulo diversa habet arma, gradatim  
gesta, ad numeros attenuata suos.  
n enchiridii folium majuscula profert,  
alia que blæso est lumine poscat anus.  
equitur folium, matronis arma ministrat,  
cere que magnis proximiora licet.  
m, item quartum, quintumque minuscula sup-  
plet  
d non ejusdem singula quæque loci.

*Disposita ordinibus certis, discrimina servant ;  
 Quæ sibi convenient, saligat uade nubes.  
 Ultima quæ restant quæ multa minutula nymphæ  
 Dicit, sunt sexti divitiae folii,  
 Quantillo in spatio doctrina O quanta latescit !  
 Quam tamen obscuram vix brevitate voces.  
 Non est interpres, nec commentatorius ullus,  
 Aut index ; tam sunt omnia perspicua.  
 Etatem ad quamvis, ad captum ita fingitur omnem.  
 Ut nihil auxili postulet inde liber.  
 Millia librorum numerat perplura ; nec ullum  
 Bodleï huic jactat bibliotheca parem.  
 Millia Cesareo numerat quoque munere Granta,  
 Hæc tamen est inter millia tale nihil.  
 Non est, non istis auctor de millibus unus,  
 Cui tanta ingenii vis; vel acumen, inest.*



## A MANUAL,

*More ancient than the Art of Printing, and not to  
 be found in any Catalogue.*

THERE is a book, which we may call  
 (Its excellence is such)  
 Alone a library tho' small ;  
 The ladies thumb it much.

Words none, things num'rous it contains ;  
 And, things with words compar'd,  
 Who needs be told, that has his brains,  
 Which merits most regard !

Ofttimes its leaves of scarlet hue  
 A golden edging boast ;  
 And open'd, it displays to view  
 Twelve pages at the most.

Nor name, nor title, stamp'd behind,  
Adorns its outer part ;  
But all within 'tis richly lin'd,  
A magazine of art.

The whitest hands that secret hoard  
Oft visit : and the fair  
Preserve it in their bosom stor'd  
As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of ev'ry size,  
And form'd for various use,  
(They need but to consult their eyes)  
They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind  
Possess the foremost page,  
A sort most needed by the blind,  
Or nearly such from age.

The full-charg'd leaf, which next ensues,  
Presents, in bright array,  
The smaller sort, which matrons use,  
Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth supply  
What their occasions ask,  
Who with a more discerning eye  
Perform a nicer task.

But still, with regular decrease  
From size to size they fall,  
In ev'ry leaf grow less and less ;  
The last are least of all.

O ! what a fund of genius, pent  
In narrow space, is here !  
This volume's method and intent  
How luminous and clear !

It leaves no reader at a loss  
 Or pos'd, whoever reads : .  
 No commentator's tedious gloss,  
 Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er !  
 No book is treasur'd there,  
 Nor yet in Granta's num'rous store  
 That may with this compare.

No ! Rival none in either host  
 Of this was ever seen,  
 Or, that contents could justly boast,  
 So brilliant and so keen.



## ÆNIGMA.

**P**ARVULA res, et acu minor est, et ineptior usu :  
 Quotque dies annus, tot tibi drachma dabit.  
**S**ed licet exigui pretii minimique valoris,  
 Ecce, quot artificum postulat illa manus.  
**U**nius in primis cura est confiare metallum ;  
 In longa alterius decere fila labor.  
**T**ertius in partes resecat, quartusque resectum  
 Perpolit ad modulos attenuatque datos.  
**E**st quinti tornare caput, quod sextus adaptet ;  
 Septimus in punctum cudit et exacuit.  
**H**is tandem auxiliis ita res procedit, ut omnes  
 Ad numeros ingens perficiatur opus.  
**Q**uae tanti ingenii, quae tanti est summa laboris :  
 Si mihi respondes OEdipe, tota tua est.

## AN ENIGMA.

A NEEDLE small, as small can be,  
 In bulk and use, surpasses me,  
     Nor is my purchase dear !  
 For little and almost for nought  
 As many of my kind are bought  
     As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,  
 And are procur'd at little cost,  
     The labour is not light,  
 Nor few artificers it asks,  
 All skillful in their sev'ral tasks,  
     To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,  
 A second draws it into wire,  
     The shears another plies,  
 Who clips in lengths the brazen thread  
 For him, who, chafing every thread,  
     Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,  
 The knob, with which it must be crown'd ;  
     His follower makes it fast :  
 And with his mallet and his file  
 To shape the point, employs awhile  
     The seventh and the last.

New therefore, OEdipus ! declare  
 What creature, wonderful, and rare,  
     A process, that obtains  
 Its purpose with so much ado,  
 At last produces !—tell me true,  
     And take me for your pains !

## PASSERES INDIGENÆ

COL. TRIN. CANT. COMMENSALES.

INCOLA qui norit sedes, aut viserit hasce  
     Newtoni egregii quas celebravit honos ;  
 Veditque et meminit, lætus fortasse videndo,  
     Quam multa ad mensas advolitarit avis.  
 Ille nec ignorat, nidos ut, vere ineunte,  
     Tecta per et forulos, et tabulata struat.  
 Ut coram educat teneros ad pabula fœtus,  
     Et pascat micis, quas det amica manus.  
 Convivas quoties campanæ ad prandia pulsus  
     Convocat, haud epulis certior hopes adest.  
 Continuo jucunda simul vox fertur ad aures,  
     Vicinos passer quisque relinquit agros,  
 Hospitium ad notum properatur ; et ordine stantes  
     Expectant panis fragmina quisque sua.  
 Hos tamen, hos omnes, vix uno largior asse  
     Sumptus per totam pascit alitque diem.  
 Hunc unum, hunc modicum (nec quisquam inviderit  
     assem)  
     Indigenæ, hospitii jure, merentur aves.

## SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED

IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

NONE ever shar'd the social feast,  
 Or as an inmate, or a guest,  
 Beneath the celebrated dome,  
 Where once Sir Isaac had his home,  
 Who saw not (and with some delight  
 Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)  
 How num'rous, at the tables there,  
 The sparrows beg their daily fare  
 For there, in every nook, and cell,  
 Where such a family may dwell,  
 Sure as the vernal season comes  
 Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,  
 Which kindly giv'n, may serve, with food  
 Convenient, their unfeather'd brood ;  
 And oft as with its summons clear,  
 The warning bell salutes the ear,  
 Sagacious list'ners to the sound,  
 They flock, from all the fields around,  
 To reach the hospitable hall,  
 None more attentive to the call.  
 Arriv'd, the pensionary band,  
 Hopping and chirping, close at hand,  
 Solicit what they soon receive,  
 The sprinkled, plenteous donative.  
 Thus is a multitude, though large,  
 Supported at a trivial charge ;  
 A single doit would overpay  
 Th' expenditure of every day,  
 And who can grudge so small a grace  
 To suppliants, natives of the place ?

## NULLI TE FACIAS NIMIS SODALEM.

PALPAT heram felis, gremio recumbans in anili ;  
 Quam semel atque iterum Lydia palpavit hera.  
 Ludum his sequitur ; nam totos exserit ungues,  
 Et longo lacerat vulnere felis anum.  
 Continuo exardens gremio multicula falem  
 Nec gravibus multis excontit abeque nimis :  
 Quod tamen haud sequum est—si vult etiam feli jocari,  
 Felinum debet Lydia ferre jocum.



## FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.

As in her ancient mistress' lap,  
 The youthful tabby lay,  
 They gave each other many a tap,  
 Alike disposed to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,  
 And with protruded claws  
 Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,  
 Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the dead,  
 She shakes her to the ground  
 With many a threat, that she shall bleed  
 With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest,  
 It was a venial stroke :  
 For she that will with kittens jest,  
 Should bear a kitten's joke.

## RUBECULAM INVITATIO.

ris, conviva domo gratissima omnia,  
 i bruma humana queremus cogit operam  
 i yberni fugias ut frigora coeli,  
 ige, et incolumis sub lare vive meo !  
 n esuriem releves, alimenta fenestram,  
 nam, quoties itque redditque dies  
 m edidici, quod grato alimenta rependes  
 i, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.  
 i tepide spirant cum molliter auræ,  
 vus in quavis arbore vernat honos,  
 ad lucos redeas, sylvasque revisas,  
 quibus resonat Musica parque tue !  
 n, siñ forte iterum, inclemens bruma  
 ea dilectam tecta reducet avem,  
 ix, grato memor esto rependere cantu  
 la, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus !  
 i armoniæ, numerorum hinc sacra potestas  
 picitur, nunquam conspicienda magis,  
 uod stabilis firmissima nectit amoris,  
 uia vix longa dissuocinda die.  
 i incantat blando oblectamine Musa  
 anum pariter pennigerumque genus ;  
 nes et aves quotcunque animantia vivunt  
 soli harmoniæ gens studiosa sumus.

## INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST

SWEET bird, whom the winter constrains—  
 And seldom another it can—  
 To seek a retreat, while he reigns,  
 In the well-shelter'd dwellings of man,  
 Who never can seem to intrude,  
 Tho' in all places equally free,  
 Come, oft as the season is rude,  
 Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray,  
 That pierces the clouds of the east,  
 To inveigle thee every day  
 My windows shall show thee a feast.  
 For, taught by experience, I know  
 Thee mindful of benefit long ;  
 And that thankful for all I bestow,  
 Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds  
 Bespeaks the renewal of spring,  
 Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,  
 Or where it shall please thee to sing :  
 And shouldst thou, compell'd by a frost,  
 Come again to my window or door,  
 Doubt not an affectionate host,  
 Only pay as thou pay'dst me before.

Thus musick must needs be confess'd  
 To flow from a fountain above ; —  
 Else how should it work in the breast,  
 Unchangeable friendship and love.

And who on the globe can be found,  
 Save your generation and ours,  
 That can be delighted by sound,  
 Or boasts any musical pow'rs?



## STRADÆ PHIOMELA.

PASTOREM audivit calamis Philomela canentem,  
 Et voluit tenues ipsa referre modos;  
 Ipsa retentavit numeros, didicitque retentans  
 Argutum fida reddere voce melos.  
 Pastor inassuetus rivalem ferre, misellam  
 Grandius ad carmen provocat, urget avem  
 Tuque etiam in modulos surgis Philomela; sed impar  
 Viribus, heu, impar, exanimisque cadis,  
 Durum certamen! tristis victoria! cantum  
 Maluerit pastor non superasse tuum.



## STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

The Shepherd touch'd his reed; sweet Philomel  
 Essay'd, and oft assay'd to catch the strain,  
 And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,  
 The numbers, echo'd note for note again.

He peevish youth, who ne'er had found before  
 A rival of his skill, indignant heard,  
 And soon, (for various was his tuneful store,)  
 In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dar'd the task, and rising, as he rose,  
 With all the force, that passion gives, inspir'd,  
 Return'd the sounds awhile, but in the close,  
 Exhausted fell, and at his feet expir'd.

Thus strength, not skill prevail'd. O fatal strife,  
 By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun;  
 And, O sad victory, which cost thy life,  
 And he may wish that he had never won!

—500—

## ANUS SÆCULARIS,

*Quæ justam centum annorum etatem, opere die natale  
 expedit, et clausit anno 1728.*

SINGULARIS prodigium O senectas,  
 Et novum exemplum diuturnitatis,  
 Cujus annorum series in amplum  
 desinit orbem!

Vulgus infelix hominum, dies en!  
 Computo quam dispare computamus!  
 Quam tua a summa procul est remota  
 summula nostra!

Pabulum nos luxuriesque lethi,  
 Nos simul nati, incipimus perire,  
 Nos, statim a cunctis oita destinamur  
 præda sepulchro!

Occulit mors inuidias, ubi vix  
 Vix opinari est, rapidæve febris  
 Vim repentinam, aut male pertinacem  
 sechina morbi.

evem possit superare vita  
inum, quicquid superest vacivum,  
ignavis superest et imbe-  
cillibus annis.

hunc multum, minuuntque sorti  
di questus gemitusque anheli ;  
rem crescent numerum diesque  
atque dolores.

is haec vitet (quotus ille quisque est !)  
idu pergendo laborioso  
um, fortasse tuum, moretur  
reptilis ævum.

let, mœstum tibi sœpe visum, in-  
vim, furtæ, dolos, et inso-  
m, quo semper eunt, eodem  
ire tenore.

est rebus novitatis , et quod  
m est nugarum et ineptiarum,  
volvi videt, et revolvi  
circulus ævi.

am ætatem tibi gratulamur ;  
ti nobis satis æstimamus,  
m, saltem vacuam querelis  
dimidiemus.

## ODE

## ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

*Who lived one hundred Years, and died on her  
Birth-day, 1728.*

Ancient dame, how wide and vast,  
To a race like ours appears,  
Rounded to an orb at last,  
All thy multitude of years!

We the herd of human kind,  
Frailer and of feebler pow'rs ;  
We, to narrow bounds confin'd,  
Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet—we  
Perish even from the womb,  
Swifter than a shadow flee,  
Nourish'd but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of merciless disease  
Lurk in all that we enjoy ;  
Some, that waste us by degrees,  
Some, that suddenly destroy.

And if life o'erleap the bourn  
Common to the sons of men :  
What remains, but that we mourn,  
Dream, and doat, and drivell then ?

Fast as moons can wax and wane,  
Sorrow comes ; and while we groan,  
Pant with anguish and complain,  
Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few, (to few 'tis giv'n,)  
 Ling'ring on this earthly stage,  
 Creep, and halt with steps uneven,  
 To the period of an age;

Wherefore live they, but to see  
 Cunning, arrogance, and force,  
 Sights lamented much by thee,  
 Holding their accustom'd course?

It was seen in ages past,  
 All that we with wonder view;  
 Often shall be to the last;  
 Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate; content,  
 Should propitious Heaven design  
 Life for us, as calmly spent,  
 Though but half the length of thine.



## VICTORIA FORENSIS.

cum Titio lis et vexatio longa  
 Junct de vicini proprietate soli.  
 nos ingentes animos in jurgia sumunt,  
 Itaque vincendi pars studiosa nimis.  
 imet in schedulas, et jam verbosior, et jam  
 Nec verbum quodvis asse minoris emunt.  
 reunt menses, et terminus alter et alter;  
 Quisque novos sumptus, alter et alter, habebit.  
 uerens, hic respondens pendente vocatur  
 Lite; sed ad finem litis uterque querens.

## THE CAUSE WON.

Two neighbours furiously dispute ;  
A field—the subject of the suit.  
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage  
With which the combatants engage ;  
'Twere hard to tell, who covets most  
The prize—at whatsoever cost.  
The pleadings swell. Words still suffice :  
No single word but has its price.  
No term but yields some fair pretence  
For novel and increas'd expense.

Defendant thus becomes a name,  
Which he that bore it may disclaim ;  
Since both, in one description blended,  
Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended.



## BOMBYX.

**F**INE sub Aprilis Bombyx excluditur ove  
 Reptilis exiguo corpore vermiculus,  
 Frondibus hic mori, volvox dum fiat adulteria,  
     Gnaviter incumbens, dum satietur, edit.  
 Crescendo ad justum cum jam maturuit œvum,  
     Incipit artifici stamine textor opus :  
 Filaque condensans filis, orbem implicat orbi,  
     Et sensim in gyris conditus ipse latet.  
 Inque cadi teretem formam se colligit, unde  
     Egrediens pennas papilionis habet ;  
 Fitque parens tandem, fœtumque reponit in ovis ;  
     Hoc demum extremo munere functus obit.  
 Quotquot in hac nostra spirant animalia terra  
     Nulli est vel brevior vita, vel utilior.

## THE SILK WORM.

THE beams of April, ere it goes,  
 A worm, scarce visible, disclose ;  
 All winter long content to dwell  
 The tenant of his native shell.  
 The same prolifick season gives  
 The sustenance by which he lives.  
 The mulb'ry leaf, a simple store,  
 That serves him—till he needs no more !  
 For, his dimensions once complete,  
 Thenceforth none ever sees him eat ;  
 Though, till his growing time be past,  
 Scarce ever is he seen to fast ;  
 That hour arriv'd, his work begins.  
 He spins and weaves, and weaves and spinn ;  
 Till circle upôn circle wound  
 Careless around him and around,  
 Conceals him with a veil, though slight,  
 Impervious to the keenest sight.  
 Thus self-enclos'd, as in a cask,  
 At length he finishes his task :  
 And, though a worm, when he was lost,  
 Or caterpillar at the most,  
 When next we see him, wings he wears,  
 And in papilio-pomp appears ;  
 Becomes oviparous ; supplies  
 With future worms and future flies,  
 The next ensuing year ;—and dies !  
 Well were it for the world, if all,  
 Who creep about this earthly ball,  
 Though shorter-liv'd than most he be,  
 Were useful in their kind as he.

## INNOCENS PRÆDATRIX.

SEDULA per campos nullo defessa labore,  
     In cella ut stipet mella, vagatur apis;  
 Purpureum vix florem opifex prætervolat unum,  
     Innumeræ inter quas alit hortus opes;  
 Herbula gramineis vix una innascitur agris,  
     Thesauri unde aliquid non studiosa legit.  
 A flore ad florem transit, mollique volando  
     Delibat tactu suave quod intus habent.  
 Omnia delibat, parce sed et omnia, furti,  
     Ut ne vel minimum videris indicium:  
 Omnia degustat tam parce, ut gratia nulla  
     Floribus, ut nullus diminuatur odor.  
 Non ita preellantur modice bruchique et erucæ;  
     Non ista hortorum maxima pestis, aves;  
 Nen ita raptore cervi, quorum improba rostra  
     Despoliant agros, effodiuntque sata.  
 Succos immiscens succis, ita suaviter omnes  
     Temperat, ut dederit chymia nulla pares.  
 Vix furtum est illud, dicive injuria debet,  
     Quod cera, et multo melle rependit apis.

THE

## INNOCENT THIEF.

Not a flower can be found in the fields,  
     Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,  
 From the largest to least, but it yields  
     To the bee, never wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplor'd,  
With a diligence truly exact :  
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,  
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,  
And pilfers with so much address,  
That none of their odour they lose,  
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys  
The canker-worm, indwelling foe !  
His voracity not thus allays  
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,  
The pride of the garden devours ;  
And birds pick the seed from the bed,  
Still less to be spar'd than the flowers.

But she with such delicate skill  
Her pillage so fits for her use,  
That the chymist in vain with his still  
Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,  
Nor a benefit blame as a theft ;  
Since, stole she not all that she steals,  
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

## DENNERI ANUS.\*

Doctum anus artificem juste celebrata fastetur.  
 Deanneri pinxit quam studiosa manus.  
 Nec stupor est oculis, fronti nec ruga severa,  
 Flaccida nec sulcis pendet utrinque gena.  
 Nil habet illepidum, morosum, aut triste tabella;  
 Argentum capit is praeter, anile nihil,  
 Apparent nivei vitiæ sub margine cani,  
 Fila colorati qualia Seres habent;  
 Lanugo mentum, sed quæ tenuissima, vestit,  
 Mollisque, et qualis Persica mala tegit.  
 Nulla vel e minimis fugiunt spiracula visum;  
 At neque lineolis de catis ulla latet.  
 Spectatum veniunt, novitas quos allicit usquam,  
 Quosque vel ingenii fama, vel artis amor.  
 Adveniunt juvenes; et anus si possit amari,  
 Dennere, agnoscunt hoc meruisse tuam.  
 Adveniunt hilares nymphæ; similemque senectam  
 Tam pulchram et placidam dent sibi fata, regant.  
 Matronæ adveniunt, vetulaeque fatentur in ore  
 Quod nihil horrendum, ridiculumve vident.  
 Quantus honos arti, per quam placet ipsa senectus:  
 Quæ facit, ut nymphis invideatur anus!  
 Pictori cedit quæ gloria, cum nec Apelli  
 Majorem famam det Cytherea suo!

\* Diu publico fuit spectaculo egregia hæc tabula in ares  
Palatina exteriori, juxta fanum Westmonastre riente.

## DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.

In this mimick form of a matron in years,  
How plainly the pencil of Denner appears !  
The matron herself, in whose old age we see  
Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is she !  
No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,  
No wrinkle, or deep furrow'd frown on the brow !  
Her forehead indeed is here circled around  
With locks like the ribbon, with which they are  
        bound ;  
While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin  
Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin ;  
But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,  
Or that indicates life in its winter—is here.  
Yet all is express'd, with fidelity due,  
For a pimple, nor freckle, conceal'd from the view.

Many fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste  
        for the labours of art, to the spectacle haste ;  
        to youths all agree, that could old age inspire  
        the passion of love, hers would kindle the fire,  
        the matrons, with pleasure, confess that they see  
        iculous nothing or hideous in thee.  
        nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a decline,  
        wonderful woman ! as placid as thine.

range magick of art ! which the youth can engage  
        eruse, half enamour'd, the features of age ;  
        force from the virgin a sigh of despair,  
        she when as old, shall be equally fair !  
        great is the glory, that Denner has gain'd,  
        Apelles not more for his Venus obtain'd !

## LACRYMÆ PICTORIS.

INFANTEM audivit puerum, sua gaudia, Apelles  
     Intempestivo fato obiisse diem.  
 Ille, licet tristi perculsus imagine mortis,  
     Proferri in medium corpus inane jubet,  
 Et calatum, et succos poscens, "Hos accipe luctus  
     "Moerorem hunc," dixit, "nate, parentis habe!  
 Dixit; et, ut clausit, clausos depinxit ocellos;  
     Officio pariter fidus utrique pater:  
 Frontemque et crines, nec adhuc pallentia formans  
     Oscula, adumbravit lugubre pictor opus  
 Perge parens, mœrendo tuos expendere luctus;  
     Nondum opus absolvit triste suprema manus.  
 Vedit adhuc mollés genitor super oscula risus;  
     Vedit adhuc veneres irrubuisse genis,  
 Et teneras raptim veneres, blandosque lepores,  
     Et facitos risus transtulit in tabulam.  
 Pingendo desiste tuum signare dolorem;  
     Filioli longum vivet imago tui;  
 Vivet, et æterna vives tu laude, nec arte  
     Vincendus pictor, nec pietate pater.



THE

## TEARS OF A PAINTER.

APHELLES, hearing that his boy  
     Had just expir'd—his only joy!  
     Although the sight with anguish tore him,  
     Bade place his dear remains before him,

## THE TEARS OF A PAINTER.

279

He seiz'd his brush, his colours spread ;  
And—" Oh ! my child, accept,"—he said,  
" ("Tis all that I can now bestow,)  
" This tribute of a father's wo!"  
Then, faithful to the two-fold part,  
Both of his feelings and his art,  
He clos'd his eyes, with tender care,  
And form'd at once a fellow pair.  
His brow, with amber locks beset,  
And lips he drew, not livid yet ;  
And shaded all, that he had done,  
To a just image of his son.

Thus far is well. But view again,  
The cause of thy paternal pain !  
Thy melancholy task fulfil !  
It needs the last, last touches still.  
Again his pencil's pow'rs he tries,  
For on his lips a smile he spies :  
And still his cheek, unfaded, shows  
The deepest damask of the rose.  
Then, heedless to the finish'd whole,  
With fondest eagerness he stole,  
Till scarce himself distinctly knew  
The cherub copied from the true.

Now, painter, cease ! Thy task is done,  
Long lives this image of thy son ;  
Nor short liv'd shall the glory prove,  
Or of thy labour, or thy love.

## SPE FINIS.

Ad dextram, ad levam, porro, retro, itque, redique  
 Deprensum in laqueo quem labyrinthus habet,  
 Et legit et re legit gressus, sese explicet unde,  
 Perplexum querens unde revolvat iter.  
 Sta modo, respira paulum, simul accipe filum ;  
 Certius et melius non Ariadne dabit.  
 Sic te, sic solum exepdies errore, viarum  
 Principium invenies, id tibi finis erit.

## THE MAZE.

From right to left, and te and fro,  
 Caught in a labyrinth you go,  
 And turn, and turn, and turn again,  
 To solve the myst'ry, but in vain ;  
 Stand still, and breathe, and take from me  
 A clew, that soon shall set you free !  
 Not Ariadne, if you meet her,  
 Herself could serve you with a better.  
 You enter'd easily—find where  
 And make, with ease, your exit there !



## NEMO MISER NISI COMPARATUS.

“ Quis fuit infelix adeo ! quis perditus eque ? ”  
 Conqueritur moesto carmine tristis amans.  
 Non novus hic questus, rarove auditus ; amantes  
 Deserti et spreti mille queruntur idem.  
 Fatum decantas quod tu miserabile, multus  
 Deplorat, multo cum Corydone, Strephon,  
 Si tua cum reliquis confertur amica puellis,  
 Non ea vel sola est ferrea, tuve miser.

## NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER.

THE lover, in melodious verses,  
 His singular distress rehearses.  
 Still closing with a rueful cry,  
 "Was ever such a wretch as I?"  
 Yes! Thousands have endur'd before  
 All thy distress; some, haply more.  
 Unnumber'd Corydons complain,  
 And Strephons, of the like disdain;  
 And if thy Chloe be of steel,  
 Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;  
 Not her alone that censure fits,  
 Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.



## LIMAX.

RONDIBUS, et pomis, herbisque tenaciter haeret  
 Limax, et secum portat ubique domum.  
 Nutus in hac sese occultat, si quando periculum  
 Imminet, aut subitæ decidit imber aquæ.  
 Cornua vel leviter tangas, se protinus in se  
 Colligit, in proprios contrahiturque lares.  
 Ecum habitat quacunque habitat; sibi tota supelllex,  
 Solæ quas adamat, quasque requirit opes.  
 Ecum potat, edit, dormit; sibi in ædibus iisdem  
 Conviva et comes est, hospes et hospitium.  
 Immacem, quacunque siet, quacunque moretur,  
 Siquis eum querat, dixeris esse domi.

### THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,  
The Snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,  
As if he grew there, house and all  
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,  
When danger imminent betides  
Of storm, or other harm besides  
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,  
His self-collecting power is such,  
He shrinks into his house, with much  
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,  
Except himself has chattels none,  
Well satisfied to be his own  
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads  
Nor partner of his banquet needs,  
And if he meets one, only feeds  
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,  
(He and his house are so combin'd,)  
If, finding it, he fails to find  
Its master.

## EQUES ACADEMICUS.

EARI instruitar juvenis ; geminova vel uno,  
 Hand multum, aut ocreis cujas, et unde, refert ;  
 fortasse suo, fortasse aliunde, flagelle ;  
 Quantulacunque sui, pars tamen ipse sui,  
 rite armatus, quinis (et forte minoris)  
 Conductum solidis scandere gestit equum.  
 us et impavidus qua fert fortuna (volantem  
 Cernite) quadrupedem pungit et urget iter :  
 nissos cursu, per rura, per oppida fertur :  
 Adlatrant catuli, multaque ridet anus.  
 que ferox plagis erecta ad verbora dextra  
 Calce cruentata lassat utrumque latus.  
 ete sed tanto vixdum confecerit ille  
 Millia propositæ sexve novemve viæ,  
 bus absuntis, fessusque labore, caballus  
 Sternit in immundum seque equitemque lutum.  
 tus iter peraget curru plaustrovi viator ?  
 Proh pudor et facinus ! cogitur ire pedes.  
 nec inexpertum, seniorem junior audis,  
 Quæ sint exiguae commoda disce moræ.  
 in tibi præcipio, brevis est, sed regula certa ;  
 Ocyus ut possis, pergere lantus eas !

## THE CANTAB:

ITH two spurs or one ; and no great matter which,  
 ts bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip, or a switch,  
 shillings or less for the hire of his beast,  
 part into hand ;—you must wait for the rest.  
 s equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,  
 out they both sally for better or worse ;  
 heart void of fear, and as light as a feather,  
 in violent haste to go not knowing whither ;

Through the fields and the towns, (see !) he scampers alone,  
 And is look'd at, and laugh'd at by old and by young,  
 Till at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with blood,  
 Down tumbles his horse, man and all, in the mud.  
 In a wagon or chaise, shall he finish his route ?  
 Oh ! scandalous fate ! he must do it on foot.  
 Young gentlemen hear ! I am older than you !  
 The advice that I give I have proved to be true.  
 Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,  
 The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.



## THE SALAD

BY

VIRGIL.

[June 8th, 1799.]

THE winter-night now well-nigh worn away,  
 The wakeful cock proclaim'd approaching day,  
 When Simulus, poor tenant of a farm  
 Of narrowest limits, heard the shrill alarm,  
 Yawn'd, stretch'd his limbs, and anxious to provide  
 Against the pangs of hunger unsupplied,  
 By slow degrees his tatter'd bed forsook,  
 And poking in the dark, explor'd the nook  
 Where embers slept, with ashes heap'd around,  
 And with burnt fingers-ends the treasure found.

It chanc'd that from a brand beneath his nose,  
 Sure proof of latent fire, some smoke arose ;

ning with a pin th' incrusted tow,  
g it towards the coals below,  
th cheeks distended, to excite  
g flame, and gains at length a light.  
at heed he spreads his hand before  
ig lamp, and opes his gran'ry door.  
is stock, but taking for the day,  
stint of twice eight pounds away,  
his mill he seeks. A shelf at hand,  
wall, affords his lamp a stand :  
both his arms—a sleeveless coat  
e rough exuviae of a goat :  
rubber, for that use design'd,  
is mill within—begins to grind ;  
ns its employ ; lab'ring amain,  
he winch, while that supplies the grain.  
evolving rapidly, now glows  
is'd corn a mealy current flows ;  
make his heavy labour light,  
s left hand to relieve his right ;  
with rudest accent, to beguile  
s toil, as rude a strain the while.  
Dame Cybale, come forth !” he cries,  
still slumb'ring, nought replies.

ie she, the swain's sole serving maid,  
and form alike her birth betray'd.  
locks, lips tumid, sable skin,  
, udders flaccid, belly thin,  
, broad and most misshapen feet,  
chinks, and parch'd with solar heat.  
on'd oft, she came ; at his command  
eap'd, the sleeping embers fann'd,  
haste her simmering skillet steam,  
newly from the neighbouring stream.

irs of the mill perform'd, a sieve  
d flour and bran must next receive,

Which shaken oft, shoots Ceres through refin'd,  
 And better dress'd, her huks all left behind.  
 This done, at once, his future plain repast,  
 Unleaven'd, on a shaven board he cast,  
 With tepid lymph, first largely soak'd it all,  
 Then gather'd it with both hands to a ball.  
 And spreading it again with both hands wide,  
 With sprinkled salt the stiffen'd mass supplied ;  
 At length, the stubborn substance, duly wrought,  
 Takes from his palms impress'd the shape it ought,  
 Becomes an orb—and quarter'd into shares,  
 The faithful mark of just division bears.  
 Last, on his hearth it finds convenient space,  
 For Cybale before had swept the place,  
 And there, with tiles and embers overspread,  
 She leaves it—reeking in its sultry bed.

Nor Similus, while Vulcan thus, alone,  
 His part perform'd, proves heedless of his own,  
 But sedulous, not merely to subdue  
 His hunger, but to please his palate too,  
 Prepares more sav'ry food. His chimney-side  
 Could boast no gammon, salted well, and dried,  
 And cook'd behind him ; but sufficient store  
 Of bundled anise, and a cheese it bore ;  
 A broad round cheese, which, thro' its centre strung,  
 With a tough broom-twig, in the corner hung ;  
 The prudent hero therefore with address,  
 And quick despatch, now seeks another mess.

Close to his cottage lay a garden-ground,  
 With weeds and osiers sparingly girt around,  
 Small was the spot, but lib'ral to produce :  
 Nor wanted aught that serves a parent's use,  
 And sometimes ev'n the rich would borrow thence,  
 Although its tillage was his sole expense,  
 For oft, as from his toils abroad he ceas'd,  
 Home-bound by weather, or some stated feast,

His debt of culture here he duly paid,  
And only left the plough to wield the spade.  
He knew to give each plant the soil it needs,  
To drill the ground, and cover close the seeds,  
And could with ease compel the wanton rill  
To turn, and wind, obedient to his will.  
There flourish'd starwort, and the branching beet,  
The sorrel acid, and the mallow sweet,  
The skirret and the leek's aspiring kind,  
The noxious poppy—quencher of the mind !  
Salubrious sequel of a sumptuous board,  
The lettuce, and the long huge bellied gourd ;  
But these (for none his appetite controll'd  
With stricter sway) the thrifty rustick sold  
With broom-twigs neatly bound, each kind apart,  
He bore them ever to the publick mart :  
Whence, laden still, but with a lighter load,  
Of cash well-earn'd, he took his homeward road,  
Expending seldom, ere he quitted Rome,  
His gains, in flesh-meat for a feast at home.  
There, at no cost, on onions, rank and red,  
Or the curl'd endive's bitter leaf, he fed :  
On scallions slic'd, or with a sensual gust,  
On rockets—foul provocatives of lust !  
Nor even shunn'd with smarting gums to press  
Nasturtium—pungent face-distorting mess !

Some such regale now also in his thought,  
With hasty steps his garden-ground he sought ;  
There delving with his hands, he first displac'd  
Four plants of garlick, large, and rooted fast ;  
The tender tops of parsley next he culls,  
Then the old rue-bush shudders as he pulls,  
And coriander last to these succeeds,  
That hangs on slightest threads her trembling seeds.

Plac'd near his sprightly fire he now demands  
The mortar at his mable servant's hands ;

## THE SALAD.

When stripping all his garlick first, he tore  
Th' exterior coats, and cast them on the floor,  
Then cast away with like contempt the skin,  
Flimsier concealment of the cloves within.  
These search'd, and perfect found, he one by one,  
Rins'd, and dispos'd within the hollow stone.  
Salt added, and a lump of salted cheese,  
With his injected herbs he cover'd these,  
And tucking with his left his tunick tight,  
And seizing fast the pestle with his right,  
The garlick bruising first, he soon express'd,  
And mix'd the various juices of the rest.  
He grinds, and by degrees his herbs below,  
Lost in each other, their own pow'r's forego,  
And with the cheese in compound, to the sight  
Nor wholly green appear, nor wholly white.  
His nostrils oft the forceful fume resent,  
He curs'd full oft his dinner for its scent,  
Or with wry faces, wiping as he spoke,  
The trickling tears, cried "vengeance on the smoke."  
The work proceeds: not roughly turns he now  
The pestle, but, in circles smooth and slow,  
With cautious hand, that grudges what it spills,  
Some drops of olive-oil he next instils.  
Then vinegar with caution scarcely less,  
And gathering to a ball the medley mess,  
Last, with two fingers frugally applied,  
Sweeps the small remnant from the mortar's side,  
And thus complete in figure and in kind,  
Obtains at length the Salad he design'd.

And now black Cybale before him stands,  
The cake drawn newly glowing in her hands,  
He glad receives it, chasing far away  
All fears of famine for the passing day;  
His legs enclos'd in buskins, and his head  
In its tough casque of leather, forth he led  
And yok'd his steers, a dull obedient pair,  
~~Then drove afield, and plung'd the pointed share.~~

## TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES.

[*Begun August, 1799.*]

FROM

## THE GREEK OF JULIANUS.

A SPARTAN, his companions slain,  
 Alone from battle fled,  
 His mother kindling with disdain  
 That she had borne him, struck him dead,  
 For courage, and not birth alone,  
 In Sparta, testifies a son !



ON

## THE SAME, BY PALAADAS.

A SPARTAN, 'scaping from the fight,  
 His mother met him in his flight,  
 Upheld a fanlelion to his breast,  
 And thus the fugitive address'd :  
 "Thou canst but live to blot with shame  
 Indelible thy mother's name,  
 While ev'ry breath, that thou shalt draw,  
 Offends against thy country's law ;  
 But, if thou perish by this hand,  
 Myself indeed throughout the land,  
 To my dishonour, shall be known  
 The mother still of such a son ;  
 But Sparta will be safe and free,  
 And that shall serve to comfort me."

## AN EPITAPH.

My name—my country—what are they to thee?  
 What, whether base or proud, my pedigree?  
 Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men—  
 Perhaps I fell below them all—what then?  
 Suffice it, stranger! that thou seest a tomb—  
 Thou know'st its use—it hides—no matter whom.



## ANOTHER.

TAKE to thy bosom, gentle earth, a swain  
 With much hard labour in thy service worn!  
 He set the vines, that clothe yon ample plain,  
 And he these olives, that the vale adorn.  
  
 He fill'd with grain the glebe; the rills he led  
 Thro' this green herbage, and those fruitful bow'rs;  
 Thou, therefore, earth! lie lightly on his head,  
 His hoary head, and deck his grave with flow'rs.



## - ANOTHER.

PAINTER, this likeness is too strong,  
 And we shall mourn the dead too long.

## ANOTHER.

At threescore winters' end I died  
 A cheerless being, sole and sad ;  
 The nuptial knot I never tied,  
 And wish my father never had.



## BY CALLIMACHUS.

At morn we plac'd on his funeral bier,  
 Young Menalippus ; and at eventide,  
 Unable to sustain a loss so dear,  
 By her own hand his blooming sister died.

Thus Aristippus mourn'd his noble race,  
 Annihilated by a double blow,  
 Nor son could hope, nor daughter more t' embrace,  
 And all Cyrene sadden'd at his wo.



## ON MILTIADES.

MILTIADES ! thy valour best  
 (Although in every region known)  
 The men of Persia can attest,  
 Taught by thyself at Marathon.

## ON AN INFANT.

BEWAIL not much, my parents ! me, the prey  
 Of ruthless Ades, and sepulchred here,  
 An infant, in my fifth scarce finish'd year,  
 He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,  
 Your young Callimachus ; and if I knew,  
 Not many joys, my griefs were also few.



## BY HERACLIDES.

In Cnidus born, the consort I became  
 Of Euphron. Aretimias was my name.  
 His bed I shar'd, nor prov'd a barren bride,  
 But bore two children at a birth, and died.  
 One child I leave to solace and uphold  
 Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old.  
 And one, for his remembrance sake, I bear  
 To Plato's realm, till he shall join me there.



## ON THE REED.

I WAS of late a barren plant,  
 Useless, insignificant,  
 Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore,  
 A native of the marshy shore ;  
 But gather'd for poetick use,  
 And plung'd into a sable juice,

Of which my modicum I sip,  
With narrow mouth and slender lip,  
At once, although by nature dumb,  
All eloquent I have become,  
And speak with fluency untir'd,  
As if by Phœbus' self inspir'd.



## TO HEALTH.

ELDEST born of pow'r's divine !  
Blest Hygeia ! be it mine,  
To enjoy what thou canst give,  
And henceforth with thee to live.  
For in pow'r if pleasure be,  
Wealth, or num'rous progeny,  
Or in amorous embrace,  
Where no spy infests the place ;  
Or in aught that Heav'n bestows  
To alleviate human woes,  
When the weary heart despairs  
Of a respite from its cares ;  
These and ev'ry true delight  
Flourish only in thy sight ;  
And the sister Graces Three  
Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,  
Without whom we may possess  
Much, but never happiness.

ON

### THE ASTROLOGERS.

The Astrologers did all alike presage  
My uncle's dying in extreme old age,  
One only disagreed. But he was wise,  
And spoke not, till he heard the fun'ral cries.

—•—

ON

### AN OLD WOMAN.

Mycilla dyed her locks, 'tis said ;  
But 'tis a foul aspersion,  
She buys them black ; they therefore need  
No subsequent immersion.

\*      —•—

### ON INVALIDS.

FAR happier are the dead, methinks, than they,  
Who look for death, and fear it ev'ry day.

## ON FLATTERERS.

No mischief worthier of our fear  
 In nature can be found,  
 Than friendship, in ostent sincere  
 But hollow and unsound,  
 For lull'd into a dangerous dream,  
 We close infold a foe,  
 Who strikes, when most secure we seem,  
 Th' inevitable blow.



## ON THE SWALLOW.

A TRICK maid ! with honey fed,  
 Bear'st thou to thy callow brood  
 Yonder locust from the mead,  
 Destin'd their delicious food !

Ye have kindred voices clear,  
 Ye alike unfold the wing,  
 Migrate hither, sojourn here,  
 Both attendant on the spring !

Ah for pity drop the prize ;  
 Let it not, with truth, be said,  
 That a songster gasps and dies,  
 That a songster may be fed.

ON

### LATE ACQUIRED WEALTH.

Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes  
Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour :  
Who naught enjoy'd, while young, deny'd the means,  
And naught, when old, enjoy'd, deny'd the pow'r.



ON

### A TRUE FRIEND.

Hast thou a friend ? Thou hast indeed  
A rich and large supply,  
Treasure to serve your ev'ry need,  
Well manag'd, till you die.



OR

### A BATH, BY PLATO.

Did Cytherea to the skies  
From this pellucid lymph arise ?  
Or was it Cytherea's touch,  
When bathing here, that made it such.

ON

**A FOWLER, BY ISIODORUS.**

WITH seeds and birdlime, from the desert air,  
 melus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.  
 lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,  
 lux'ry knew, save liberty, nor bliss.  
 rice thirty years he liv'd, and to his heirs  
 seeds bequeath'd, his birdlime, and his snares.

**ON NIOBE.**

CHARON! receive a family on board,  
 Itself sufficient for thy crazy yawl;  
 Apollo and Diana, for a word  
 By me too proudly spoken, slew us all.

**ON A GOOD MAN.**

AV'LLER, regret not me ; for thou shalt find  
 't cause of sorrow none in my decease,  
 io, dying, children's children left behind,  
 And with one wife liv'd many years in peace :  
 ree virtuous youths espous'd my daughters three,  
 And oft their infants in my bosom lay,  
 I saw I one, of all deriv'd from me,  
 Touch'd with disease, or torn by death away.  
 sir duteous hands my fun'r'al rites bestow'd  
 And me, by blameless manners fitted well  
 seek it, sent to the serene abode,  
 Where shades of pious men for ever dwell.

## ON A MISER.

THEY call thee rich—I deem thee poor,  
 Since, if thou dar'st not use thy store,  
 But sav'st it only for thine heirs,  
 The treasure is not thine, but theirs.



## ANOTHER.

A MISER, traversing his house,  
 Espied, unusual there, a mouse,  
 And thus his uninvited guest,  
 Briskly inquisitive address'd :  
 " Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it  
 I owe this unexpected visit?"  
 The mouse her host obliquely ey'd,  
 And smiling, pleasantly replied,  
 " Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard!  
 I come to lodge, and not to board."



## ANOTHER,

ART thou some individual of a kind  
 Long-liv'd by nature as the rook or hind ?  
 Heap treasure then, for if thy need be such,  
 Thou hast excuse, and scarce canst heap too much.  
 But man thou seem'st, clear therefore from thy breast  
 This lust of treasure—folly at the best !  
 For why shouldst thou go wasted to the tomb,  
 To fatten with thy spoils thou know'st not whom !

ON.

## FEMALE INCONSTANCY.

OH, thou hadst many lovers—poor hast none,  
So surely want extinguishes the flame ;  
Id she who call'd thee once her pretty one,  
And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.

here wast thou born, Sosocrates, and where  
In what strange country can thy parents live,  
ho seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware  
That want's a crime no woman can forgive ?



ON.

## THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY songster, perch'd above,  
On the summit of the grove,  
Whom a dew drop cheers to sing,  
With the freedom of a king.  
From thy perch survey the fields  
Where prolific nature yields  
Nought, that, willingly as she,  
Man surrenders not to thee.  
For hostility or hate,  
None thy pleasures can create.  
Thee it satisfies to sing  
Sweetly the return of spring,  
Herald of the genial hours,  
Harming neither herbs nor flow'rs.  
Therefore man thy voice attends  
Gladly, thou and he are friends ;

## 300 TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES

Nor thy never ceasing strains  
Phœbus or the muse disdains  
As too simple or too long,  
For themselves inspire the song.  
Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,  
Ever singing, sporting, playing,  
What has nature else to show  
Godlike in his kind as thou?



## ON HERMOCRATIA.

HERMOCRATIA nam'd—save only one—  
Twice fifteen h̄yrths I bore, and buried none :  
For neither Phœbus pierc'd my thriving joys,  
Nor Dian—she my girls, or he my boys,  
But Dian rather, when my daughters lay  
In parturition, chas'd their pangs away,  
And all my sons, by Phœbus' bounty shar'd  
A vig'rous youth, by sickness unimpair'd.  
O Niobe ! far less prolific ! see  
Thy boast against Latona sham'd by me !



## FROM MENANDER.

FOND youth ! who dream'st, that hoarded gold  
Is needful, not alone to pay  
For all thy various items sold,  
To serve the wants of every day ;

Bread, vinegar and oil, and meat,  
For sav'ry viands season'd high ;  
But somewhat more important yet—  
I tell thee what it cannot buy.

## TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES. 301

To treasure, hadst thou more amass'd,  
Than fame to Tantalus assign'd,  
Would save thee from a tomb at last,  
But thou must leave it all behind.

give thee, therefore, counsel wise  
Confide not vainly in thy store,  
However large——much less despise  
Others comparatively poor ;

But in thy more exalted state  
A just and equal temper show,  
That all who see thee rich and great  
May deem thee worthy to be so.



ON

## PALLAS, BATHING.

FROM A HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

Nor oils of balmy scent produce,  
Nor mirror for Minerva's use,  
Ye nymphs who lave her ; she, array'd  
In genuine beauty scorns their aid.  
Not even when they left the skies  
To seek on Ida's head the prize  
From Paris' hand, did Juno deign,  
Or Pallas in the crystal plain  
Of Simois' stream her locks to trace,  
Or in the mirror's polish'd face,  
Though Venus oft with anxious care  
Adjusted twice a single hair.

## TO DEMOSTHENES.

It flatters and deceives thy view,  
This mirror of ill polish'd ore ;  
For were it just, and told thee true,  
Thou wouldest consult it never more



ON A

## SIMILAR CHARACTER.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,  
With washes die your hair,  
But paint and washes both are vain  
To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil,  
No labour will efface 'em,  
You wear a mask of smoothest oil,  
Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,  
Which though you much excel in,  
You never can contrive to make  
Old Hecuba young Helen.

## ON AN UGLY FELLOW.

BEWARE, my friend ! of crystal brook,  
 Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,  
 Thy nose, thou chance to see ;  
 Narcissus' fate would then be thine,  
 And self-detested thou wouldest pine ;  
 As self-enamour'd he.



ON

## A BATTERED BEAUTY.

HAIR, wax, rouge, honey, teeth, you buy  
 A multifarious store !  
 A mask at once would all supply,  
 Nor would it cost you more.



## ON A THIEF:

WHEN Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made prize  
 Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the skies,  
 Times, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,  
 Who, when an infant, stole Apollo's kine,  
 Whom, as arbitré and overseer  
 Our gymnastick sports, we planted here ;  
 Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster ;  
 Times the pupil goes beyond his master."

## ON PEDIGREE.

FROM EPICHARMUS.

My mother, if thou love me, name no more  
 My noble birth ! Sounding at every breath,  
 My noble birth ! thou kill'st me. Thither fly,  
 As to their only refuge, all from whom  
 Nature withholds all good besides ; *they* boast  
 Their noble birth, conduct us to the tombs  
 Of their forefathers, and from age to age  
 Ascending, trumpet their illustrious race :  
 But whom hast thou beheld, or canst thou name,  
 Deriv'd from no forefather ? Such a man  
 Lives not ; for how could such be born at all ?  
 And if it chance, that native of a land  
 Far distant, or in infancy depriv'd  
 Of all his kindred, one, who cannot trace  
 His origin, exist, why deem him sprang  
 From baser ancestry than theirs, who can ?  
 My mother ! he, whose nature at his birth  
 Endow'd with virtuous qualities, although  
 An Æthiop and a slave, is nobly born.



## ON ENVY.

Pity says the Theban bard,  
 From my wishes I discard ;  
 Envy, let me rather be,  
 Rather far a theme for thee !  
 Pity to distress is shown,  
 Envy to the great alone—

## TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES. 305

So the Theban—But to shine  
Less conspicuous be mine !  
I prefer the golden mean  
Pomp and penury between ;  
For alarm and peril wait  
Ever on the loftiest state,  
And the lowest, to the end,  
Obloquy and scorn attend.

---

### BY PHILEMON.

If we enhance our ills by discontent,  
I give them bulk, beyond what nature meant.  
Parent, brother, friend deceas'd, to cry—  
He's dead indeed, but he was born to die—”  
A temperate grief is suited to the size  
I burthen of the loss ; is just and wise.  
To exclaim, “ Ah ! wherefore was I born,  
Hus to be left, for ever thus forlorn ? ”  
So thus laments his loss invites distress,  
I magnifies a wo that might be less,  
ough dull despondence to his lot resign'd,  
I leaving reason's remedy behind.

## BY MOSCHUS.

I SLEPT, when Venus enter'd : to my bed  
 A Cupid in her beauteous hand she led,  
 A bashful seeming boy, and thus she said ;  
 " Shepherd, receive my little one ! I bring  
 An untaught love, whom thou must teach to sing."  
 She said, and left him. I suspecting nought,  
 Many a sweet strain my subtle pupil taught,  
 How reed to reed Pan first with osier bound,  
 How Pallas form'd the pipe of softest sound,  
 How Hermes gave the lute, and how the choir  
 Of Phœbus owe to Phœbus' self the lyre.  
 Such were my themes ; my themes nought needed b,  
 But ditties sang of am'rous sort to me,  
 The pangs, that mortals and immortals prove  
 From Venus' influence, and the darts of love.  
 Thus was the teacher by the pupil taught ;  
 His lessons I retain'd, and mine forgot.

## EPIGRAMS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.



### IN IGNORANTEM ARROGANTEM LINUM

**CAPTIVUM,** Line, te tenet ignorantia duplex.  
Scis nihil, et nescis te quoque scire nihil.

### ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT.

Thou mayest of double ign'rance boast,  
Who know'st not, that thou nothing know'st.

### PRUDENS SIMPLICITAS.

Ut nulli nocuisses velis, imitare columbam :  
Serpentem, ut possit nemo necere tibi.

### PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

That thou mayest injure no man, dove-like be,  
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee !

### AD AMICUM PAUPEREM.

Est male nunc ? Utinam in pejus sors omnia vertat ;  
Succedant summis optima sepe malis.

### TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend ;  
For when at worst they say, things always mend.

OMNIA me dum junior essem, scire putabam :  
Quo scio plus, hoc me nunc scio scire minus.

WHEN little more than boy in age,  
I deem'd myself almost a sage ;  
But now seem worthier to be styl'd  
For ignorance—almost a child.

—•—

#### LEX TALIONIS.

Majorum nunquam, Aule, legis monumenta tuorum  
Mirum est, posteritas si tua scripta legat.

#### RETALIATION.

THE works of ancient bards divine,  
Aulus, thou scorn'st to read ;  
And should posterity read thine,  
It would be strange indeed !

#### DE ORTU ET OCCASU.

SOLE oriente, tui redditus a morte memento !  
Sis memor oceaus, sole cadente, tui !

#### SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

CONTEMPLATE, when the sun declines,  
Thy death, with deep reflection ;  
And when again he rising shines,  
Thy day of resurrection !

TRANSLATIONS  
FROM  
**THE FABLES OF GAY.**

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**LEPUS MULTIS AMICUS.**

*Lusus amicitia est, uni nisi dedita, ceu fit,  
Simplice ni nexus fædere, lusus amor.  
Incervo genitore puer, non sepe paternæ  
Tutamen novit, deliciasque domus :  
Quique sibi fidos fore maultos sperat amicos,  
Mirum est, huic misero si ferat ullus opem.*

*Comis erat, mitisque, et nolle et velle paratus  
Cum quovis, Gail more modoque, Lepus.  
Ille, quot in sylvis, et quot spatiantur in agris  
Quadrupedes, norat conciliare sibi ;  
Et quisque innocuo, invitoque lacessere quenquam  
Labra tenus saltem fidus amicus erat.  
Ortum sub lucis dum pressa cabilia linquit,  
Rorantes herbas, pabula sueta, petens,  
Venatorum audit clangores pone sequentum,  
Fulmineumque sonum territus erro fagit.  
Corda pavor pulsat, sursum sedet, erigit aures,  
Respicit, et sentit jam prope adesse necem.  
Utque canes fallat late circumvagus, illuc,  
Unde abiit, mira calliditate reddit ;  
Viribus at fractis tandem se projicit ultro  
In media miserum semianimemque via.  
Vix ibi stratus, equi somnum pedis audit, et, oh spe  
Quam laeta adventu cor agitatetur equi !  
Dorsum (inquit) mihi, charæ, tauri concedit, tanquam  
Auxilio naras fatigere, timique eaturum.*

## 310 TRANSLATIONS FROM GAY.

Me meus, ut nosti, pes prodit——fidus amicus  
 Fert quodcumque lubens, nec grave sentit, onus.  
 Belle miselle lepuscule, (equus respondet) amara  
     Omnia que tibi sunt, sunt et amara mihi.  
 Verum age—sume animos—multi, me pone, bonique  
     Adveniunt, quorum sis cito salvus ope.  
 Proximus armenti dominus bos sollicitatus  
     Auxilium his verbis se dare posse negat.  
 Quando quadrupedum, quot vivunt, nullus amicum  
     Me nescire potest usque fuisse tibi.  
 Libertate sequus, quam cedit amicus amico,  
     Utar, et absque metu ne tibi displiceam;  
 Hinc me mandat amor. Juxta istum messis acervum  
     Me mea, præ cunctis chara, juventa manet;  
 Et quis non ultiro quæcunque negotia linquit,  
     Pareat ut dominæ, cum vocat ipsa, sus?  
 Neu me crudelem dicas—discedo—sed hircus,  
     Cujus ope effugias integer, hircus adest. [languent!  
 Febrem (ait hircus) habes. Heu, sicca ut lumina  
     Utque caput, collo deficiente, jacet!  
 Hirsutum mihi tergum; et forsitan læserit sanguinem,  
     Vellere eris melius fultus, ovisque venit.  
 Me mihi fecit onus natura, ovis inquit, anhelans  
     Sustineo lansæ pondera tanta mesæ;  
 Me nec velocem nec fortem jacto, solentque  
     Nos etiam sævi dilacerare canes.  
 Ultimus accedit vitulus, vitulumque precatur  
     Ut peritum alias ocyus eripiat.  
 Remne ego, respondet vitulus, suscepero tantam,  
     Non depulsus adhuc ubere, natu heri?  
 Te, quem maturi canibus validique relinquunt,  
     Incolumem potero reddere parvus ego?  
 Præterea tollens quem illi aversantur, amicis  
     Forte parum videar consuluisse meis.  
 Ignoscas oro. Fidissima dissociantur  
     Corda, et tale tibi sat liquet esse meum.  
 Ecce autem ad calces canis est! te quanta peremptio  
     Tristitia est nobis ingruitura! — Vale!

## AVARUS ET PLUTUS.

Icta fenestra Euri flatu stridebat, avarus  
     Ex somno trepidus surgit, opumque memor.  
 Lata silenter humi ponit vestigia, quemque  
     Respicit ad sonitum respiciensque tremit ;  
 Angustissima quæque foramina lampade visit,  
     Ad vectes, obices, fertque refertque manum.  
 Dein reserat crebris junctam compagibus arcam  
     Exultansque omnes conspicit intus opes.  
 Sed tandem furiis ultricibus actus ob artes  
     Queis sua res tenuis creverat in cumulum.  
 Contortis manibus nunc stat, nunc pectora pulsans  
     Aurum execratur, perniciemque vocat ;  
 O mihi, ait, misero mens quam tranquilla fuisset,  
     Hoc celasset adhuc si modo terra malum !  
 Nunc autem virtus ipsa est venalis ; et aurum  
     Quid contra vitii termina sœva valet ?  
 O inimicum aurum ! O homini infestissima pestis,  
     Cui datur illecebras vincere posse tuas ?  
 Aurum homines suasit contemnere quicquid honestum  
     est,  
     Et præter nomen nil retinere boni  
 Aurum cuncta mali per terras semina sparsit ;  
     Aurum nocturnis furibus arma dedit.  
 Bella docet fortis, timidosque ad pessima dicit.  
     Fœdifragas artes, multiplicesque dolos,  
 Nec vitii quicquam est, quod non inveneris ortum  
     Ex malesuada auri sacrilegaque fame  
 Dixit et ingemuit ; Plutusque suum sibi numen  
     Ante oculos, ira fervidus, ipse stetit.  
 Arcam clausit avarus, et ora horrentia rugis  
     Ostendens ; tremulum sic Deus increpuit.  
 Questibus his raucis inibi cur, stulte, opstrepis aures ?  
     Ista tui similis tristis quisque canit.

312 TRANSLATIONS FROM GAY.

Commaculavī egone humanum genus, improbe? Culpa,  
Dum rapis, et captas omnia, culpa tua est.  
Mone execrandum censes, quia tam pretiosa  
Criminibus flunt perniciose tuis?  
Virtutis specie, pulchro ceu pallio amictus  
Quisque catus nebulo sordida facta tegit.  
Atque suis manibus commissa potentia, durum  
Et dirum subito vargit ad imperium.  
Hinc, nimium dum latro aurum detrudit in arcum,  
Idem aurum latet in pectore pestis edax.  
Nutrit avaritiam et fastum, suspendere adunco  
Suadet naso inopes, et vitium omne docet.  
Auri et larga probo si copia contigit, instar  
Roris dilapsi ex æthere cuncta beat:  
Tum, quasi numen inesset, alit, fovit, educat orbos,  
Et viduas lacrymis ora rigare vetat  
Quo sua crimina jure auro derivet avarus,  
Aurum animæ pretium qui cupit atque capit?  
Lege pari gladium incuset sicarius atrox  
Cæso homine, et ferrum judicet esse reum.



PAPILIO ET LIMAX.

Qui subito ex imis rerum in fastigia surgit,  
Nativas sordes, quicquid agatur, olet.

THE END.

JL







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2017  
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